

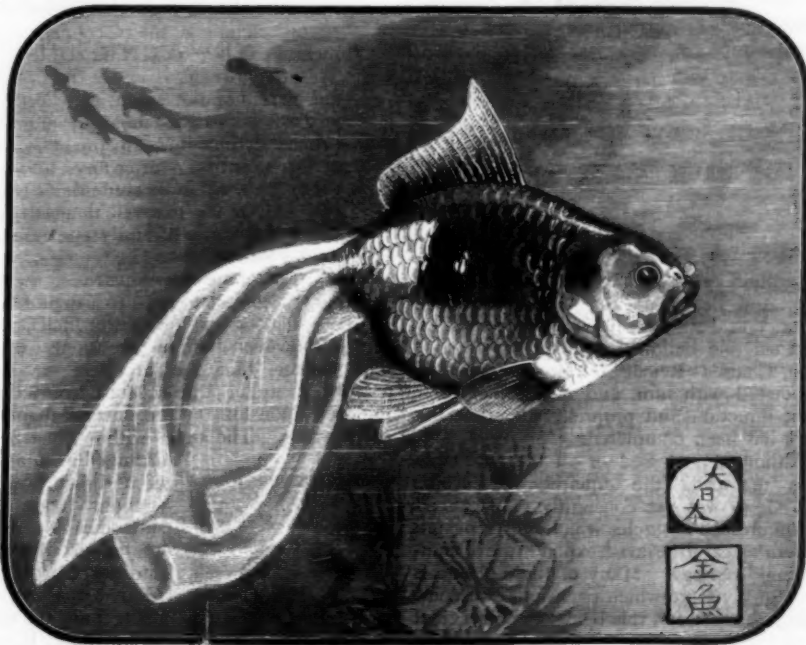
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THE NEW YORK AQUARIUM.



THE KINGFISH (SEE PAGE 590).

THE recognized value of aquaria as aids to the study of natural history, and the evident popular favor with which they are regarded abroad, render the final establishment of a kindred institution in America an event worthy of special congratulation.

The history of his initial efforts in behalf of the New York Aquarium was given to the public by Mr. W. C. Coup, the manager of the enterprise, on the occasion of the opening of the Aquarium, October 11th, 1876. From this communication we learn that it was during a European tour made four years since, that the writer's attention was first attracted and his interest engaged by the number of great public aquaria there established; and so impressed

was he with the value of these institutions that he at once determined to secure the establishment of one in New York. His first proposition was to construct one in the Central Park, defraying all the expense, but claiming the privilege of retaining, for a given period, such profit as might be obtained from a small fee for admission; and when compensated for the outlay, to present the institution to the city as a gift. The Park Commission was not able to accept this proposition, owing to certain legal restraints forbidding the use of public grounds under these conditions. Having, however, become convinced of the importance of such an institution, Mr. Coup finally determined to undertake the work alone. The large plot



MR. W. C. COUP, FOUNDER OF THE N. Y. AQUARIUM.

of ground at the corner of Thirty-fifth street and Broadway was selected as affording a central site, and upon it the erection of a suitable building was begun. At this time Charles Reiche & Brother became associated with him, and it is under their joint direction and proprietorship that the work has been completed.

Although possessed of all the attainable data regarding the aquaria of Europe, Mr. Coup was yet constantly embarrassed by unforeseen obstacles which only repeated experiment and the lavish expenditure of money could remove. Many of these obstacles were of a nature which occasioned discouraging delays; for, this being the first great American enterprise of this character, he was obliged to secure many of the needed materials and appliances in Europe.



EXTERIOR BY NIGHT.

Mr. Coup has directed the attention of the public to a feature of the New York Aquarium which is specially designed to promote and encourage original scientific research and aid in the study of natural history in all of its most important branches. This consists in the establishment of a free scientific library and reading-room, as an adjunct to the Aquarium, together with a naturalist's workshop, fitted out with all the needed modern appliances, including microscopes, experimental tanks, dissecting tables, etc. This department is under the immediate charge of the writer, at whose suggestion it was established, and it is proposed to admit to the privileges of this scientific quarter any and all those who, either as students or teachers, may desire to avail themselves of the advantages of study and research here afforded.

On approaching the Aquarium, the uninitiated might be led to deplore its lack of architectural proportions; let it be known however, both in the interest of art and science, that the architect of such a work is under the severest restrictions, imposed upon him by the special demands of the case. The tanks within must be so



arranged as to admit of a direct flow of sunlight upon the surface of the water contained in them; and for equally important reasons, the main pavilion must be but dimly lighted from above. To effect these ends, therefore, the walls of the main structure need be no higher than will admit of the movements of the attendants above the

tanks which these walls inclose.

Entering the lobby, one receives from the ticket-agent a check whose obverse is engraved with a grotesque image of one of the members of the finny tribe. This check is surrendered at the entrance of the main pavilion.

Advancing between counters on which are displayed for sale every form of parlor and experimental aquaria, we approach the point which the artist who has been in ad-

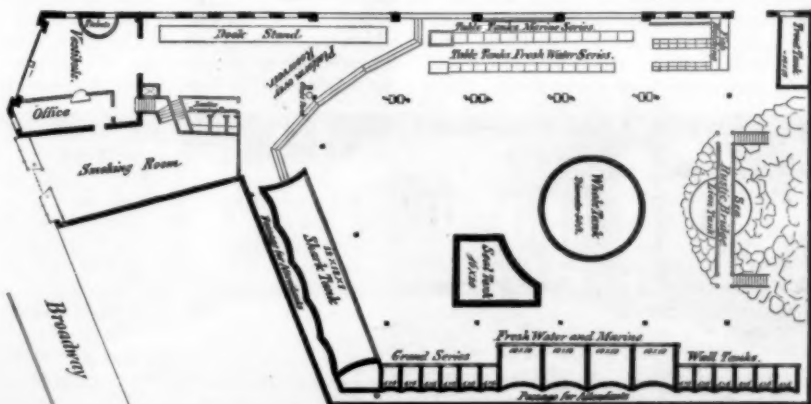


INTERIOR VIEW.

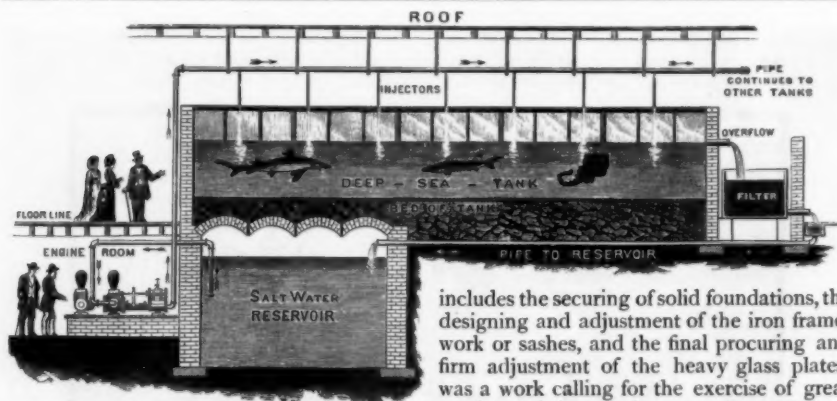
vance of us chose as the proper site from which to secure his sketch of the interior. The building occupies an area of over twenty thousand square feet, and the skillful arrangement of tanks, screens, rustic-work and statuary, gives to the whole the effect of a cool and refreshing summer-garden, the inclosing walls of which are lined with crystal cages, containing the fish and other objects of interest.

Before entering upon our round of observation, attention may be directed to the accompanying ground-plan of the work, while we examine as briefly as possible the construction and purpose of the numerous and complicated mechanical devices.

Since fish breathe common air, just as men and women do, the grand problem to be solved in the construction of aquaria relates to the methods by which a constant supply



GROUND-PLAN OF NEW YORK AQUARIUM (LOOKING SOUTH).



CROSS-SECTION, ILLUSTRATING THE CIRCULATING SYSTEM OF THE AQUARIUM.

of oxygen shall be maintained. In nature, the tides, waves, and currents, with the rain and wind as allies, serve to aerate and charge the water of sea, lake or river, as often as it is needed. In the inclosed and protected tanks of the aquarium, however, these natural agents and forces are excluded, and hence their service must be replaced by kindred artificial processes.

Referring to the ground-plan, we notice along the right a series of dividing lines which indicate the position and relative size of the main fresh and salt water reservoirs known as wall tanks; these consist of a series of receptacles resting on foundations of solid rock, the three interior walls of which are composed of heavy brick-work laid in cement and lined with rock, the latter being so arranged as to give to the interior, when viewed from without, the appearance of a rock-walled grotto. The fourth side, which faces the main pavilion, is composed of plate glass, an inch thick, over eight feet high, and three to four feet wide.

The construction of these tanks, which

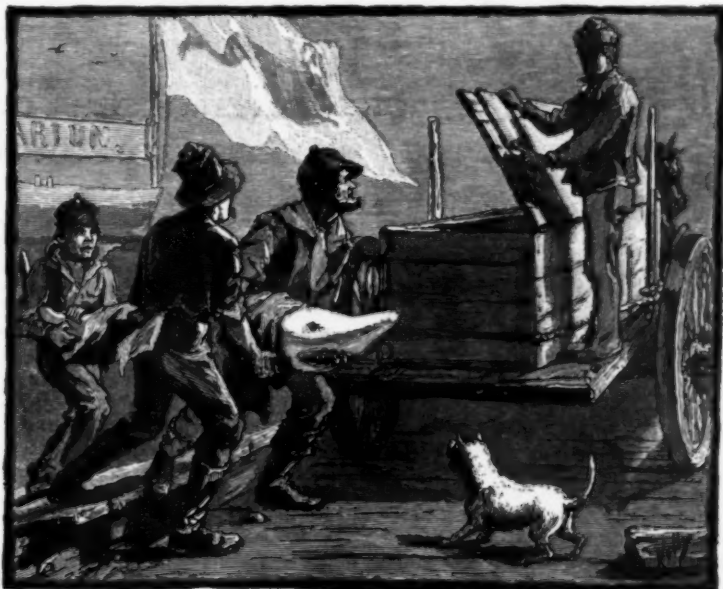
includes the securing of solid foundations, the designing and adjustment of the iron framework or sashes, and the final procuring and firm adjustment of the heavy glass plates, was a work calling for the exercise of great caution, wisdom and taste. One of these great wall tanks has a capacity of fifty thousand gallons, and the front wall of glass is nearly sixty feet in length. This tank occupies the whole of the eastern side of the pavilion to the right of the entrance platform, and is the home of the shark, porpoise, sturgeon, etc. At the farther end of this shark tank is a concealed reservoir in which are located the filters through which the overflow is made to pass before returning to the grand storage reservoir beneath; still farther on and at right angles with the shark tank, extend in uninterrupted series the remaining great marine and fresh water wall tanks, in which are contained and displayed all the larger forms of marine life. The tanks composing this series are sixteen in number; the four central ones are each ten feet in width, with a proportionate height and depth, flanked by six of six feet width, followed by a third series having fronts of four feet. The depth from top to bottom of the four central tanks is eight feet, which decreases in the smaller ones in such a proportion as to secure an active flow of the water from the center toward either end.



LOOKING AT THE WHALE.

The problem of the water supply for fresh water fishes was one easily solved, as Croton water from the city mains, after being carefully filtered, answers all the needs of the lake

From these grand storage reservoirs the water is forced into the tanks above, and by the aid of pumps and an intricate system of distributing and return pipes, the needed

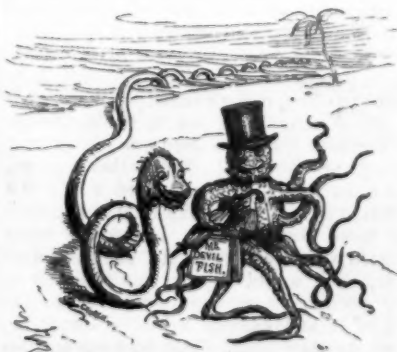


CARRYING THE SHARK.

and river fish here displayed. To obtain the salt water, however, a special steamer, fitted out with reservoirs and pumps, was sent on repeated trips out to sea, beyond Sandy Hook, and so far from shore that the water should be clear and pure. On its return from these trips, the steamer sometimes stopped at the fishing stations along the route to take on board such new or rare varieties of marine forms as the fishermen, acting under previous instructions, have been able to capture and secure. Arriving at its pier, a mile or more distant from the Aquarium, the steamer proceeds to discharge its freight. The fish, often the larger varieties, are carefully removed by the aid of slings and blankets to great portable tanks, which are slowly driven to the Aquarium, into which they are conveyed with as tender a care as an infant who is about to be treated to its morning bath. The water from the vessel is next transferred to the wheeled tanks, and in turn is discharged from them into the great storage reservoirs. These immense receptacles, hidden from the view of the visitor beneath the entrance platform, are three in number, and were constructed with special care and skill.

aeration and circulation are secured. When once the grand reservoirs are filled, it is only necessary to make good such loss as may be occasioned by evaporation or leakage. It therefore appears that upon the proper construction and maintenance of this circulating system the whole success of the aquarium scheme depends.

The artist, who has evidently been admit-



EXPECTED ARRIVALS.



"THERE GOES THE DINNER BELL!"

ted to the sacred precincts below stairs, has given us a careful sketch in sections, of the great shark, or deep sea tank, the engine-room, and the storage reservoir. To the left of the great tank, though on a lower level, are the engine and boiler rooms, the latter presenting no novel feature,—the boilers, two in number, being of the ordinary pattern. The engines and pumps, however, being of peculiar form and construction, deserve special notice. Sea-water, owing to its saline properties, cannot be brought in contact with, or conveyed through, metal of any kind, since the consequent corrosion of the metal would result alike in the destruction of the pipes and the death of the fish supplied through them. Hence all the pumps, with their suction, distributing and return pipes, must be made of hard rubber or vulcanite,—a material which is alike rare in itself and peculiarly difficult of manipulation in such forms as are here required. These pumps are located beneath the floor of the pavilion, in the relative position shown in the sketch. Adjacent to them, though on the same level, is shown one of the great storage reservoirs. In its relative location, the artist has slightly modified the actual conditions in order to illustrate the principle more clearly; since, instead of being located directly underneath the exhibition tank, as it would appear, this reservoir in fact occupies a position somewhat to the left of it, and extends a long distance beyond its outer limit. The deep sea tank,—or as we have come to call it, the shark

tank,—as here shown in section, is a truthful copy of the original as now in place. To the right of this tank are the filters referred to above, and from them the overflow, both from the shark tank and from the remaining ones of the series, is conducted through the underground return-pipe back to the storage reservoir.

In order to trace the course of the water in its circuit, it is only needed to begin at the storage reservoir and follow the current in the direction of the arrows. First drawn over the wall through the great siphon suction-pipe, the water enters the pump cylinders, and here receives the impulse which is to project it into and through the whole length of distributing mains, which, passing first over the grand tank, extend beyond it to the most distant of the grand wall series,—this single main being nearly two hundred feet in length. How the water is projected from this main into the tanks below is clearly indicated in the sketch. Depending from this, the grand artery of the Aquarium system, are short lengths of tubing which have first been drawn over conical mandrels, so that the original pressure may be increased. These injectors, as they are named, terminate in small orifices at a distance of from two to three feet above the



A WELCOME FROM THE SHARK.

proposed level of the water in the tank beneath. Following the water after the first impulse given it by the pump, we find it projected in fine jets into the tank below. The uninitiated would at this point naturally

must be made good by a fresh supply of this life-sustaining element. The injectors are designed to meet this want, and in what manner they accomplish it may be readily perceived if we take up our position in

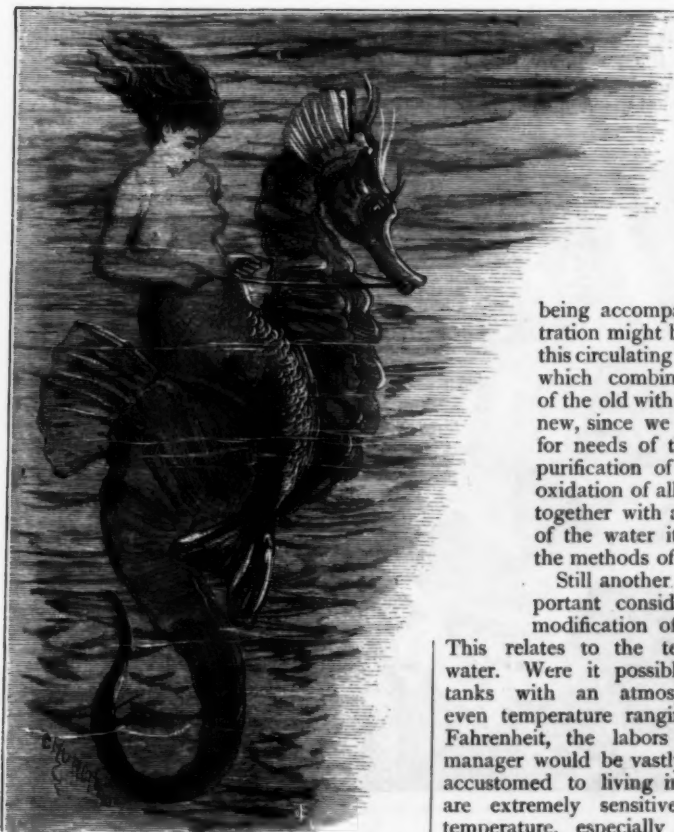


THE ANGLER AND HIS PREY.

propound the following query: Why not dispense with this complicated system of injectors, and furnish to each tank its requisite supply of water through single channels—one for each tank? And it is in reply to this reasonable inquiry that the secret of what is called the circulating system of aeration is disclosed. Let it be remembered that it is not water alone that fish need, but water charged with air. They live in one medium—water; their vitality depends upon another medium—air. The one must be charged with the other; and so often as in the natural course of respiration the oxygen of the air is exhausted, the deficiency

front of one of the glass-walled tanks over which the injectors are at work.

Standing before this wall of water, separated from it by the intervening crystal barrier, we are attracted by what appears to be an inverted fountain; and so it is, save that the drops are air-bubbles, and the medium into which they fall is water. Entering the water at a single point, these bubbles, impelled by the force of the distant engine, rush downward and spread out, until the whole space at the rear of the tank seems filled with crystal drops like water-sprays from a fountain,—a mist of water in mid-air; though in truth, the order of the aerial uni-



SOMETHING THAT CANNOT BE SEEN AT THE
AQUARIUM.

verse has been reversed, and we have first a torrent, and then a mist, of air in a world of water. A moment's watching and we will see, perhaps, a beautiful brook-trout who has been gracefully posing himself before the glass, or leisurely swimming along the graveled bottom of his rock-lined prison, suddenly, as if impelled by some "mad desire," rush backward and upward till he enters the crystal realm beyond; here he seems fairly to revel among the falling air-drops, now drinking them in in great draughts, and now fairly frolicking in the crystal fountain. The room was in fact getting close, and he has sought relief in the open air.

In early days, when the largest tanks held but a score or more of gallons, it was possible to replace the water pumps with those which would project air alone; but when the tanks had expanded to miniature

seas such as the one before us, and the number and size of the fish demanded a system of feeding somewhat more generous, it was necessary not only to charge the water, but to change it from one reservoir to another,—each change

being accompanied with what filtration might be needed. Hence, this circulating system was devised, which combines the advantages of the old with the demands of the new, since we have the air supply for needs of the fish, and for the purification of the water by the oxidation of all organic impurities, together with an active movement of the water itself, thus imitating the methods of nature.

Still another and an equally important consideration favors this modification of the old methods.

This relates to the temperature of the water. Were it possible to surround the tanks with an atmosphere having an even temperature ranging from 50° to 60° Fahrenheit, the labors of the Aquarium manager would be vastly simplified. Fish, accustomed to living in a stable medium are extremely sensitive to extremes of temperature, especially when the range is above the limit of 65° Fahrenheit. Now, in order to keep these comparatively small bodies of water within this range, particularly during the heated term of an American summer, it is necessary to convey it at frequent intervals to a secluded and concealed receptacle; hence the plan for returning it, by means of constantly active supply and overflow pipes, to the sunken storage reservoirs. In these the water is allowed to settle; owing to the absence of sunlight, the growth of vegetation is checked, and, most important of all, the temperature is lowered, and the water cools before it starts again on its circuit. In the New York Aquarium the water in the shark tank completes a circuit of its own. In the continuous wall series a second circuit is established, the supply being from the same main, but the overflow passing from the four central tanks downward and outward toward either end. This overflow from the two terminal tanks



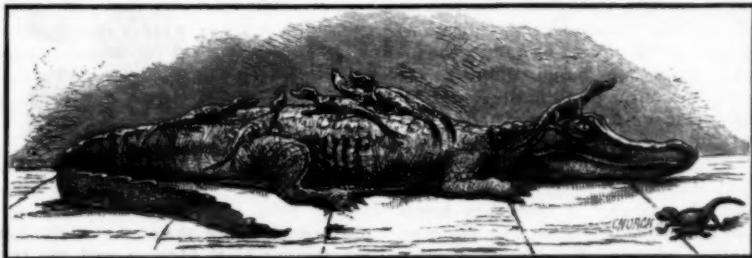
DUMPING THE WHALE.

is conducted back to the reservoir through underground channels already indicated. In addition to these two marine circuits, a third is needed to supply the series of table tanks, while a fourth and entirely distinct system is established for the storage, distribution and return of the fresh water.

Ascending again to the floor of the main pavilion, attention may at once be directed

to three special features which have not yet been indicated, and for which no apparent provision has been made in connection with the distributing system already described.

The first of these is the great circular glass tank which occupies the central location indicated in the plan, and which is now the prison house of the whale. If no mention of this whale tank has been



MATERNITY.

made in connection with the technical description of the circulating system adopted with the others, it is because this tank and



FISH-HATCHING.

its occupant constitute an aquarium by themselves. The water with which the monster is supplied must, for good reasons, be constantly changed,—an absolutely fresh supply being added at frequent intervals, while that which it replaces is drawn off into the sewer, not being allowed to enter the main reservoirs. The tank is composed



of panes of plate glass, supported in iron frames, which in turn rest upon heavy walls of solid masonry. The form chosen is that best adapted to the movements of the imprisoned monster, though the location of the tank and the consequent modifications of the usual system of lighting render the inspection of the creature a more difficult task.

The presence of the whale at the Aquarium is in itself evidence of the energy and zeal of the manager. After months of weary watching on a desert island, the agent of the Aquarium was rewarded by the arrival off shore of a school of cetacea. A deep bay terminating in a narrow river was to be the cage, and a line of piles driven across its entrance for a length of two miles, its prison gates.

At high tide this wall was sufficiently submerged to allow the whales, driven before the fishing fleet, to enter. The fall of the tide left them prisoners, and the subsequent retaining them in safer quarters above a second line of flood-gates was the work of the agent. In this manner three were secured. These were put into boxes lined with sea-weed and then hurried forward by the aid of special boats, wagons, and trains. The two which made the journey first did not long survive, but the third arrived in safety, after being seven days and seven nights out of water. The capture of this monster, and, most of all, his transfer to the Aquarium tanks, stands as an achievement unrivaled in the annals of aquarium history; and were the creature not actually here and alive, this narrative might pardonably be consigned to the large array of fish stories which have special quarters assigned to them in the ranks of imaginative literary efforts.

Immediately adjoining the whale tank is the second independent feature, this being the low-walled pool where live, frolic and doze a company of the most intelligent and curious creatures that swim the seas,—the big-eyed, fur-coated, clumsy seals. The modern philosopher in search of an animal intelligence kindred to his own, will fail of a faithful service if he does not class these creatures in the very next rank to that of actual human kinship and brotherhood. Already have the odd creatures taken high place in the favor of the visitor, and to the children the ringing of the dinner-bell and the subsequent feeding of the seals are events eagerly watched for.

On the opposite side of the whale tank, abutting against the western wall of the pavilion, is the third of the special features before-mentioned—the rockery and pool where swims, and flounders, and barks, the sea-lion. The present occupant of this pool is one of that rare company whose comrades



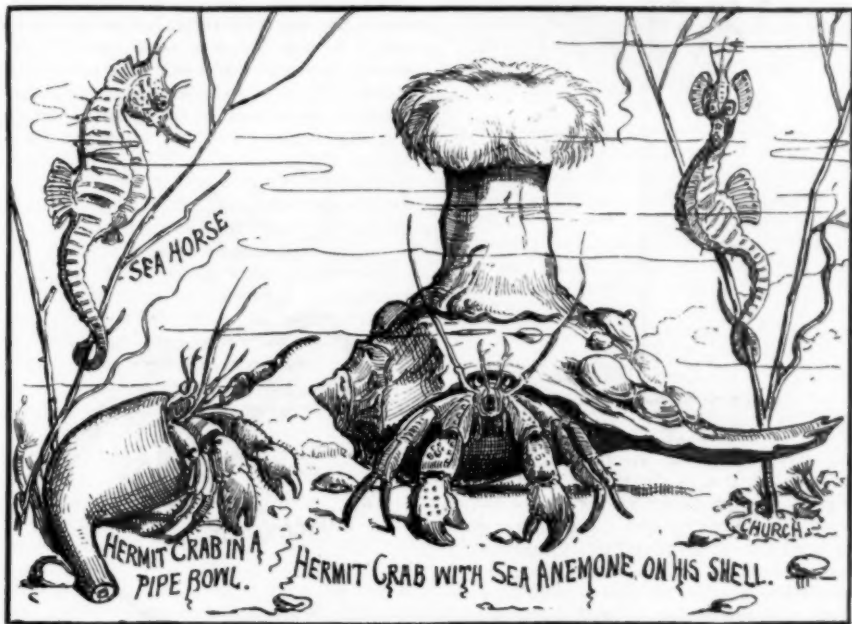
are now sporting upon the rocks beyond the famous Cliff House; and the traveler who dreads a winter jaunt "across the con-

tinient" can view one of the wonders on his way up-town.

It is said that the prince of hosts is he who artfully contrives to put his guests in a good humor on the very threshold; and fortunate it is that the manager of the Aquarium has been able to secure so able an ally as the mirth-provoking skate. As though conscious of the duty assigned him, one of these oddest of odd fish, whose body is as "flat as a flounder," and whose fins are nothing more than leather flaps with mouth and eyes between, has posted his fleshy semblance against the first pane of the first tank, from which vantage-ground he grins out a gro-

ion. This precaution is needed both for observer and observed. The former, were he standing in the light instead of the shadow, would see himself reflected from the surface of the glass plates; while the fish, who are now unconscious of his presence, would otherwise hasten to conceal themselves from his curious gaze.

As has already been indicated, it is the presence of this series of grand wall tanks which gives to the Aquarium its massive proportions; their interior structure is such as to present the appearance of natural sea-caves, while the arrangement of the rocks is designed to heighten a delusion alike grateful



tesque welcome to all new-comers. The smaller sharks, his present companions, have learned to respect his mission, if not his whip-like appendage; but some day,—possibly the first after the arrival of a regular "man-eater,"—the skate will forever cease his blinking.

Advancing to the further limit of the shark tank, we can be but charmed and delighted with the vista which now opens to the left. Forming the outer wall of this modern cloister, are the rustic arches from which depend in graceful folds the curtains whose purpose it is to shield the faces of the tanks from the flood of light which illumines the main pavil-

ion. This precaution is needed both for observer and observed. The former, were he standing in the light instead of the shadow, would see himself reflected from the surface of the glass plates; while the fish, who are now unconscious of his presence, would otherwise hasten to conceal themselves from his curious gaze.

Here again is the "angler"—that marine strategist whose ways are so wonderful, and whose cunning is so consummate that the writer hardly dare risk his reputation as

a truthful historian by telling the truth about it. With a mouth stretching "from ear to ear," and with great jaws fringed with moss-like membrane or barbles, this marine brigand conceals his dull, flat form



THE HORSE-SHOE CRAB.

along the stones of some rock-lined and algae-covered shore. Even a higher intelligence than that of the porgie and the bass might be pardoned for mistaking the living angler for his rocky bed. Protruding from his head are spine-like tentacles mounted in socket joints and tipped with a bit of fleshy membrane similar to that which lines its jaws. Dangling this dainty-looking morsel in front of the concealed cavity of its mouth, the angler tempts the small fry to approach and nibble. But alas! a sudden withdrawal of the baited spine, accompanied with a ghastly gape of the hideous jaws, and down into the hateful cavern are drawn the wonder-seeking or hungry crew.

Here also are the star-fish, in infinite variety, yet of one plan. To the gar, pike, dog-fish and eels, another precinct has been assigned, while a school of striped bass make their home beyond. Lobsters, crabs and craw-fish, porgies, cod and killies—all are here, and with them so many hundreds more that we are glad at length to

echo and emphasize the discourse of the "Divine Dubartas:"

"God quickened in the Sea and in the Rivers,
So many fishes of so many features,
That in the waters we may see all Creatures;
Even all that on the earth is to be found,
As if the world were in deep waters drowned.
For seas (as well as Skies) have Sun, Moon, Stars;
(As wel as air) Swallows, Rooks, and Stares;
(As wel as earth) Vines, Roses, Nettles, Melons,
Mushrooms, Pinks, Gilliflowers and many millions
Of other plants more rare, more strange then these,
As very fishes living in the seas;
And also Rams, Calves, Horses, Hares and Hogs,
Wolves, Urchins, Lions, Elephants and Dogs;
Yea, Men and Maids, and which I most admire,
The Mitred Bishop and the cowed Fryer."

Ascending the stair-way, we tarry in the arch of the beautiful rustic bridge just long enough to catch a bird's-eye view of his majesty, the whale, and his near neighbor, the noisy sea-lion; a descent by the opposite approach brings us in front of another great fresh water wall tank, where we may



view in their perfect freedom the forms and movements of those most graceful members of the finny tribe, the trout and the salmon. In spite of their roving ways, they seem contented and at home in their crystal cage.

Near by are the hatching-troughs—by all odds the most interesting and instructive feature of the Aquarium, and one peculiar to this establishment. The illustration will convey to the reader the general form of these fish-craddles, which are nothing more than long,

Aquarium. From the exhibits here displayed it appears that Nature is wont at times to trifle with her own laws, and hence these double-headed infants, and again these twin growths,—“salmonese twins,” as the Aquarium wag has christened them,—two perfect bodies from one egg, and still attached to the life-giving sac! The biologist is now watching with peculiar interest the approach of that day when one or the other must assert its supremacy, or both succumb to



THE SEA-RAVEN AND THE TOAD-FISH.

narrow boxes through which a constant stream of fresh, clear, cool water flows. In one trough is a myriad host of minute though perfect fish-forms; in another, the little fish is still attached to the sac upon which it depends for its early sustenance; while in a third, resting on wire trays, are countless globules of quivering jelly—spawn, we call it—from which in due season the imprisoned life will emerge and swim away. This department, founded at the suggestion of Professor Baird, is a special feature of the

the restraints which this enforced union is sure to impose upon them.

Facing about, the visitor finds himself at the portals of an enchanted highway, a veritable lane in the sea, along the sides of which are the so-called table tanks. On the left are those devoted to the smaller fresh water varieties whose forms would be lost in the broader domains of the wall tanks, while across the lane is a continuation in miniature of the grand marine series. Keeping to the right, we are halted



INTERIOR OF READING-ROOM.

at the outset to inspect the troop of sea-horses, to whom, as befits their martial bearing, the right of the line has been assigned. Horses' heads they surely have, and those quivering fins will answer well for manes, but here the semblance ceases, as the tail is that of an ape and the body that of a fish. The fancy might soon be taught to believe these hippocampi fresh from the well-groomed stables of some sea-nymph who may yet be deploring the capture of her favorite chargers. Possibly these were the main-stay of a race of fairy amazons, whose duty it was to serve as body-guards or couriers to their queen. If this be so, then a rich reward is promised by the manager to the lucky fisherman who will capture the queen herself or any of her company.

Before a second tank we could stand for hours watching the cunning or vain spider-crabs decorate their ugly shapes with plumes of sea-weed, and then, concealed in a grove of their own planting, lie watching the angular antics of the scollops, which in turn are seeking to evade the hungry claws of a ravenous crab.

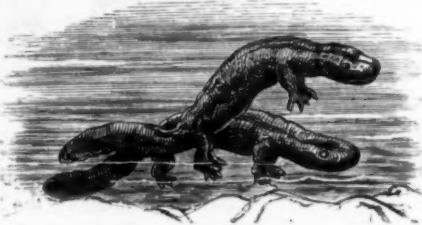
Another advance brings us in front of an algae-carpeted cage,—the home of the beautiful winged gurnard and his hideous prison comrade, the ugly toad-fish. Was it an artistic appreciation of the force of contrast, or was it some almost human decree of fate that made these two opposite types—one of grace and one of ugliness—companions in captivity?

We next come to a veritable sea-garden, where anemones of all shades and sizes grow and blossom. That they are animals, sci-

ence no longer doubts; yet the precincts of a tropical garden cannot rival in the beauty of its blossoms the display here given: rich red, yellow, and purple blossoms in streaks of deeper hue, delicate petals surrounding a mass of softest velvet. Flowers they seem to be, yet they are conscious living organisms, as is proved by the characteristic habit of one of the class, who has taken his abode upon the shell of a hermit-crab. However, the crab is only paying the penalty of his

robber propensity, since the shell in which he is housed is not of his own making. So accustomed have these combative marauders become to their living burden that when they see fit to change from one shell to another, they have been known carefully to detach the anemone and transfer him to the roof of the new domicile,—a tender attention which the recipient repays by conveying to the crab an additional supply of food through the agency of its current-producing tentacles.

Crossing the narrow lane, we tarry to view an equally interesting array of the smaller fresh water forms here displayed. Passing by the little trout, sun-fish and pickerel, we halt in front of the tank where there swims in state, as its imperial rank deserves, the rare and royal kingiyo,—the famous three-tailed fish of Japan. To the student and



THE HELL-BENDERS.

naturalist, this fish is the most attractive member of the Aquarium company, as its development of silken-like tail is said to have been the result of years, decades, and possibly centuries, of careful selection and culture. If beauty and fitness are synony-

mous, then the survival of the kingiyo is a Darwinian argument that should receive the immediate attention of the opposition.



MAKING CAST OF THE ANGLER.

With its golden body and its tail of pearly gossamer, the kingiyo is a symbol of beauty and grace. These qualities, too, are heightened when brought in contrast with the supreme ugliness of its neighbors, the hellbenders. A long story might be told of the

habits of these hideous creatures, as also of their equally ugly and interesting neighbor, the banded proteus, whose gills are on the outside of its body, and whose structure is suggestive of one of the "missing links" for which the modern theorist is searching. Before passing out, we must not forget to note the motherly devotion of the alligator.

Attached to the Aquarium on the second floor, and open to the public by an approach from without, are the free scientific library, naturalists' laboratory and reading-room. Ascending to the laboratory, we are ushered into the presence of a student company, one of whom, clothed in the garb of a practical manipulator, is securing a plaster cast of a dead angler. When completed, this cast will be added to the museum of the Aquarium, and duplicate copies will be placed at the command of such educational institutions as may desire them. Here also are tables equipped with dissecting instruments and naturalists' tools.

Adjoining the laboratory, and overlooking the entrance, is the richly furnished library room. Experimental tanks and microscopes and a full assortment of scientific periodicals are here placed, without cost, at the service of the student or inquiring visitor, together with a carefully chosen and constantly increasing library. In the evenings, this room, which is thoroughly lighted and warmed, is occasionally devoted to lectures and discussions, free use being granted to any organized scientific body which may desire to avail itself of the privilege here afforded.



NICHOLAS MINTURN.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.



"I HAVEN'T STOLEN ANYTHING, HAVE I?"

CHAPTER VIII.

NICHOLAS having telegraphed his departure for home, was met at the station by his devoted servant Pont, who dropped his hat upon the platform, seized him by both his hands, and shook them until they ached.

"'Pears like you're de prodigal son done come back," said Pont. "I tole de missis she muss git up a fuss-rate veal dinner for yer sho, dis time, and git out yer silk dressin'-gown, an' call in de neighbors, cos you'd been nigh about dead, and come to life ag'in."

When Pont had finished his little speech, which he had been concocting and rehearsing all the morning, the young man's neighbors, who crowded the platform, pressed up to welcome him, and congratulate him upon his safety.

It was very pleasant for Nicholas to find himself among familiar scenes and old friends. He wondered why he had ever

left them; and between the station and his home, he went through the experience that comes once to every sensitive young man with the first consciousness that he has been forever removed from the sphere of dependence to a life of active and self-directed manhood. For a few unhappy minutes, he was filled with a tender, self-pitying regret that he could never again be what he had been. He shrank from life and its responsibilities. He half wished that he were a woman, in order that he might honorably bind himself to retirement, and evade the struggles with men which seemed so coarse and repulsive to him. But he had learned that he was a man, and knew that the smooth, round shell which had held him could never take the fledgeling back.

He was not in a talkative mood, as his carriage crawled slowly up the Ottercliff hill, but the pressure upon Pont was too great to be successfully withstood.

"Pears like you's a pretty good Baptiss now, Mas'r Minturn," said Pont, looking back with his good-natured grin. "You done come to't at las'. De 'Lantic Ocean done de business for yer dis time, mas'r. I know'd you'd be fotched some way, an' we's got de prodigal son back ag'in, an' had 'im baptize, wid a new name."

"Why, Pont," said Nicholas, laughing, "I was baptized when I was a baby."

"Ye didn't need it den, I gib ye my word. Ye was as innocent as a lamb, an' ye didn't need it. It's de old sinners dat wants washin' in deep water. You's only sprinkled, I reckon?"

"I suppose so," responded Nicholas.

"Now, I tell ye what it is, mas'r," Pont went on, as if he were uttering a self-evident theological proposition; "when a man gits mercy, he wants 'mersion. Sprinklin' is well enough for babies; it makes 'em cry, but it don't hurt 'em. 'Mersion goes wid mercy ebery time wid a nigger, and I reckon it's 'bout de same wid white folks."

"What were you saying about a new name, Pont?" inquired Nicholas.

"Ah! mas'r, you got yer new name dis side o' Jordan,—Mas'r Hero, now. Missis read it to me in de papers."

"Well, I hope you'll not call me by the new name, Pont; I don't like it," said Nicholas.

"I kin talk about it to de hosses, I reckon?" said Pont inquiringly.

"Yes, but never to people."

Pont was filled with wonder at this refusal of Nicholas to answer to the name that had been given to him at the time he "administered his baptism," but his young master had always been an enigma to him, and as Pont had relieved his mind, he left him, for the remainder of the drive, to his thoughts.

"Thee is very welcome, dear Nicholas, to thy home again," said sweet and tearful Mrs. Fleming, as he alighted at the door. There was no kiss; there was no profusion of exclamations and questions; there was no effusion of sentiment, but there rested on the face of the placid Quaker lady a deep and tender joy. She led him to his room that spoke of her orderly neatness, pressed his hand, and left him. He was once more in the atmosphere of love and home and safety; and the changes and perils through which he had passed came back to him with a power that overwhelmed him. He dropped upon his knees by the side of the bed where he had so often knelt with his mother's arm around his neck, and wept like a child. He

rested his head on his hands for long minutes, in a tender and almost delicious swoon of mingled sorrow, joy, and gratitude. His welcome had been sweet, but he missed with a pang of which he did not believe himself susceptible after his long and stupefying grief, the bodily presence of one who he could not but believe still knelt by his bed in her spiritual form, with her arm around his neck and a blessing on her lips.

The news of his arrival spread quickly through the village of Ottercliff, and he was thronged all day with visits of welcome and congratulation. He had not thought of the old friends of his mother at the Catacombs, or on the Rhigi, but they were apparently as glad to see him as if he had executed their commissions. Such hearty evidences of their friendship were very grateful to him; and the joys of the day quite repaid him for all the hardships he had suffered, and the dangers to which he had been exposed.

During the afternoon, he wrote a note to Mr. Bellamy Gold, requesting him to come to him on the following morning, bringing with him all the books relating to his estate, and all the vouchers for his investments. He had determined at the earliest moment to take the charge of his own affairs, and to retain the services of the village lawyer as his adviser. He would assume the cares that belonged to him, and have something to do.

When the lawyer appeared with his huge bundle of books and papers, it was with a troubled look upon his face. He had done his work well, and had nothing to hide; but some of his work was incomplete, and he anticipated the loss of a lucrative trust.

"I knew it would come," he said. "I knew it would come sometime,"—and he tried to say it with a cordial smile,—“but I thought I was sure of you for the next two years. However, it is all right, and if you want to take matters into your own hands, you know that I shall not be far off, and that I shall always be glad to serve you."

The day was a laborious one for both, for it took a long time for Nicholas to understand, and the lawyer to explain, the multitude of complicated affairs that came up for consideration. Everything was found to be snug and safe,—everything but one. The lawyer had made a recent investment in bonds, for the registration of which he would be obliged to make a visit to New York. He had not attended to this, because the bonds were safe under his lock and key, and his work had crowded him. As Nicholas de-

sired to go over the business again, to make sure that he had comprehended it all, the lawyer consented to leave the mass of his documentary materials at the house for the night. Nicholas placed them in the family safe, locked them in, put the key in his pocket, and weary with his day's work, took a seat in the carriage which Pont had driven to the door, and accompanied the lawyer to his home. He was stopped many times on the way to the village by humble neighbors who had had no opportunity to visit him, and he gave them so much time that when he returned, the sun had already set, and the shadows of the evening were gathering upon the river and the landscape.

Mrs. Fleming ordered tea to be served upon the piazza. Although it was mid-summer, the air was deliciously cool and refreshing. With only a single question, Mrs. Fleming set Nicholas talking, and he told to her, for the first time, the story of his wreck and rescue.

While they sat, the moon came up, broad and full, casting deep shadows far out upon the river, but illuminating the water beyond and bringing into view the river craft as they passed up and down the beautiful stream. They sat for a long time in silence, when they noticed a schooner, pointing directly toward the house. The moon lighted up her canvas, and they could see the graceful form of her hull as she came toward the shore. Then, almost in an instant, she disappeared, for she had come under the shadow of the bluff.

They waited for a few minutes, catching now and then the reflection of a light. But the light went out, or was put out of sight. The two questioning watchers said nothing to each other for a long time. Then at the same instant they noticed the re-appearance of the light, which remained apparent long enough to show that the schooner had come to anchor, and was still.

"That is a very unusual occurrence," said Mrs. Fleming.

"It certainly is," Nicholas responded. "I never saw a schooner anchor there before. What can they want?"

At this moment, a dark figure approached them, coming up the lawn. They knew that no one had had time to reach them from the strange craft, so Nicholas said:

"Pont, is that you?"

"Yis, mas'r."

"Where have you been at this late hour?"

"Been on de look-out, mas'r."

"Well, what have you seen?"

"I seen something dat don't mean no good, no how, sah," replied the negro.

"Do you mean the schooner yonder?"

"Yis, mas'r."

"Well, what do you think it means?"

"I do' know, sah, but it don't mean no good, no how. Dem men haint no business dah."

"Suppose you take a boat, and row out toward them, and find out what you can."

"Will ye go 'long, sah?" inquired Pont, who evidently had no stomach for the expedition.

"Yes, I'll go with you," said Nicholas; and, taking his hat, he followed his servant down the narrow path that led to the boat-house. Arriving there, a small skiff with a single pair of sculls was unfastened, and the two men stepped noiselessly into it and pushed off. Pont rowed close in shore, as noiselessly as if he had been an Adirondack hunter, floating for midnight game. He rowed until they could see the dark hull of the schooner, and detect the lines of her masts defined against the sky. He pulled on until they lay abreast of her. There was no sound on board, and there were no lights to be seen. She was out of the track of all passing craft, and, so far as the reconnoiterers could judge, the men on board had turned in and gone to sleep.

They sat for some minutes in silence, and then they heard a movement; and against the moonlight that flooded the western water and the western sky, they saw three or four figures rise, and slowly disappear. Then they heard the sound of oars, and, after a few minutes, a black speck showed itself upon the gleaming water, moving away from them toward a village on the opposite side of the river.

"Turn about and row back, Pont," said Nicholas. The command was silently obeyed, and when Nicholas reached his house, he found Mrs. Fleming awaiting his return, just where he had left her.

"What did you find?" she inquired.

"We found a schooner, and saw her men leave her. They are probably a lot of shirks, who have run in here to get out of sight, and thus to secure an opportunity for a carouse on shore. I don't think we have anything to fear from them."

Although they all went nervous and indefinitely apprehensive to bed, they passed the night without disturbance; but the next day, while the village lawyer and Nicholas were reviewing their work in a state of profound absorption, they were

conscious of a movement near them, and looking up, they saw, observing them with wicked black eyes, a middle-aged, rough-looking man, who had entered the house unbidden and unheralded.

"Beg your pardon, gentlemen," he said, scraping his right foot and placing his hat under his arm, "but would you be kind enough to give a poor fellow a trifle to get to New York? I was put off the train here, for the lack of the needful, you know."

The safe stood open by the side of Nicholas, revealing its valuable contents. It was too late to shut it, but Nicholas impulsively rose, closed and locked it, and put the key in his pocket, as he was in the habit of doing. The motion was watched with evident interest by the intruder.

The appeal of the tramp was humbly enough made, but both Nicholas and his companion instinctively recognized its insincerity, and felt that the man was a spy.

"What business have you in this house, you dirty dog?" said Nicholas, his anger rising the moment he began to speak.

"Well, it doesn't look as if I had any," replied the man sullenly, "and it's very well for you with your money and your fine house to call a poor fellow like me a dirty dog, but I haven't stolen anything, have I?"

"I don't know," said Nicholas.

"There are two of you: you'd better search me."

The man's eyes flashed as he said this, and he gave a hitch to the sleeves of his coat, as if he would like to have them try it.

"Look here," said Mr. Bellamy Gold, "you had better leave town the first chance that you can get, or I'll have you arrested for a vagrant."

"I shall leave town when I get ready, and I shall leave this house when I get ready, too. Perhaps you'd like to put me out now, come!"

The fellow had hardly time to complete his menace when Nicholas leaped to his feet, grasped the man's collar, wheeled him about, and taking him by his shoulders, pushed him, violently resisting, out of the room, through the hall, and down the steps. The rascal had dropped his hat at the door, and this Nicholas tossed after him.

He was in a great rage and started to come back, but he had felt the force of the young muscles, and saw that Nicholas in the door-way had him at a disadvantage.

"You are a smart boy, you are," he growled huskily, "but I'll get you in a

tight place yet! Never you mind! I'll have it out of you—if I ever catch you anywhere," he prudently added.

Nicholas laughed at him, and he seemed reluctant to go away, but at last he went off, growling and threatening, and talking to himself. Nicholas stood in the door and watched him until he passed out of sight. The man's features, his figure, his gait, his voice, were as thoroughly impressed upon his memory as if he had known him from boyhood.

Before Nicholas closed the door and locked it against further intrusion, he called for Pont. When the negro appeared, Nicholas asked him if he had seen the tramp. He replied that he had.

"Then," said Nicholas, "take the short cut to the station; get there before him, and see what he does with himself."

Pont started upon a run, and soon disappeared behind the shrubbery. Then Nicholas went back laughing to the lawyer, whom he found very much disturbed.

"I don't like this," said Mr. Bellamy Gold. "You have provoked the man's ill-will, and if I haven't mistaken his character, he would murder you as readily and remorselessly as he would eat a dinner. I don't like it. It's a bad thing."

"Well, it is done, and it can't be helped," said Nicholas.

"It's a bad thing," the lawyer repeated. "He has seen everything. It's a bad thing, and you must let me take all these papers back to my office to-night."

Nicholas was suddenly seized with a thought of the schooner. In the absorption of the morning it had gone out of his mind, and he rose and walked out upon the piazza. There was no schooner in sight, and she had probably left during the night. The fact relieved him.

An hour afterward, Pont returned with the information that the supposed tramp, instead of going to the station, went directly to the river, where a boat with a single occupant awaited him. Then he coolly took off his coat, sat down in the boat, and, together, the two men pulled straight across the stream into a cove, and disappeared.

The fact was not calculated to re-assure Nicholas or his lawyer. Neither was surprised at the news, but both had hoped the fellow would go away.

When Mr. Bellamy Gold left the house that evening, he took all his books and papers with him; but nothing happened during the night to justify his fears, and several days

and nights passed away without disturbance, until the threat of the ruffianly intruder had ceased to be thought of, and life at the mansion went on in its usual quiet course.

After all the excitement through which Nicholas had passed, it could not have been expected that he would settle down contentedly to the old life that was once so dear to him. He felt himself becoming uneasy. He had grown familiar with his affairs, and while the examination into them lasted, his mind was occupied. When the interest connected with this had died away, it reached out for something to do. He devised improvements here and there upon his place. He superintended his workmen, or roamed over his estate, or engaged himself in reading, and at last he began to learn that it was less his mind than his heart that was hungry. The beautiful invalid with whom he had been thrown into such strange associations presented herself more—and still more—frequently before his imagination. If he sat upon the piazza, he found the ocean steamer reproduced in every passing vessel, and beheld her reclining in the old attitude upon the deck. Every book he read was illustrated by his fancy with pictures of which she was always the central figure. He thought of her as an occupant of his home, and dreamed of the sweetness with which she would endow it. He thought of himself as her husband, not only, but as the ministering servant to her helplessness. He found his heart constantly rebelling against the statement of Mr. Benson, that marriage with her was "out of the question."

Yet he did not dare to love her. He knew that she liked him. He knew that she was profoundly grateful to him. He felt that she would sacrifice anything to show her appreciation of him and of his service to her, but he had apprehended something in her beyond this, and he was surprised to learn how keen a pang the apprehension caused him. He knew that he never could have come to this apprehension had it not been through the subtle stimulus which her own magnetic nature and character had exercised upon him,—the apprehension that she would never permit him to sacrifice himself to her. He felt that if there were anything in him that could inspire her heart with love, the measure of that love would be the measure of her determination never to bind his hands in service to one who could not help but would only hinder him.

He found himself longing, too, for sym-

pathy. He could not unveil his heart to a man. If his mother had been alive he would have spoken all his thoughts to her and rejoiced in the privilege; but he recoiled from speaking a word, even to his friend Glezen. Glezen would only say to him: "Well, my boy, if you want her, go in and win." His friend could not possibly sympathize with his experiences and apprehensions, or comprehend the depth and delicacy of his sentiment; and it would be profanation to reveal them to one who would look upon them only with the eye of a practical, business man.

So it was with a feeling of delightful relief that he heard good Mrs. Fleming say to him one evening, while they were sitting together over their tea:

"Nicholas, thee has something on thy mind. May I share it with thee?"

Nicholas did not blush. He did not hesitate. He knew that a woman could comprehend what a man could not, and he opened his whole heart to her. He told her of a thousand things he had hidden from her sight,—of Miss Larkin's helplessness, of her sweetness, of her power to move and elevate himself, and of the delightful possibilities which she had opened to his thought. He was tender and enthusiastic. A boy of fifteen would not have been more so, or more confiding and unreserved.

Mrs. Fleming listened to him with the calm and sympathetic smile of one who had had a sweet experience of her own, and who took a profound satisfaction in being so frankly trusted. If she had not loved Nicholas before, she would have loved him then. He had paid to her the most grateful tribute that man can pay to womanhood—a tribute to the wisdom of her heart.

"I thank thee, Nicholas, for this," she said, and rising she went to him, and bending over him as he sat, kissed his forehead. She had not kissed him before since he was a boy. The spirit of the boy had moved her.

Resuming her seat, she said:

"Thee must follow the inner light, Nicholas. Thee must not enter into calculations, nor weigh hinderances and advantages. The Spirit cannot speak through the lips of human wisdom, for that is full of pride, and full of all selfish mixtures. The pure in heart not only see God, but they feel God, and hear him. It is the heart that hears the voice which guides aright; and if thy heart is pure,—and I believe it is,—and if thee has heard a voice in it that bids thee

love some one who is pure and lovely, then listen to it and obey it. No harm can come of it. It may bring thee trial, but it can never injure thee. There are many paths that lead to the best that God has for us. Some of them are in the sun, and some of them in shadow; but so long as thee takes counsel of thy heart, and the light within is bright, thee has nothing to fear and all good things to hope for."

Her words were balm and inspiration to the young man, and they left him more desirous than ever to renew his acquaintance with the girl whose history, as it related to himself, had called them forth. He determined to visit New York, but he would at least have a business errand. He would take down the unregistered bonds, and perfect the arrangements relating to them, and, among his new friends, he would see Miss Larkin again.

He therefore fixed upon an early day for the visit, and on the afternoon previous to his departure, drove over to Mr. Bellamy Gold's office, and receiving the package he desired, drove back again. He placed his bonds in the safe, locked them in, and, according to his custom, put the key in his pocket.

The night came down dark and gloomy, and the thickening sky gave signs of an approaching storm. The sun had set behind a curtain of heavy clouds that skirted the western horizon, fringed with thunder-heads that loomed above the mass like Alpine summits. Behind these the lightning played incessantly as twilight deepened into night. Everything seemed preternaturally still,—not a leaf stirred in the breathless air.

Throughout the brief evening, Mrs. Fleming and Nicholas sat together, saying little, watching the lightning as the distant cloud rose higher and higher, and hoping that the storm would make its onset before the hour of bed-time should bid them separate for the night. But the center of the storm was far away, and was slow in its approaches. Weary at last with waiting, and drowsy after the fatigues of the day, they closed the shutters and retired to their rooms, where both lingered for half an hour, fascinated by the freaks of the lightning as it threaded the lazily rising clouds; and then they went to bed.

It was after midnight when the tempest burst upon Ottercliff, and both Nicholas and Mrs. Fleming were in their first sleep. Nicholas was a sound sleeper, and the play of the lightning, the rush of the tempest and the roar of the thunder became the ele-

ments of a boisterous dream. He dreamed of the strange schooner. He heard the slap of her canvas, and the noise of the waves beating against the shore. He saw her deck swarming with villainous forms, and among them he recognized that of the tramp, whom he had so recently repulsed from his house. He was sufficiently awake to know that the expected storm was passing in its fury, and sufficiently asleep to fit its tumultuous sounds into the fanciful scheme of his dream.

The lightning would not have awakened him, but he somehow became conscious of the presence of a steady light. He opened his eyes and saw three men at his side. One held a pistol to his head and told him that if he raised a hand he would blow his brains out.

The men were masked and understood their brutal business; and Nicholas readily comprehended the fact that he was in their power. It was useless to call, for no one could help him. It was vain to struggle, for he was not a match for them.

"Men, you will have your way, I suppose," said Nicholas, "and all I ask of you is that you will not disturb the lady. She cannot harm you, for she is feeble and old. I suppose you have all had a mother, and you must owe something to her memory."

The return for the speech was a harsh slap upon the mouth, and an order to turn in his bed, that his hands might be tied behind him. They then lashed his hands and his feet together, gagged him, and leaving a man to watch him, searched his pockets and went off down-stairs.

"I told you I'd have it out of you," said the man, huskily, who stood at his side. "You are a smart boy, you are, but we are too many for you this time."

Nicholas would have been at no loss to recognize his keeper, even if he had not betrayed himself in his language. He could have sworn to the brutal, husky voice, whatever words it might have uttered.

Between the explosions of profane abuse with which the villain poured forth his revengeful spleen, Nicholas lay helplessly, and heard the confederates going from room to room, opening doors and drawers, and talking in low tones, and knew that the house and all its treasures were in their hands. They could murder him and burn the dwelling that covered him. They could and would carry away all that their greedy hands could bear, and do it in perfect safety at their leisure.

His confinement became agony at last,

and then he heard a low whistle at the foot of the staircase.

"The game's played," said the husky voice at his side. "You've been a nice boy. Pleasant dreams to you, and a breakfast without silver. Bye-bye."

Nicholas heard the man descend the stairs, then the clink of metal as the robbers shouldered their burdens, and, at last, their heavy tramp upon the ground as they moved off.

There were other ears that heard it all, and in a moment, Mrs. Fleming, white and shaking with terror, entered his room. To undo his fastenings was the work of a few minutes, but Nicholas found himself too much exhausted to sit up in his bed. Mrs. Fleming had locked her door on the first consciousness that the house had been entered, and though it was carefully tried, no violence had been offered to it. She had heard the words, "That's the old woman's room, I reckon, and we must remember our mothers;" and this was followed by a low laugh, and retreating footsteps.

Mrs. Fleming brought Nicholas a cordial, and, after an hour, he tottered to his feet, and dressed himself. Then they found Pont, who had slept through it all in his distant room, and all descended to the scene of the robbery. The burglars had entered by a window opening like a door from the piazza, and the damp night wind was passing through it into the house. They closed the window and then began to examine into the extent of the spoliation. They first visited the safe. It was open, and the key, which Nicholas had placed in his pocket on returning with his bonds the previous afternoon, was in the lock. As he anticipated, not only the plate but the bonds were gone, and these covered a far greater value than everything else that they could have borne away. After ascertaining the loss of these, Nicholas had no curiosity with regard to the remainder of the booty. Daylight would better reveal the minor particulars, and for this it was agreed to wait. They would not go to bed again, and Pont was consigned to a lounge and ordered to wait with them.

Nicholas went to the window and peered out into the night, which was rapidly approaching a new day. Exactly in the place where the schooner had come to anchor ten days before, he saw a light. While he watched it, it slowly moved out across the stream and disappeared. The river pirates had done their dark work, won their plun-

der and flown, leaving no clew behind them but the memory of the villain whom Nicholas had once thrust from the house, and who had returned in the character of his captor and keeper. Pont was soon asleep, and Nicholas and Mrs. Fleming, sitting close beside each other and engaging in low conversation, watched until the brightest and sweetest of summer mornings dawned upon them, and then they slowly and regretfully counted up their losses.

CHAPTER IX.

GREAT was the excitement in Ottercliff when it was noised abroad that the Minturn mansion had been broken into and plundered of its treasures. All who could leave their work swarmed to the house, entered it, looked it all through and all over, hung about it, and wearied its occupants with their inspection and their inquiries. Mr. Bellamy Gold was one of the first visitors, and was profoundly dismayed on finding that his record of the numbers of the stolen bonds, which he had carefully made, had disappeared. This he had learned by going back to his office. He had once shown the record to Nicholas, but when the latter received the bonds, he had not delivered it to him, deeming it wise to hold it. He had rummaged every pigeon-hole, looked between the leaves of his account-books, turned his pockets inside out, and searched all the drawers in his office, with no result but the conviction that the means were gone for stopping the sale of the bonds and the payment of their coupons.

This was the heaviest blow of all to the little lawyer. He felt that his professional honor was at stake, or, rather, his professional trustworthiness. If he had the record, he could make the bonds useless to the hands that held them, and ultimately compel their return at his own price. Without it, he was helpless; and the bonds could be negotiated through the lines of roguery that run very high up toward the respectability of Wall street.

Nicholas found the robbery a violent interference with his plans, as well as a most unwelcome interruption of his thoughts. He had anticipated his absence from home and his visit to the city with keen delight, and several days passed away before he could bring his mind into the old channel, and up to its old purposes; but, as it had become necessary to replace many of the articles that had been stolen, and it seemed

desirable to consult with others besides Mr. Gold, in regard to measures for procuring a return of the missing bonds, he engaged a watch for his house and set off.

While on his way, the promise of Mr. Benson to give him advice whenever he should have occasion for it, came into his mind. He despised the man, but he had no quarrel with him. He knew that his heart was hollow, but he knew also that his brain was keen and wise. If the whole truth must be told, he desired to have a matter of business with Mr. Benson. He wished to be received at his house in a friendly way. He deprecated his enmity, at least, as well as any relation with him which would throw obstacles in the path of his friendship for his ward. So Nicholas determined to tell him frankly of his losses, and to ask him for his counsel.

On arriving at the city, and taking a room at a convenient hotel, he went, without calling upon Glezen, directly to Mr. Benson's house. Mr. Benson, for whom he first inquired, was out and would not return until evening. Then he sent his card to Miss Larkin, who responded with a message that she would be glad to see him in her parlor.

As he entered the lovely apartment, his heart warmed with a strange, delicious joy. Everything spoke alike of happy repose and tasteful activity. The shelves of handsome books, the well-chosen pictures on the walls, the records of ingenious needle-work on chairs and ottomans, the bouquets of freshly gathered roses, the harmonious adjustments of form and color, and the one sweet life and beautiful face and figure of her who had gathered and arranged all, and given to them their significance, exercised upon him the charm of a rare poem. His heart, his life, his tastes, felt themselves at home. He would have been quite content, if any necessity had imposed silence upon him, to sit all day in the presence and atmosphere in which he found himself, without speaking a word.

Miss Larkin sat half reclining upon a low divan, and, without attempting to rise, extended her hand to Nicholas as he entered, and greeted him with hearty words and a hearty smile.

"I was thinking of you at the very moment you rang the bell," she said. "It seems a long time since I have seen you; and I had begun to wonder whether you had forgotten us all."

"I can never forget you," said Nicholas, bluntly.

"You have a tenacious memory, I suppose?" said Miss Larkin, with mirthful, questioning eyes.

"Yes, very."

Nicholas felt himself growing rigid. He could not look at her. The temptation to fall upon his knees beside her, press her hand to his lips, and pour out to her the flood of tender passion rising in his heart, seemed too great to be resisted. He had hungered for her, thirsted for her, longed to be beside her once more, felt drawn toward her by attractions more subtle and powerful than those which invite the steel to the magnet, and borne about with him, through all the days of his separation from her, a sense of exigency. It was enough, or he had felt all along that it would be enough, to be in her presence. He had been like a wanderer in a wilderness, longing for a cool spring at which to quench his thirst,—longing to sit down beneath its sheltering trees for rest. He had not dared to dream of offering his heart and life to her, and he felt himself taken at a disadvantage.

Miss Larkin, with her keen instincts, read the nature of the struggle through which he was passing. She had not intended, with her single touch of playful railery, to invite him to more than he had sought. So she adroitly tried to change the current of conversation, and divert him from his thoughts.

"We have passed through a great deal of trouble since our return," she said. "You have had your share, of which I have heard, and I have had mine, of which you can have known nothing."

With a sigh of relief, Nicholas responded: "You refer to our little home tragedy, I suppose. It cost me nothing but money, so I don't mind it. Have you anything to tell me of yourself?"

"Oh, not much," she replied. "There has been a single scene in this room on the return of Mr. Benson of which I may only speak to you. It was nothing but what I foresaw. The man is changed, and not for the better. He is winning back daily his old hauteur, his old self-possession, and his old pride. I promised that I would not betray him, and he knows that I will keep my promise. He would secure the same promise of you, or try to secure it, if he did not believe that I would do it for him. I simply told him that I did not think you would displease me by betraying him, and further than this I shall not go, either with you or with him. I know that the consciousness that he is in our hands galls

him to the quick,—that he frets under it, and quarrels with it, and that he can never love either of us. I hope he cannot harm you, but he can make life very uncomfortable to me if he chooses to do so."

"Then I swear," said Nicholas, rising from his chair, his face flushing with angry color, "I will never pledge myself not to betray him, either to you or to him. I see it all. He will trust to your truthfulness and mine, if he can get the promise of us both, and ride over our wills as he rides over the wills of others. You may make no promise for me, for if I find that he is oppressive or unfair to you, I will break it."

The thought that a man could be so base as to take the advantage of a helpless woman's word of honor to distress her in any way, or to impose upon the world around him, raised his indignation beyond the point of continence.

Miss Larkin was not shocked. She was neither grieved nor angered at this impulsive declaration of independence. She found her will strangely acquiescing with a decision which she felt ought to have offended her, and by that token saw how easily she could identify her life with his. The just man had spoken, moved by an honest sympathy for her, and her admiration and respect for him had been augmented. But Nicholas felt that he had been impulsive and rash, if not vindictive and harsh; so, relapsing from his mood, and resuming his chair, he said:

"I beg your pardon, Miss Larkin. I hope I haven't offended you. I am not used to dealing with designing men, and this man makes me wild. To tell you the truth, I did not know there were any such men in the world; but now that I do know it, I should despise myself if, for the worthless sake of one of them, I were to place my friends and myself in his hands. I am sure you will forgive me."

"I have nothing to forgive. What you have said seems right," she answered. "You must remember, however, that you can do what I cannot do. You are not in Mr. Benson's hands, as I am."

"Very well," Nicholas responded, "if Mr. Benson asks you to promise anything for me, you can only tell him that you cannot answer for me. I had intended to see him, and ask his advice on a matter of business, as he once invited me to do, but I am tempted to go away without seeing him at all."

"I would not do that," said Miss Larkin,

"for you have inquired for him, and it may arouse his suspicions and make another scene between him and myself; and this I know you will help me to avert. Let's talk no more about it. Please tell me how you are passing your time. I see so little of the outside world that any living breath from its affairs refreshes me."

Here was a grateful invitation to confidence, and the heart of Nicholas opened to it at once. It was delightful to sit at Miss Larkin's side, to watch her kindling eyes and earnest face as he unfolded his changing plans of life to her, and recounted his new industries and his new responsibilities. It repaid him for all his trouble to find that his manly aims and employments pleased her, and that she was sufficiently interested in him to care for the details of his pursuits and to sympathize in his purposes.

"I am greatly interested in what you have told me," Miss Larkin said, as Nicholas concluded. "I cannot tell you how much you gratify me."

Nicholas smiled and blushed, as he responded:

"Now perhaps you can inform me why it is that I am so glad to tell you all this, and receive your approval. I am as much pleased as a child who has had a pat on the head for being good."

"I am so much the person obliged that I cannot tell you," she answered. "The confidence you have reposed in me and your willingness to entertain me make me so much your debtor, that I find it difficult to understand your question."

"Well, I've heard," said Nicholas smiling, "that young men of my own age and circumstances look upon me as a sort of milksop. They would probably regard what I feel bound to say as confirmation of their opinion, but to me a woman has always been a kind of second conscience. In truth, I never feel quite so sure of my own conscience as I do of her instincts and her judgment. I ask for no better rule for my life, and seek for no higher approval of my conduct, than her praise. It satisfies me, and it makes me strong. To be recognized by her as a true man, and to secure her approbation for my conduct and life, is, it seems to me, to be indorsed by the best authority there is in the world. Women may not be good judges of women, because their instincts are not so keen with regard to their own sex as to ours. Though a good woman may not read herself very clearly, she sees what she lacks, and recognizes the complement to herself,

which she finds in the man whom she approves. If she is good, and approves a man, it simply shows that she recognizes that which completes herself."

Miss Larkin blushed, and knew that Nicholas did not see, at the moment, how readily she could personally appropriate what he had said, but she was pleased.

"I did not know that you were capable of such subtleties," she responded.

"I was thinking about my mother and Mrs. Fleming," said Nicholas.

"Oh! I see!"

And then they both laughed.

"Now tell me about your associates," Miss Larkin said.

"I have none."

"Does Ottercliff give you no society?"

"None that I care for."

"You will not be able to live there, then."

"That is what troubles me. The summer is well enough, but I see now that I can never be held to my house all the winter. I should die of ennui."

"What will you do?"

"I shall spend the winter here."

Nicholas could not help noticing the flush of pleasure that overspread his companion's face as she inquired:

"And what will you do here?"

"I don't know," he answered. "Glezen and I had a little talk when I first returned about the poor here, and I fancied that I might make myself of some use to them. I became very much interested in a poor man who called at his office, and it seemed to me that I might keep myself out of mischief, perhaps, by looking after such fellows, and helping them along."

"Why, that will be delightful!" said Miss Larkin; "and you can report your work to me, and perhaps I can help you."

At this moment a rap was heard at the door, and the servant announced Miss Coates and Miss Pelton. The young woman evidently felt embarrassed at being found with Nicholas, but there was no help for it, and she directed that they should be shown to her parlor.

Nicholas gave her a look of inquiry.

"They have not come together," said Miss Larkin. "They have accidentally met at the door. Both have called upon me frequently since our return."

The young ladies entered, and were received with a hearty greeting by the two friends. Miss Larkin was visited by a good many significant and smiling glances, and Nicholas was rallied upon his forgetful-

ness and partiality. Amid blushes that he could not suppress, he assured them that he intended to call upon all his friends before returning home.

"I have some good news to tell you," said Miss Larkin to the young ladies.

"Oh, let us have it!" exclaimed the pair in unison.

"Mr. Minturn is to spend the winter in the city."

"That will be charming!" exclaimed Miss Pelton, who assumed the rôle of superior person in the presence of Miss Coates.

"We shall be very glad to have you here," said the latter, quietly.

"What church shall you attend?" inquired Miss Pelton.

Was it a strange question for a young and fashionable girl to ask? Not at all. It is the first that comes to a great multitude of church-going people in America, when a stranger proposes to domiciliate himself among them.

"I haven't thought as far as that yet," Nicholas replied.

"Well, there are churches, and churches, you know," said Miss Pelton significantly.

"Yes, I know there are a great many," Nicholas responded.

"Well, I didn't mean exactly that," replied Miss Pelton. "Don't you think, now," she went on, turning with a graceful and deferential appeal to Miss Larkin, "that the church a man goes to has a great deal to do with his social position? It seems to me a stranger ought to be very careful."

"I think it depends partly upon whether the man is a gentleman, and partly upon what he regards as a good social position," Miss Larkin replied.

"Now, don't be naughty," said Miss Pelton, tapping Miss Larkin with her fan. "Don't be naughty, and don't be democratic and foolish. You know, my dear, that the church a man goes to makes all the difference in the world with him. You know that we have fashionable churches and churches that are not fashionable. Now that's the truth."

"Fashionable churches?" inquired Nicholas.

"Why, certainly!" said Miss Pelton.

"You will excuse my surprise," said Nicholas, "but I have always lived where there was but one church, where the rich and poor met together, and acknowledged that the Lord was the maker of them all. A fashionable church must be a city institution; and I don't think I should like it. To tell

the truth, the idea of such a thing shocks me. It seems to me that I ought to go where I can get the most good and do the most good; and so long as the Founder of our religion did not consult his social position in the establishment of his Church, I don't believe I will do it in choosing mine."

"Oh, you are naughty and democratic, too," said Miss Pelton, with a pout and a toss of the head. "I shall have to turn you over to Mrs. Ilmansee; and you're naughty to make such a serious thing of it, too. You know poor little I can't talk with you, and you take advantage of me." All this in an injured and pathetic tone, as if she were a spoiled little girl.

"Well, really now, Miss Pelton," said Nicholas, "I think you are hard on the churches. You can't mean that there are churches here to which people attach themselves because they are fashionable? You can't mean that there are churches here from which the poor are practically shut away because they are unfashionable, and that those who attend them are proud of their churches and their company, just as they would be proud of a fashionable house, or dress, or,—or even a pair of shoes? You can't mean this?"

"Oh, don't, Mr. Minturn! You scare me so! I'm not used to it, you know. How can you be so terrible?"

Miss Coates, during this conversation, had taken the position which she habitually assumed in the presence of such butterflies as Miss Pelton. She sat apart, devouring the conversation, and getting ready for what she had to say,—provided she felt called upon to say anything. She was not ill-natured, but she held in superlative contempt a frivolous, fashionable and unthinking woman. She did not herself attend a fashionable church. To her ear even the phrase which designated and defined it was an outrage upon religion and a blasphemy against the Master. She knew that Miss Pelton's resources were extremely limited in any serious conversation, and that if Nicholas undertook an argument with her, she would relapse at once into babyhood, and make the transition as graceful and attractive as possible. In justice to her nature, it ought to be said, perhaps, that she wished she were opposed to Nicholas at the moment, simply to assert the power of woman to argue; but she was with him and very much in earnest.

"Yes, that is precisely what she means," said Miss Coates, sharply, when Miss Pelton

dodged the questions which Nicholas put to her. "She means that there are multitudes here who never would step into a church unless it were fashionable; that they go there to show themselves in high society, and go there for what they can get out of high society. She means that a church is fashionable just as a theater is fashionable,—that a preacher is fashionable just as an actor is fashionable, or a dress-maker, or an undertaker, or a caterer. Isn't it shocking?"

"Don't say I mean it, please! Say you mean it," said Miss Pelton, pettishly.

"Very well, I mean it," said Miss Coates emphatically. "I mean that there are churches here in which no poor person ever feels at home, with the exception of one here and there, who is unwilling to be grouped with the poor, and who is content to get a little reflected respectability from his surroundings. There are such poor people as these in fashionable churches, and very poor sticks they are; but the great multitude of the poor are as much shut out from these churches as they are from the houses of those who control and attend them. In what are called, by courtesy, the houses of God, the distance between the rich and the poor is as great as it is in the houses of men. In fact, God doesn't hold the title-deeds of half the churches here. Men own the pews, and trade in them as if they were corner-lots in Paradise."

All this was news to Nicholas, and, although it was serious news enough, he could not resist the impulse to join in the laugh which greeted the close of the young woman's characteristic utterance. There was evidently a spice of personal feeling in this sweeping arraignment of the fashionable Christianity of the city, for Miss Coates had felt its hand upon herself. She knew that her own path would have been much easier if, with all the money of her family, she had chosen to count herself with the fashionable throng. It would at least have tolerated or patronized her, and she was fully aware that when she rebelled against or ignored it, she would become a social sufferer.

"You are a little hard, I fear, Miss Coates," said Miss Larkin, whose sympathies and charities went upward as well as downward. "These people do not see their own inconsistency, and cannot understand how impossible it is for the poor to come into association with them. I have often heard them deplore the absence of the poor from their churches, and feebly and ignorantly wonder why such could not be attracted to

them. I know, too, how much they give to the poor, how they labor in the missions, how they work with their own hands for the sick among them. Some of the dearest and sweetest Christian women of my acquaintance are in the fashionable churches, and many a girl who only has the credit of being a devotee of fashion is as truly an angel of merciful ministry as the city posesses."

"Now, you're good," exclaimed Miss Pelton, running to Miss Larkin prettily and giving her a kiss.

"Yes," said Miss Coates, almost bitterly, "they pity the poor, and that is exactly what the poor don't want. They stand upon their lofty heights and look down upon and pity them. They entertain no sense of brotherly and sisterly equality, based upon the common need which a church is established to supply. The difference between sympathy and pity is a difference which the poor apprehend by instinct. They are not obliged to argue the matter at all, and wherever there is a church without the poor, there is a reason for this absence; and the poor are not responsible for it."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Miss Larkin; but, even if it is true, is it not better to give the rich and fashionable the credit of good rather than bad motives? They may be mistaken, and be good all the same. We all act from mixed motives, but the dominant motive is that which determines the character of our actions, and these people mean well. They do not seem to be able to separate their Christianity from their fashionable life and associations, but they would like to do good, and get good. If they are unable to apprehend the way, they call for our pity and not for our condemnation. I have known so many sweet and good people among them, that I cannot say less for them than this."

"And you are a dear, good little angel yourself," said Miss Pelton, effusively.

"And it comes to this," said Miss Coates, "that we are all a parcel of children, and our Christianity is a package of sugar-plums in every rich boy's and rich girl's pocket, to be peddled out to the poor children as a charity—if we can get them to take it. They want companionship, and we give them *marrons glacés*. They want sympathy, and we toss them a peppermint lozenge. They want recognition for Christian manhood and womanhood, and they get a *chocolat éclair*. They want a voice in the councils of the churches, and we dip into another pocket

and pull out a penny whistle, and tell them to run around the corner and blow it."

Miss Coates's peroration "brought down the house," and although she was speaking with almost a spiteful earnestness, she was obliged to join in the laughter she had excited.

Nicholas was greatly interested in the conversation. The discussion itself touched upon a topic of profound moment to him, but the revelation of mind and character which accompanied it was more enjoyable than any book he had ever read. He hardly knew which he admired more: the incisive, outspoken common sense of Miss Coates, or the sweet and sisterly charitableness of Miss Larkin. He could not doubt which was the more amiable, though he felt that both girls were true-hearted, and that both held the same truth, though they looked at it from opposite sides.

The young people would doubtless have gone on indefinitely with their talk, but they were fatally interrupted.

When Mrs. Benson learned that a stranger was calling upon Miss Larkin, she inquired who he was, and learned that he had first inquired for her husband. Then remembering that she had often heard Nicholas spoken of, and that Mr. Benson had expressed a wish to see him, she feared that she should be derelict in duty and held to blame if she did not immediately inform her husband of the young man's presence. She accordingly sent a messenger to his office with the announcement.

Mr. Benson was full of business, and, although he dreaded the interview with Nicholas, he wished for it, and wished it were well over. He did not doubt that he was with Miss Larkin, and that they were enjoying themselves together. The thought made him intensely uneasy, although he could not comprehend how any young man would desire to cherish more than friendly relations with one who was comparatively helpless,—especially a young man whose circumstances raised him above the temptation to marry for money.

It was difficult for him to leave his office; but he had attempted to go on with his business but a few minutes when he found that his mind was growing feverish, and that he could not command it to attention. Then he rose, left his clients behind him, or turned them away, and went home; and the laughter over Miss Coates's closing speech had hardly subsided when he presented himself at Miss Larkin's door. He was in

a good deal of trepidation as he entered at her bidding, and had evidently braced himself to meet the only two persons in the world whom he had reason to fear. The relief which he felt on finding the little parlor half filled with young people whose countenances were aglow with merriment was evident in an instantaneous change of his features.

"Why! this is lovely! this is lovely!" he said in his accustomed strong, bland tone. He found it easier than he had anticipated to take Nicholas by the hand, and look into his eyes; but the young man found his hand cold and nervous, and recognized a certain constraint in his manner that his determined will was not entirely able to suppress or soften.

"I'm glad to see you, glad to see you, my young friend," said Mr. Benson, with a touch of the old dignity and heartiness in his tone. "I was afraid you had forsaken us forever, and it really seemed to me that we had been through too many perils together, and received too many favors from a common Providence to be anything but friends so long as our lives may be spared. You are very welcome to my house, and I have come from my business to tell you so. Sit down; sit down, my dear sir."

Nicholas was honest in every mental and moral fiber. He was as sensitive, too, to the moral atmosphere of a man as a girl; and when he heard these unctuous words shaped to express a hearty, friendly interest, he somehow knew that a selfish fear skulked behind and dictated them. He could not readily respond to them. His jaw trembled, and almost fell from his control; but politeness called for some response, especially as three young ladies were regarding him; and as he could not lie without choking, he said:

"I came with the hope of seeing you, Mr. Benson, but I did not expect to call you from your office. To be honest, I didn't suppose you could care much for me."

Nicholas blushed, for he knew that his response must have appeared ungracious to two of the young ladies before him. It is possible that the consciousness that he had been talking about Mr. Benson had something to do with his embarrassment, but the skillful and self-assured old man was adroit enough to take him at his word, and to assume that the young man's modesty was the cause of his coolness.

"Of course I care for you! Of course I care for you!" said Mr. Benson, laying his hand on the shoulder of Nicholas.

Miss Coates and Miss Pelton saw that something was wrong, and immediately rose to make their adieus.

"Not a word of it! not a word of it!" said Mr. Benson, waving them off. "Mr. Minturn and I will retire to my library. Come, my young friend, where we can have a little friendly chat by ourselves."

So Nicholas bowed to the young ladies, and followed him out.

CHAPTER X.

TO LIVE and act in an atmosphere of popular confidence and deference is one thing, and to live and act in precisely the same way in an atmosphere of mistrust and cold politeness, is quite another. Men who are doubted are inclined either to doubt themselves, or to place themselves in an attitude of defiance. Even a lost woman may save herself if she can escape the popular reprobation. The real, like the sham virtue, thrives best under the influence of the public respect, as the lily and the weed are vivified by the same sun. There is no man so strong that he needs no bracing by the good opinions and the hearty sympathies of his fellows; and when these are withheld from one who has been accustomed to them, it is hard for him to keep his feet.

The simple fact that there were two persons in the world, though they possessed but little influence, who had seen into, and seen through, Mr. Benson, was a demoralizing power upon him. The man who was strong before the world, and who found it comparatively easy to resume his old relations with it, was weak and self-doubtful when in the presence of the two who knew him and could ruin him. The influence of their contempt was to make him consciously a worse man than he had ever been. It tempted him to lie. It tempted him to act a part. It tempted him to anger and hatred. In the effort to appear the true man he was not, he was conscious of a loss of self-respect, and of the development of purposes and sentiments which made him capable of unwonted meanness. He even came to feel at last—he had come to feel before Nicholas visited him—that these two lives, spared so strangely from the death to which in his cowardly flight he had left them, were standing between him and a comfortable life, if they did not interpose between him and heaven. He had shut Miss Larkin's mouth. That was something, but he was surprised to find how little it was,

after all. He never could be himself in her presence again. He had not shut the mouth of Nicholas, and he was sure from the embarrassment of the young man, that he (Mr. Benson) had been the topic of conversation during the morning. Nicholas himself was only too conscious that Mr. Benson had read as much as this.

Mr. Benson felt, on entering his library with Nicholas, that his true way to reach the young man's heart was through a manifestation of interest in his affairs. That had been his experience with other men, and he would try it with this man.

"Take a seat, my young friend. There! Let me relieve you of your hat. Now, this is cozy, and nice, and we can be by ourselves. I've been wanting very much to hear about your misfortune. Of course I have read all about it in the papers, but they always exaggerate. You lost some bonds?"

"Yes," said Nicholas, "and what is worse, they were not registered, and I have no record of their numbers."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Mr. Benson, with indignant emphasis. "You don't mean to say that that lawyer of yours neglected a duty so simple that a child would have known enough to perform it?"

"No," replied Nicholas, "I don't mean to say any such thing. A record of the numbers was made, but it has been lost, and cannot be found."

"Well, well, well! That is bad; but you remember what I told you? I never saw a country lawyer yet who was fit to take charge of such affairs as yours. Well, well, well!"

And Mr. Benson shook his head, as if it were quite the reverse of well. Then he went to his desk, took out an account-book, and said:

"Please describe these bonds to me. It may happen that I can get a clew to them. I deal with a great many poor people; but your man's negligence has made such a botch of the business that the chances are all against my doing anything for you."

"Excuse me, Mr. Benson," said Nicholas, with an effort, "but I don't like to hear you talk so about Mr. Gold. I think he is an unusually careful man."

Mr. Benson smiled his superior smile.

"Your charity for him," he said, "does you credit, considering how much you have suffered by the man, but it will not bring back the bonds. Let's see. New York Central, I think the paper stated."

"Yes."

Mr. Benson wrote the fact down, and then said:

"How many?"

"Twenty-five."

Mr. Benson made a long, low whistle, expressive of mingled surprise and pity—as if he had seen a boy cut his finger—while he wrote down the number.

"Date?" he inquired.

"Date of what?"

"Of the robbery."

"August first."

"Yes, August first." And he recorded it.

"How many men were there engaged in the robbery?"

"Three. I don't believe there were more."

"Well, I may as well put that down; for don't you see that the bonds will be divided? The probabilities are that one man owned the schooner, and as the bonds cannot be divided evenly, he will keep nine, and the others will have eight each. Now, both these numbers are unusual. Men are fond of buying bonds by fives and tens, and it is barely possible that by referring to the books, we can find who has presented these odd numbers of coupons. I don't know, but the idea seems plausible. At any rate, I wouldn't give up hope or effort to get them back, and bring the robbers to justice. If you had the numbers, you might be tempted to compromise with the rascals, and if there is one duty that a man owes to society more than another, it is that of refusing to compromise with crime. I have had more than one temptation to do it, but I thank God that I have never done it."

Mr. Benson was quite his old self during all this talk, and Nicholas could not help admiring the ingenuity of his conjectures, and the business way in which he had approached the matter; but he felt that he was not done with the man, or rather, that the man was not done with him.

Mr. Benson had never paid the slightest attention to the little note from Miss Larkin, which he had found upon his table, on the evening of his return to his home. It had made him uneasy, for, unless Nicholas had become something more than a friend to her, he could not imagine why she should allude to any possible change in her relations to her guardian. He had carefully watched the mail, too, and felt sure that nothing had passed between the young man and his ward since their return.

But the embarrassment of Nicholas on meeting him—the crust of cold politeness

which invested the young man, so cold and hard that he had not been able to pierce it—aroused his suspicion, and he determined that before they should separate, he would know the truth. How should he manage to get at it?

"How do you find our young lady this morning?" inquired Mr. Benson, as if Miss Larkin were a piece of property of which he and Nicholas were joint possessors.

"She seems quite well," replied Nicholas.

"Do you know,"—and Mr. Benson drew his chair nearer to Nicholas and looked into his uneasy eyes,—*"Do you know that she seems better to me than she has seemed for years?"*

"No, I don't. How should I?"

"Now wouldn't it be a most singular dispensation of Providence if the shock which she experienced at the time of the wreck should be the means of her cure? It looks like it. Upon my word, it looks like it."

Nicholas could no more have suppressed the feeling of joy that thrilled his soul and body alike and lighted his eyes and expressed itself in every feature, than he could have stopped the beating of his heart. He forgot for the moment who Mr. Benson was. He was too much elated to recognize the fact that he was the subject of the most cool and cunning manipulation. He was simply overjoyed with the thought of the possibility of Miss Larkin's recovery, and he reached out his hand eagerly to grasp that of Mr. Benson, and said:

"It is too good to be true. Excuse me!"

Then he sank back in his chair, his face covered with confusion.

Mr. Benson had ascertained beyond a question in his own mind that Nicholas was in love with his ward. He was not displeased; he was delighted, though he feigned ignorance or indifference. Involuntarily he drew back his chair, and again placed himself at the distance of dignity and superiority from which he was accustomed to deal with men.

"Naturally," said Mr. Benson, "I have a great deal of anxiety for our pretty friend. If she recovers, and I profoundly hope that she will, she will possibly—I do not know but I may say probably—follow the fortunes of such girls, and make a matrimonial connection. All I have to say is that the young man who secures her hand must satisfy me. She has no father to consult, and I feel responsible for her. I hope she will be prudent, and not compel me to exercise an influence—not to say an authority—against

her wishes. I should fail grievously of my duty if I were to neglect to interpose such power as I may possess between her and any unworthy alliance."

At the conclusion of this declaration, Nicholas realized for the first time the ingenuity with which he had been handled. Instantaneously reviewing the means by which he had been led to reveal himself, and apprehending the nature and design of the threat with which he had been menaced, he felt a tide of irrepressible indignation rising within him. He would have been glad to seize his hat and rush from the house to save himself from saying what he might be sorry for; but that he could not do without apparent rudeness and the possible sacrifice of very precious interests. He was not afraid of Mr. Benson, but he had no wish to taunt him with his cowardice and treachery.

His lips were white and unsteady, and he trembled in every fiber of his body as he said:

"Mr. Benson, I think I understand you."

"Well, sir," responded Mr. Benson, blandly, and with a well-feigned look of surprise, "I have not consciously dealt in enigmas. I have always endeavored to be a plain-speaking man, and you will excuse me if I say that I don't quite understand you."

"Mr. Benson, can you, with God's eye on you, say that you don't understand me?"

The young man's speech may seem to the cool reader a little melodramatic and boyish, but he was terribly in earnest, and Mr. Benson winced under his fierce eyes and his searching inquiry.

"Perhaps you will be kind enough to state the construction you put upon words which I still insist were entirely direct and simple," said Mr. Benson, coloring, and becoming excited in spite of himself.

Nicholas found his nerves growing steady as he responded:

"Yes, I will. It is better to do it now, that we may understand each other. You warned me away from Miss Larkin once, on the deck of the 'Ariadne,' by the assurance that marriage was out of the question with her. Then, in her hour of peril, you forsook her to save yourself, and I thank God that the duty you abandoned devolved upon me. You voluntarily and shamefully abdicated your position as her protector. To-day you bring me into your library, and think you learn that I am interested in her as a lover. You do this by a

cunning trick, and when you satisfy yourself that your trick is a success, you sit back and inform me coolly that if I am to be an accepted lover, I must satisfy you. I understand exactly what this means. It means that if I want the favor of your approval, I must keep my mouth shut about you. You have secured the promise of your ward not to betray you. She will keep her promise, but you will get no promise from me. You have sought to get me into your hands, and to get yourself out of mine. I do not assent to the arrangement. I propose to go and come in this house whenever I choose, to have the freest access to your ward that she may permit or desire, to be her friend or her lover without asking your permission, and to protect her from any oppressive authority you may see fit to exercise upon her."

During this terrible arraignment, Mr. Benson sat back in his chair like one benumbed. The lasso that he had undertaken to throw around the neck of his "young friend," had missed its mark, whirled back, and fastened itself upon his own; and with every word of Nicholas he felt it tightening upon his throat. He heaved a sigh of distress and despair.

"I think you will be sorry for what you have said," he muttered between his teeth. "But I forgive you."

"It will be time for you to offer your forgiveness when I ask for it," said Nicholas.

"Do you know that you are cruelly hard upon me?"

"Yes, the truth is hard, but I am not responsible for it. You have been hard upon me, and I don't see what fault you have to find. If you had been content to trust to my good-will and my honor, this scene would not have occurred. I have never betrayed you, but you were not content, and so you reached out to get me into your hands. I choose instead to hold you in mine. That's all."

"What of the future?" inquired Mr. Benson.

"That depends entirely upon yourself, sir." Mr. Benson felt himself to be in a vise. He had found a man who could not be managed. He had entirely miscalculated his own power and the young man's weakness. He was baffled and beaten by his own weapons, and rose staggering to his feet.

"You will not refuse me your hand?" he said, approaching Nicholas.

"Why do you wish to take it?"

"In token of amity."

Nicholas gave him his hand, which he took and held, while he said:

"Mr. Minturn, what you have attributed to mental cowardice was uncontrollable bodily fear. I ask you to pity my misfortune, and to remember that you hold a spotless reputation in your hands, which I have worked all my life to build up and protect. You are at liberty to come and go in my house at your will."

Nicholas withdrew his hand.

"No," he said, "I will not consent to part in this way. It was mental cowardice for you to seek by unfair means, to get me into your hands. The other matter you may settle with yourself. You compelled me to allude to it, and I did it with pain; but you have no sound apology to offer for the attempt to take advantage of me."

"Very well, I can say no more."

The interview had come to an end, and Nicholas bade him good-morning. Mr. Benson, on being left alone, sat down and buried his face in his hands. He was helpless. He could not even forbid Nicholas his house. He should be obliged to wear before his own family the guise of friendliness toward him. He who had so long molded and managed men had become another man's man,—a vassal to the will of one so young that he had fancied he could wind him around his finger as he might wind the corner of his handkerchief. But there sprang in his heart the impulse of revenge, and the more he entertained it and brooded over it, the stronger it grew. He would, in some way consistent with his own safety, be even with his captor. He would not submit to be browbeaten and bullied in his own house by one whom he had looked upon as little more than a child. Once, these thoughts would have startled his conscience, but that monitor was not as sensitive as it was once.

He rose, took down his record of the stolen bonds, looked it over, replaced it, and then quietly went down-stairs and left his house. Nicholas, meanwhile, had gone directly to Miss Larkin's parlor. He found her alone, and very much excited. She had heard the long conversation without understanding it, and was sure that there had been a scene. As Nicholas entered at her bidding, she looked questioningly into his face.

"We've had it out," said he, solemnly.

"You have not quarreled?"

"Well, I suppose it amounts to that," he replied. "He took me in there for the simple purpose of tying my hands. I refused to have them tied, and I have tied his."

Nicholas wanted her justification; but he knew that the details of the difficulty were not to be revealed to her, as they involved the tacit confession of his love for her.

"You must trust me," he said. "I could not have done or said less than I did, without confessing myself to be a coward and a fool. I repent of nothing, and I fear nothing. I should be ashamed to show myself to you again if I had not resented his attempt to become my master."

"I do trust you entirely."

Nicholas felt again the inclination to pour out his heart to her, and rose to his feet.

"You are not going?"

"Yes."

"You will come again?"

"Yes. Good-bye!"

She extended her hand to him. He took it, and for the first time pressed it to his lips. There was no resistance.

"I have earned the favor," he said, blushing. "Good-bye, again!" and he went down the stairs as rapidly as if the house had been on fire.

Once more in the street, he found himself strangely aimless and light-footed. It seemed as if he were walking on air. He had vibrated between two extremes of passion, in which he had touched the heights and the depths of his own manhood, and his heart was full of triumph. He had caught victory from man and hope from woman; and these deep and stirring experiences of life were so fresh to him, that his heart responded to them with boyish elation. He had not announced either his coming or his arrival to Glezen, so he bent his steps toward the young man's office. He opened the door carefully, looked in, and saw the lawyer busily reading. The latter, sitting with his back to the door, raised his eyes to a mirror before him, and recognized the intruder. Then he said aloud, as if he were reading from the book before him: "And this young man, who had thus escaped from the suffocation of the sea, was remorselessly gagged by a rag. He leaped from the jaws of death into the embrace of a midnight assassin. The sea robbed him of his clothes; the women robbed him of his heart; the men robbed him of his silver and his bonds, and he was left a worthless waif upon the tide of time." Then he slammed the book together, and exclaimed: "Thus history repeats itself! Well did uncle Solomon say that 'there is nothing new under the sun'—and—Hullo, old boy!"

"Hullo! Interesting book you have there!"

"Very!"

"You didn't catch me with your everlasting fooling that time, did you?"

"Oh, Nicholas, Nicholas! My dear, unsophisticated young friend! I fear that you are growing familiar with this false and fleeting world, and getting ready to cheat me out of half the fun of living. Now, sit down and tell me everything you know."

The chaffing went on for a few minutes, and then it was interrupted by the entrance of a messenger with a note. It was written in a neat, business-like hand—evidently a lady's hand, however—and purported to be from Mrs. Coates. It was written in her name at least, and was an invitation of the two young men to dinner.

Glezen jumped upon his feet and cut a pigeon-wing.

"Do you know," he said, "I have been longing to meet Mrs. Coates—yearning, so to say? They tell me her conversational powers are something miraculous. There is a recess in my innermost nature—a sort of divine exigency, as it were—which it seems to me Mrs. Coates can tickle. Let us go, by all means."

"Glezen," said Nicholas, soberly, "if I supposed you capable of mortifying Miss Coates by practicing upon the foolishness of her mother, no money could hire me to go to her house with you. But you will not do it. You are a hopeless wag, but you are a gentleman."

"Thank you! Hem!"

"What shall we do?"

"Accept, of course."

"Well, do it at once, then, for there'll be another invitation here in five minutes."

Glezen wrote an acceptance for himself and his friend, and dispatched it. It had hardly left the office when another was handed in from Mrs. Ilmansee. Miss Coates and Miss Pelton had gone directly home from Miss Larkin's room, but Miss Pelton lived farther up town than Miss Coates, and so had a disadvantage of fifteen or twenty minutes against her. Mrs. Coates would not be caught napping this time, and her invitation was dispatched as quickly as her daughter could write it.

So with pleasant anticipations of the social event before them, the two young men subsided into the quiet, sober talk for which Glezen was always ready after he had "got down to his beer," through the froth of nonsense that invariably crowned his tankard.

(To be continued.)

FARMER BASSETT'S ROMANCE.

PART II.

"There! I told you so, Maria! Let me get out! let me get out! We'll have our necks broken. Young man, let me get out this minute; do you hear?" screamed the terrified old woman.

"Oh, Aunt Jane," cried Fanny, who could barely speak for laughing, "don't be absurd. There is nothing the matter. Mr. Bassett stopped the horses himself to show me how quick they would mind his voice. It's all right."

"I did not realize that it would give the wagon quite such a jar, ma'am," said John gravely, though the corners of his mouth quivered. "I am very sorry it frightened you so."

Aunt Jane was not very easily appeased.

"Don't do it again. Don't do it again. I very nearly went out into the middle of the road,—a most dangerous trick for horses to have. I always am afraid of country horses," she said.

Any alarm in Aunt Jane's mind always broke out in a jerky, monosyllabic, incoherent, but quick-running chatter, like nothing under heaven except the cackle of a frightened hen. Nobody could help laughing at the sounds she produced; let the danger be ever so extreme, it would be impossible not to be amused at them. Fanny broke into an unrestrained peal of laughter in which John could not help joining,—a fact which completed Aunt Jane's discomfort, and reduced her to a state of ill-humor and absolute silence for the rest of the drive.

Mrs. Lane enjoyed and loved fine horses as much as her daughter did, and it was with a really cordial and unaffected tone, quite unlike her usual languid manner, that, when they reached home, she thanked John Bassett for the pleasure they had enjoyed.

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Bassett," echoed Fanny. "It is the very nicest thing we have had in Deerway. Now, you wont let anything keep you from coming every afternoon, will you? We shall depend upon it; I want to explore every inch of the whole region within fifteen miles round. It is the loveliest country I have ever found in New England. Remember, now, two o'clock exactly! We wont keep you waiting to-morrow. Good afternoon!" and she ran up the pathway like a fleet deer.

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"Didn't touch his hat. Don't even know enough to touch his hat. What boors these country people are!" grumbled Aunt Jane, as she laboriously toiled up the piazza steps, lifting her fat ankles slowly, and swinging alternately to right and left, as a duck does when it waddles up-hill.

"Well, why should he touch his hat, Aunt Jane?" exclaimed Fanny aggressively. "He isn't a coachman, and he has never been taught that gentlemen ought to lift their hats to ladies,—nobody does in Deerway. If he had been born in the city, he would have known better. It isn't his fault."

Aunt Jane was half way upstairs, and wheezing audibly, but she stopped, whirled with difficulty on the narrow stair, and exclaimed:

"It's my opinion, Fanny Lane, that you've got some notion in your head of flirting with that strapping fellow, and I'm just going to put your mother on her guard."

Fanny flushed. "Oh, how could mamma ever have had such a coarse sister?" she thought, but she answered merrily.

"I'm not afraid. Mamma knows much better than to believe anything you tell her about me."

And then Fanny Lane sat herself down in a corner of the piazza, and looked off into the vast golden twilight in the west, and said to herself deliberately:

"It's a very odd thing that I like that man's face so. I have never yet seen a face I like so much. He's as strong as a lion, and as true. What'll he ever do for a wife here in Deerway, I wonder."

The story of the next six weeks of John Bassett's life is as well told in one page as in hundreds; yet its vivid details of delight would need no spinning out, no exaggeration to fill the hundreds of pages; and as for color, it had the palette of the New England autumn, and the light of love, from which to paint its pictures.

It was an unusually beautiful autumn; the forests were like altar fronts in old cathedrals; they glittered with colors which gems could not outshine. Heavy September rains filled the brooks to overflowing, and left the air cooled and cleared for the October sunlight. Deerway lies on one of the highest plateaus in New England; this plateau is in places broken into myriads of conical and

interlapping hills. These hills are thickly wooded with maple, ash, hickory, oak, chestnut, pine, cedar, hemlock, larch: not a tree of all New England's wealth of trees is lacking.

For miles and miles in all directions the roads run through forests and by the sides of brooks and streams. Then when you come out on the intervals and opens between these hills and forests, there are magnificent vistas of view to distant horizons where rise the peaks and ranges of New England's highest mountains.

Over these roads, under these trees, across these lifted plains, drove John Bassett and Fanny Lane, side by side, every afternoon for six weeks. The two elderly ladies behind, wrapped in their cloaks and shawls, and often half asleep, little dreamed of the drama whose prelude was so quietly and fatefully arranging and arraying its forces on the front seat.

Fanny Lane was a genuine and passionate lover of the country. As soon as she entered it, the artificiality, the paltry ambitions, the false standards of her city life, fell away from her like dead husks. She was another woman. Had her whole life been passed thus face to face with the nature she was born to love, she had been indeed another and a nobler person. As it was, all that her few months' interval of each year of summer and out-door life did for her was to give her a marvelous added physical health, a superabundance of vitality, which country life can never give to any one who does not love it with his whole soul. There seemed sometimes almost a mockery in the carrying back to the senseless dissipations and excitements of a gay city winter the zest and capacity to endure and to enjoy, born of woods and fields and sunrises and sunsets. But this was what Fanny Lane did year after year. It was like living two lives on two different planets: no one who knew her only in one would recognize her in the other,—would believe the other possible to her. How should John Bassett dream that this girl, who knew every tree, every wayside weed by name, who climbed rocks with exultant joy like a chamois, who came home from her drives, day after day with her arms loaded with ground pine and clematis, with big boughs of bright leaves, with lichens and mosses, would be transformed one month later, in her city home, to a nonchalant, conventional woman of society, entirely absorbed in a routine of visits and balls?

Fanny Lane was also an artist by nature.

No spot of color in the woods, no distant shading of tint in the horizons, no picturesque grouping of work-people in the fields, no smallest beauty of their rude homesteads, escaped her eye; she noted every one; and she spoke of each one with the overflowing tone of delight which belongs to the joy of the true artist nature. How should John Bassett dream that all these things which she seemed so to love and delight in, she loved and delighted in, as a spectacle, as if they were painted on a canvas! and that she would use the same tones and show the same joy, a few weeks later, over rare jewels and beautiful raiment, over an exquisite equipage or a fine-flavored wine! How should John Bassett dream, when she jumped lightly from the high wagon-seat to the ground at one bound without touching his hand, and cried, "Oh, what a lovely drive we have had; I never had such a good time in my life, Mr. Bassett," that her happiness was as purely a sensuous one as if she had been a faun; and that she had said the same thing thousands of times before! Her faculty of enjoyment was simply a superb gift; it was the health and mirthfulness of a young animal added to the keen susceptibility and passionless passion of the artist nature: the overflow of all this, the effervescence of these two qualities gave a sparkling enchantment to her life and behavior, which was contagious and irresistible to all persons who did not pause to analyze or question it. John Bassett neither questioned nor analyzed it. In the intervals of his absence from her, he simply recalled her. When he was with her, he simply felt and heard her.

And so the six swift weeks sped on, and the day came at last when John Bassett had to say good-bye to Fanny Lane at the little Deerway railway station, to which he had driven them early one crisp October morning. In the hurry of checking luggage and bestowing Aunt Jane and her canary bird and her many parcels in the train, there was little chance for farewell words, but just at the last moment, Mrs. Lane said, very cordially, for she had come to have an honest liking for the grave and manly young farmer:

"Whenever you come to town, Mr. Bassett, be sure and come and see us," and she shook hands with him warmly.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Bassett, you must come," cried Fanny; "I shall be so glad to see you. I shall miss Tom and Jerry horribly. Our horses are not half so nice, and our stupid park will be so dull after the Deerway woods.

Oh, dear me! I wish I could stay here all winter. Good-bye! Now, be sure and come and see us if you are in town," and the cars whirled away, bearing Fanny Lane out of John Bassett's sight.

He jumped into his wagon as if he were in great haste, and drove away at a furious rate. As soon as he was out of sight, he said to Tom and Jerry: "Walk, boys," flinging the reins loose on their necks, and never once roused from his reverie of thought and emotion till the whole six miles had passed, and the horses turned of their own accord into the farm-house gate. Then he started, and exclaimed:

"Bless me! I meant to have stopped at Molly's, but it is too late now."

Poor little Molly had been looking out for John all the morning. It so chanced that their last boarders had gone to the station that morning, and Molly had seen John drive by with the Lane party, and had perceived, much to her joy, that they were also going to the train.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" said Molly. "It's all done with for this year. Now we can have peace and comfort again."

How many times John had come laughing within a few hours after the last boarders had taken leave, and exclaimed as he opened the door:

"Thank heaven, the last summer boarder's out of the way!"

So Molly felt very sure he would stop now on his way back from the station; and surprised enough she was, to be sure, when she saw him drive past the house,—Tom and Jerry walking as lazily as if they were in the pasture, and John sitting with his hands on his knees and his eyes fixed on the dasher.

"Why, what a brown study John's in!" exclaimed Molly. "I wonder what he's thinking about."

And this was all she thought, for Molly was a sweet, gentle, unsuspicious little girl; and besides, did not she know John Bassett through and through—almost as well as if they had been rocked in the same cradle? If anybody had suggested to Molly that John might be in love with one of the "summer boarders," she would have laughed merrily; she knew better than anybody else how he hated the very sight of all those city people; and she had often thought in the past few weeks how good it was of John to take those three women to drive every day,—“just to help the Good-enows.”

Poor little Molly! It was some weeks after Fanny Lane's departure before the thought of asking her to be his wife took actual shape of purpose in John Bassett's mind. He was almost benumbed, he missed her so; and he spent whole days driving vaguely round and round in the roads where he had driven with her; he knew well enough what all this misery meant, but while it was at its first height, he could not even grasp at any ray of comfort or hope. He loved this woman with the whole intensity of his reticent and long-restrained nature, though his common sense told him (when he let it lift up its voice at all) that it would be folly for him to think of her as his wife,—folly on all accounts: her utter unfitness for a farmer's wife; the utter improbability of her loving him. "Pshaw," he said to himself, a hundred times a day, "John Bassett, you are a fool!" Nevertheless, day by day, and night by night, a cruel hope whispered to him. He recalled every word Fanny had said of her glad delight in the Deerway life.

"I'm sure," he thought, "no human being could be happier than she was here. She belongs to the country. She's country all over. There isn't any of the city lady about her. Not a bit."

"She said she wished she could stay here all winter. She needn't ever lift her hand to do a stroke of work. I could keep two or three girls for her, just as well as not;" and good John Bassett thought over, with true manly pride, how he could give to his lady-love all which, in his simplicity of heart, he could conceive of even a city lady's requiring.

"I'd build her any sort of a house she wanted, if she didn't want to live here with mother. Or I'd take her anywhere in the world she wanted to go. There's money enough;" and so the treacherous hope allied itself to the blinded love, and both together lured John Bassett on until one day in midwinter he rang the door-bell of the grand house in which Fanny Lane lived "in town." He had not come with any assured hope; not at all; toward the last, his strong, good sense had come to look on the step more as a desperate remedy for a desperate hurt, than as a probable healing of the wound by the gentle and blessed healing of happiness. He said to himself, grimly: "It's the only way I'll ever get free from it. I've got to know the truth once for all; and I'm not ashamed to ask her."

Mrs. Lane's black servant man had never

seen at Mrs. Lane's door a person of precisely John Bassett's bearing. His first impression was, that he was some sort of tradesman, and he was on the point of giving him a seat in the hall, when John's quick and decisive tone—"Will you please say to Miss Lane that Mr. Bassett, from Deerway, wishes to see her," caused him to change his tactics, and usher this unclassed gentleman into the drawing-room.

On the very threshold of this room, John got his first blow. People who have been accustomed all their lives to laces and velvets, and paintings, and statues in their rooms, can form no conception of the bewildering impression which such splendors produce on the mind of simply reared persons seeing them for the first time. John's only experience of splendor, or what he thought splendor, had been in theaters, where he had, a few times in his life, seen plays put on the stage with considerable magnificence of appointment. He would not have conceived that even in kings' palaces could there be rooms so adorned as was this room in Fanny Lane's home. The only thing which he saw, which did not give him a sense of dazzling bewilderment, was the conservatory which opened from the farther end of the room. With a vague instinct of seeking refuge, he walked toward it; but even here all seemed unreal; the plants were, to him, as new as the soft carpets and the floating draperies of cobweb lace: not a familiar leaf or flower; only a great exuberant bower of strange colors and strange shapes, and an overpowering spicy scent which seemed, to his fresh and uncloyed nerves, almost sickening. Involuntarily he looked about him for a window; he wanted fresh air and a sight of the blue sky. Draperies and veils shut out one and hid the other; he felt as if he were in an enchanted prison, and it seemed to him a measurelessly long time before the black servant returned, and holding out to him some newspapers said, with a much increased respectfulness of demeanor:

"Miss Fanny says, sir, that she is very glad, indeed, to see you, but she will have to keep you waiting awhile, for she is just dressing for a dinner. She sent down the morning papers, thinking you might like to look them over."

Mechanically, John took the papers and sat down in the simplest chair he could find, and as near to the wonderful window draperies as he dared to go. Mechanically, he fastened his eyes on the printed words;

but he did not read one. He was wondering what would be the next scene in this play. Fanny Lane's face, as he had seen it, the last summer, in a simple white chip shade hat tied loosely under her chin, with a branch of wild roses floating down on her shoulder, seemed dancing in the air before him. Would she look as she looked then? He had sat thus, wondering and dreaming for a long half hour, when a soft, silken rustle fell on his ear, and a swift, light step, and the voice he knew so well said, in the door-way:

"Oh, Mr. Bassett, I'm so glad to see you; and you must forgive me for keeping you waiting so long, but you see I am going to a stupid dinner at six o'clock, and I was just dressing for it. But now I am all ready, and have nothing to do but sit and hear all about Deerway, and dear old Tom and Jerry. I'm ever so glad to see you; have you been well?" and the vision held out its hands, which looked like Fanny Lane's hands, and recalled John Bassett a little to his senses.

This was what Fanny Lane had done:

When the servant brought to her Mr. Bassett's name and message, she sprang to her feet, and exclaimed, "Why, the good soul! I'm so glad to see him. Tell Mr. Bassett I'll be down in a moment," but before the man had left the room, she exclaimed: "Wait, William." Then turning to her mother she said:

"I believe I'd better dress before I go down, for it's four o'clock now and he'll be just as likely to stay two hours as one, and I never could hurt his feelings by telling him I had an engagement."

"Yes, dear, I think so too," assented Mrs. Lane, though she did not in the least think so, having a very distinct impression of the incongruity between Fanny's evening toilet and her Deerway visitor. Then Fanny went to her room, saying in her heart as she went:

"It may be all a ridiculous fancy of mine, but it won't do any harm; and if the poor fellow has really come down here with any such idea in his head, nothing would cure him of it so soon as to see me in evening dress. I know John Bassett well enough for that."

Fanny Lane had never forgotten; she had often wished she could forget,—the look on John's face just as the train moved out of the Deerway station, the day she had bade him good-bye. It smote her with a pang,—not of remorse, for she was not conscious of

having by look, word or deed done anything to invite or to awaken his love,—but of bitter and bootless regret. She liked and esteemed John Bassett heartily: more than that, she recognized in him the elements of a true manliness of the precise order that she most admired; and she had more than once gone so far in her secret thoughts as to admit to herself that not one of the men with whom she had thus far been brought into contact could compare in point of fine native grain and honesty clear through to the core with this uncultured and unmannered farmer. Through all Fanny Lane's worldliness, and ambition, and conventionality, she had kept unsullied her womanly instinct of reverence for, and tenderness to, all real love. To break, or to hurt a heart wantonly was as impossible to her as it would be to John Bassett himself. Very sorely she suffered during the half hour that she spent in arranging herself to go down to meet this man whom she feared she had wounded; and it was a serious and pensive face that looked back at her from the long pier-glass, as she surveyed herself at last, and noting every point of the perfection of her attire, thought sadly,

"I am sure if he has thought of such a thing, he will see now that he has made a great mistake."

Kind, wise Fanny Lane! When John first looked up, he literally did not know her. The dazzling white neck and white arms were all he saw at first, and at sight of those he felt an honest and quick displeasure. To his unenlightened and uncultured sense, they were unseemly. He knew, he had read that this was the way of the world; and he had often seen actress women thus bared to the eyes of men; but even in the theater he had disliked it: he was so simple-hearted, so pure-minded,—this man of the fields,—and now, nearer, within the close and unrestrained reach of his eyes, he disliked it more. Yet it was not this, powerfully as this affected him, which slew on the instant the purpose with which he had sought Fanny Lane. For this he could have had patience and comprehension, seeing that all the influences and circumstances of her life made it inevitable. The thing which slew the purpose, almost the desire, within his heart, was the thing which Fanny Lane had divined beforehand would slay it, and had purposely plotted should slay it; it was the whole atmosphere of luxury, artificial elegance in her dress. She had chosen the showiest and costliest of her

gowns: a heavy wine-colored silk, with a sweeping train trimmed profusely with white lace; white chrysanthemums, so daintily and truly made that it was hard to believe them artificial, looped the folds of the silk, and were scattered in the lace; white chrysanthemums, made of pearls with yellow topazes for their centers, shone in her hair, on her neck and on her arms. She was superbly beautiful in this toilet, and she knew it; but she knew or believed that it was a kind of beauty which would bring healing and not harm to the heart of John Bassett. It did. It did its work so quickly that to her dying day, Fanny Lane never felt sure—and it was many years before she ceased to wonder—whether the healing had been needed or not.

"Very well, thank you, Miss Lane," said John Bassett, with an untroubled and warm-hearted smile, in reply to her first inquiry. "I am always well. Have you been well? and your mother and aunt? You asked me to come and see you, if I came to town, and so as I was here to-day, I called. Are you well?"

"I'm very glad you did," said Fanny; and with an uneasy instinct which she never felt in a ball-room, she drew close up to her throat the fleecy shawl she had thrown over her shoulders as she came down-stairs. Without knowing what she felt, she had felt the avoidance in John Bassett's eyes. "Yes, I am very well."

"You do not look as well as you did in Deerway," said the honest man, looking at her more closely now that he could; "you are not out-of-doors enough, are you?"

"Oh, yes, but it's a different out-of-doors," said Fanny. "It's only one degree better than in-doors; but it's all we can have till summer comes, and we can get back to Deerway."

"Will you be in Deerway next summer again?" asked John.

"Oh, no, Mr. Bassett, nor for two or three summers; we are going to Europe in May, to stay three years!" exclaimed Fanny, with great animation. "I'm so delighted. It has been the dream of my life. But, Mr. Bassett, do tell me about Tom and Jerry; and how the pine woods look now the snow has come. I wish I could see Deerway in the winter."

Then, John told her about Tom and Jerry, and about the pine-trees, with great avalanches of snow on their lower branches, and about the sledding, and sugaring-time, which would soon come; and before he

knew it, it was already dark and time to go. As he rose, Fanny exclaimed:

"Oh, let me give you some flowers, Mr. Bassett, come into the green-house."

Very ruthlessly, Fanny Lane cut the rare flowers, not even sparing the tremulous and spiritual orchids, of which she had a few. Putting the fragrant and beautiful mass of bloom into a basket which stood on the table, she said, with a sudden impulse:

"Give some of these to that pretty little Miss Wilder I saw in Deerway, the one that sings in the choir. She lives near you, doesn't she?"

"Oh, yes," said John, "she is just like my sister; she is very fond of flowers."

"She has one of the very sweetest faces I ever saw," said Fanny, earnestly; "I never have forgotten it."

John looked a little astonished. He did not know that Molly's face was sweet; but he knew that *she* was.

"Molly's a very sweet, good girl," he said, warmly, and oddly enough, those were the last words, except good-byes, which passed between John Bassett and Fanny Lane.

After Fanny went up into her mother's room, she stood for some minutes at the window, watching John's tall, broad-shouldered figure, as he walked away. Then she sighed and sat down.

"What's the matter now?" said Aunt Jane.

"Nothing," said Fanny, "only I was thinking that country people are a great deal happier than we are."

"Pshaw!" said Mrs. Lane, languidly, "I wonder what Mr. Bassett thought of your gown. I don't suppose he ever saw a really handsome silk gown before."

"He didn't appear to think anything about it at all," said Fanny, half petulantly. Could it have been that, side by side with her good, true purpose of saving John Bassett from speaking words he might wish unsaid, she had had a petty desire that he should, at least, confess her more beautiful in her silks and jewels?

"What could you expect?" sneered Aunt Jane. "I don't suppose he'd know a pearl marguerite with a topaz middle, from one of the ox-eye daisies on his farm!"

"Yes, he would," retorted Fanny, "and like the ox-eye daisy a great deal better; and that's where he is happier than we are."

John Bassett went back to Deerway. The purpose, nay, even the desire to ask

Fanny Lane to be his wife was slain, as we have said, in an instant, by the sight and the sense of the Fanny Lane whom he had never seen, never known, till he saw and knew her in her city splendors. But there remained still the memory, the consciousness of the other Fanny Lane whom he had seen and had known during all those long, sweet, bewildering summer hours. This memory and this consciousness were not so easily slain. They died hard, and John was, for many months, a man bereft. If there had been in the Deerway grave-yard a mound under which he had laid away the dead body of a woman he had loved, his sense of loss would not have been much greater. The winter was a long, and cold, and sunless one. If it had been summer, John's loneliness would have been far less; nature would have helped to cure him through every pore, and every nerve; but the New England winter is a bitter season in which to be shut up alone with a grief; it takes a serene and ever-abiding joy to reconcile one to its imprisoning cold. The months seemed very long to John. They seemed very long to Molly Wilder also. The instinct of love is like the subtle added sense by which the blind know the presence or the approach of a person they can neither see, nor hear, nor touch. What had happened to John, Molly did not know, could not imagine; but that something had changed him, she felt so keenly, that she could hardly keep back tears when he spoke to her. Sometimes she fancied that he must have discovered that he had some deadly disease of which he knew he would sooner or later die; but he said that he was well; and he looked well. Sometimes, she fancied that she had in some unwitting way displeased him; and a hundred times a day, the gentle girl said, "I will ask John what I have done;" but a shy consciousness which did not clothe itself in words made it impossible for her to ask the question.

Molly was unhappier than John. Meantime, he came and went, all winter, in the old fashion, so far as times and seasons counted, and never dreamed that he was seeming unlike himself; never noticed, either, that Molly was pale, and was growing thin, until one day in April, when all the young people were out on a sunny hill-side looking after arbutus blossoms, he came suddenly upon Molly sitting alone on a mossy log, with a few violets lying loosely dropped in her lap, her hands crossed above them, her eyes fixed on the far horizon, and

an expression of patient suffering on her countenance. He ran toward her.

"Why, Molly, what is the matter? Have you hurt yourself?" he exclaimed.

She flushed red, and replied:

"Nothing. I am only tired."

But John saw that there had been tears in her eyes, and with a sudden lightning flash of consciousness, his heart pricked him.

"Dear little Molly!" he thought. "I do believe I've been cross to her all winter. I've been thinking about something else all the time, and she hasn't anybody else but me."

From that hour, John's manner toward Molly changed, and the color began to come back to Molly's cheeks. Nothing could be farther from love-making than his treatment of her; and yet she was comparatively happy, for the old atmosphere of brotherly fondness and care had returned, and gradually, the old, good cheer came too.

Molly did not dream that anything more would follow; if ever the thought had striven to enter her pure, maiden heart, that it would be a joy to be John's wife, she would have blushed with shame at herself, as if the thought were a sin; but it must have been hard for Molly to keep the thought away all through these days, when John was deliberately permitting himself to wonder whether, after all, little Molly were the woman who would bring him true peace and content. He was very honest with himself. He knew he did not love Molly as he had loved Fanny Lane; but he also knew clearly that his love for Fanny Lane was a mistake,—was a glamour of the senses,—and he was fast coming to feel, by Molly's side, a serene sort of happiness which he believed was a better and truer thing than the other. There was not a trace of coxcombry in John Bassett's nature. He did not once feel sure that Molly could love him as a husband; but he said to himself: "If I feel that I can make her happy, I believe she is the woman I ought to marry. I've loved her ever since I can remember anything, and that ought to be the best sort of love."

And as the summer grew fair this feeling grew strong, and John and Molly grew happier and happier, until one October day when everything except grapes had ripened, this too ripened and fell, and Molly gathered it. When John said to her:

"Molly, do you think you could love me

well enough to have me for your husband?" she looked up into his face and said only:

"Oh, John, do you think I should make you happy?" And in that instant something in the look on Molly's face, and in the tone of Molly's voice, smote the inmost citadel of John's heart which had never before opened, and never would have opened to any other or different touch.

There is an evil fashion of speech and of theory, that a man's love for a woman lasts better, is stronger, if he be never wholly assured of hers for him. This is a base and shallow theory; an outrage on true manliness; it has grown out of the pitiful lack of true manliness in some men; out of the pitiful abundance of selfish counterfeit loves and loving. Nothing under heaven can so touch, so hold, so make eternally sure, the tenderness, the loyalty, the passion of a manly man as the consciousness in every hour, in every act of life, that the woman he has chosen for his wife lives for him, and in him, utterly and absorbingly.

Before snow fell, John and Molly were married. Molly went up from the house on the meadow to the house on the hill to live, and that seemed to be almost the only change, except in the gladness of her heart and John's, and that was a change nobody knew much about except themselves. A little change there was also in Molly's clothes, though not the usual metamorphosis which brides undergo. She was as quiet in her tastes as a Quaker, and the only adornment which she wore when she first went to church as John's wife, was a wreath of small white chrysanthemums in her hat. They were singularly becoming to her fair and rosy face. It cannot be denied that when John first saw them, he started a little, and remembered some he had seen a year before, made of pearls and topazes. But he thought these much prettier than those; and as Fanny Lane had said, "an ox-eye daisy on the farm" prettier than either.

We may not dare in this world to wonder why the sad people live and the happy people die. At times one is so overwhelmed by the terrifying consciousness of this cruel habit of fate, that one hardly dares rejoice at his fullest, for fear of being slain and removed from his joy.

John Bassett and his dear and beloved wife, "little Molly," lived together only one short year. Then with his own hands he laid her and their baby daughter, who had never breathed, in one grave under the

apple-trees in the south orchard, where he could see the mound from his chamber window. Now was John Bassett, indeed, bereft. The blow told on him heavily. It changed him month by month by a slow benumbing process into a man sadly unlike what he had been before. He had lived, as we said, like a noble pagan. He suffered as the noble pagans used to suffer, with a grim stoicism, an unwilling and resentful surrender to powers he was too feeble to oppose.

Before little Molly was taken ill, she had had a presentiment that she would die, and she had set all her house in the most careful order to leave behind her. Her few little personal ornaments, her two or three bits of lace, and her two silk gowns,—only two, and of the simplest fashion,—she had laid away with bags of lavender in one of the deep drawers in an old-fashioned chest which stood in their chamber. Her common clothes she had packed in a box, and had said to John one day:

"If I don't get well, dear, just give that box to mother; all the things will be of use to her; but the things in the drawer I'd like to have kept for the baby. I don't believe God will take us both away from you; and I am sure it will be a girl,—a daughter would comfort you more than a son, wouldn't it, dear?"

And so it came to pass that after Molly was buried, there was hardly a trace left of her in the old Bassett house except her little work-basket, which stood on the stand by her bed, and held a little baby's sack of flannel, on which she had been working that last day. This basket John would not allow to be moved. It hurt him like a new sight of Molly's dead face whenever he looked at it, and yet he could not bear to have it taken away. He would often turn over the spools, the worn and discolored bit of beeswax, the thimble, the scissors; he would take up the little sack, and look at it almost with thoughts of hatred. If the baby had lived, he would have come to love her in spite of her having cost her mother's life; but now he felt that Molly had gone childless out of the world, he was left childless in it: this miserable, frustrated, useless life that was never a life at all, had separated him from Molly,—it was bitter. One day he felt in one of the silk pockets of the basket a rustling of paper; clumsily and with difficulty, he thrust his big fingers deep down into the little receptacle, and drew out a crumpled bit of newspaper. It had been folded and refolded so many times that the

creases were worn almost through. He opened it and read the following lines:

"THE WIFE'S REVERIE."

O Heart of mine, is our estate,—
Our sweet estate—of joy assured?
It came so slow, it came so late,
Bought by such bitter pains endured;
Dare we forget those sorrows sore,
And think that they will come no more?

With tearful eyes I scan my face,
And doubt how he can find it fair;
Wistful, I watch each charm and grace
I see that other women wear;
Of all the secrets of love's lore,
I know but one, to love him more!

I see each day, he grows more wise,
His life is broader far than mine;
I must be lacking in his eyes,
In many things where others shine.
O, Heart! can we this loss restore
To him, by simply loving more?

I often see upon his brow,
A look half tender and half stern;
His thoughts are far away, I know;
To fathom them, I vainly yearn;
But nought is ours which went before;
O Heart! we can but love him more!

I sometimes think that he had loved
An older, deeper love, apart
From this which later feebler moved
His soul to mine. O Heart! O Heart!
What can we do? This hurteth sore.
Nothing, my Heart, but love him more!

Tears filled John's eyes: "Oh, what could have made Molly keep that?" he said to himself. "Dear little girl! I never really loved anybody in this whole world, but her, and I never will."

The lines haunted him for days. He put the paper into the upper drawer where he kept his collars and neck-ties. He did not like to leave it in the basket, lest, some day, it might be read by some one else. Every morning, when he was dressing, he took it out and read it again, and it always brought the tears to his eyes. After awhile, he read it less often; and after another while, it was gradually pushed farther and farther back in the drawer till, it being out of sight, he forgot it; and at last, some day, it might have been a year, it might have been two or three,—nobody will ever know,—the little worn wisp of paper over which sweet Molly Bassett had, in spite of all her quiet happiness, shed some tears, slipped through a wide crack at the back of the drawer, and fell down into the drawer beneath,—the drawer which held Molly's clothes, fragrant with the undying lavender. Here the verses lay

for years, forgotten, and undisturbed,—forgotten,—for John Bassett had become a grave, silent, steady-working, contented farmer;—undisturbed,—for the key of the drawer lay where Molly had laid it, in the till of the chest, and John never saw it without thinking of her, and wondering uneasily what would be done with those garments when he should die. The verses he had forgotten all about. But it was not because he had forgotten Molly that he had forgotten the verses; neither was it because he had forgotten Molly, that when he was, in the Deerway vernacular, “just turned forty,” he one day rode over to Middleburg Crossing and asked the widow Thatcher to marry him. He was lonely; he was uncomfortable; he had borne with the eye-service, the shortcomings, the ill-nature of hired women in his house as long as he could; and just as the Deerway people had fairly settled down into a belief that “nothing under heaven would induce John Bassett to marry again,” that “there was a man who was really true, from first to last, to his first love,” they were electrified one fine morning, by finding posted up on the brick meeting-house walls, on the ominous black-board containing the announcement of intended marriages, the names of John Bassett and Mrs. Susan Thatcher.

Mrs. Susan Thatcher was the most notable housekeeper in Wenshire County. She was something of a farmer, too, and had “done very well for a woman,” everybody said, with ‘Siah’s farm, since his death. She made the best butter and cheese in the region; dried more apples, and pickled more pickles,—sweet, sour, and “mixed,”—than any two other women. Her bread always took the premium at the County Fair; and as for her “drawn in rugs,” they were the wonder and the admiration of everybody. She was a spinner, too, and stoutly discountenanced the growing disfavor into which that ancient and picturesque art was fast falling. “You can always spin at the odd times when you wouldn’t do anything else,” she said, and by chests full of home-made linens and woollens, she made good her words. With all this notable industry and skill, she was also warm-hearted and cheery; had a pleasant word for everybody, and was a master hand at “bees” of all sorts, especially at “quiltings.”

She was generous, too, and gave away her turkeys at Thanksgiving, and her chickens in July, with a cordial liberality not

common in the country. She was generous, moreover, with what costs more than food or money,—sympathy and help; she was confided in and leaned on by everybody; and even if her words sometimes seemed a little brusque or hard, it always turned out that, in their sense and substance, they were right, for Susan Thatcher was the incarnation of common sense.

As soon as Deerway recovered from its first shock of surprise at the announcement of John Bassett’s intended marriage, the town was unanimous in its approval.

“The very best thing he could have done,” they said; “I wonder nobody’s thought of it before.”

“He couldn’t have found a woman in all the country who’d have gone right on to that farm, an’ worked everything ‘s Susan Thatcher will.”

This was quite as clear to John Bassett as it was to any of his neighbors; and it was with a great sense of assured satisfaction and calm contentment that he took his second wife home and installed her in his house. He felt for her a great esteem and an honest liking, and the sort of calm affectionate regard, which was all he had to offer her in the way of love, was all that Mrs. Susan Thatcher would have known what to do with. More would have embarrassed and annoyed her; for she was, as we have said, the incarnation of common sense.

When in the course of her setting to rights all things in the house, she came upon the locked drawer in John’s bureau, she said to herself:

“Here’s some of Molly Wilder’s things, I expect. I guess I’d better let ‘em alone. If he wants me to have ‘em, he’ll say so when he gets ready,” and she asked no question about the drawer.

The little work-basket, with all its contents, now so yellowed and dusty with age—for it was eight years since Molly died—John had burned the night before he married Susan.

“I don’t believe little Molly would like to have Susan have that,” he thought, “and I don’t think I want her to neither,” he added with a deep sigh and a yearning recollection of Molly’s sweet face as he watched the crisp straw crackle and the fine fiery lines of the threads quiver and turn from red to gray. Then he recollected the locked drawer, and said to himself:

“Some day I’ll give Susan the key to that drawer. I suppose the things might as well be used first as last.”

When John gave his wife the key, and told her what the drawer held, she said in her clear, resolute, kindly tone :

"Well, just as you like, John. Of course, I haven't any feeling one way or another about it; but there's so many folks in need of clothes, it seems a pity to let anything be lying by idle."

As soon as John had gone out to his work, Susan went upstairs to open the drawer. It must be confessed she had her own curiosity to look into it, especially as John had said to her, a little huskily,

"I haven't ever opened the drawer. It's just as Molly put the things in before she was sick."

"Poor little thing!" thought Susan, as she turned the key and slowly drew out the drawer; "it was real hard for her, but I can't say I'm sorry exactly," and Susan's eyes took on a softer light. She had found out that she loved John Bassett better than she had ever loved Josiah Thatcher. She shook out the folds of the two silk gowns, —one black and one of a pale gray.

"I don't know as there's any reason why I shouldn't use this black," she thought, rolling a bit of it between her thumb and finger, and mentally estimating that it must have cost at least ten-and-sixpence a yard.

"Black silk's black silk, whoever's worn it; nobody could tell one from another, and I might have the gray one dyed for a petticoat; no, I'll give that to Molly's cousin, Sarah Beman; she never has anything pretty, poor soul! John 'u'd never see it on her, or he wouldn't know it if he did; she'd make it up with red, most likely."

And so good Susan Bassett went on through the simple wardrobe, apportioning it in her own mind as seemed best, and quietly saying to herself at last :

"I guess I'd better not say anything to John about it; he'll know I've disposed of 'em somehow, and I reckon he'd rather not know where they went. It's only natural he should have some feeling about the things; 'taint so very long yet."

As she took out the last article from the drawer, she saw far back in the right-hand corner a small folded paper. She took it out, opened it, and seeing that it was poetry, was just about to throw it on the floor (Susan never read poetry); but suddenly recollecting the circumstances under which this drawer had been closed, she felt a curiosity to see what the verses were which had been put away so carefully with Molly's best clothes.

If "The Wife's Reverie" had been written in Sanscrit, it would have been but little more removed from Susan's comprehension. She read it slowly with a look of increasing contempt on her face.

"Pshaw!" she exclaimed, as she finished the last line. "If that isn't just like Molly Wilder; she always was a silly little thing," and Susan crumpled up the paper, and tossed it on the bed. Then she put back the clothes, locked the drawer, and put the key in her pocket. The morning was slipping away fast, and she was in a hurry to be about her work. She had been cutting out some unbleached cotton shirts for John the day before, and as she left the room, she noticed a few of the yellow threads and bits of cloth on the floor; she stooped and picked them up; then she took "The Wife's Reverie" from the bed, and rolling it and the rags together in a tight ball, hurried downstairs to oversee the churning. At the foot of the stairs, behind the door which opened into the kitchen, hung a big rag-bag made of bed-tick. It was so full that the mouth bulged open.

"Dear me," thought Susan, "I do wish that peddler 'd come round. The bag's running over full;" and as she impatiently crammed in her little ball of ravelings and paper, and her eye fell again on a line of "The Wife's Reverie," she said to herself complacently :

"It's the queerest thing, when a man marries again, how sure he is to pick out such a different kind of a woman from his first wife. I suppose they find out what they really do want."

THE END.

THE FALLING STAR.

SEE where yon star falls headlong, flashing
Across the purple twilight air!—
An angel, swift-winged, bears from heaven
The answer to a mortal's prayer.

CELESTIAL PEAS.

If, as some people are trying to prove, the straight line is the line of beauty, is not the square root the root of all true art, and doesn't that explain perfectly how the professor and the little portrait painter came to be such friends?

If that explanation will not do, there must be some other equally clear, for they certainly were too opposite for any simpler cement to hold them together. The professor had hardly ever thought of anything since he was born, except as a question of calculus, to be figured or prefigured in some mathematical fashion or other; while, as for the little portrait painter, everything, pretty much, stood across his sky like a fragment, at least, of a rainbow,—form and color, and that was all.

And at the same time they had taken long leases of their rooms to be sure of keeping side by side; and whenever the light failed the little painter, or his genius wouldn't work, he got over it all by throwing his brushes into a corner and leaving them to do as they liked till he came back, fresh as a lark, from a visit next door. Not that he ever expected his visits returned, however, for there was a perfect understanding that the professor couldn't be comfortable in a room where everything was thrown down just as it happened. Something was sure to be pointing at him, if it was only a brush handle, and the professor couldn't bear to be pointed at by anything that held no relation to him; he liked to see everything squared to its position in life and staying there.

"I'll be back in seven or nine minutes," he called over his shoulder one drizzly Saturday, as the familiar rattle at his door-knob overtook him just half way down the stairs.

The professor never would say he was going round a corner, because a corner was properly the angle of a square; but round the corner he went and into the little thread-and-needle store close by.

"I want—ah, what do you call it? I really forget," he said hesitatingly, "but something to mend a glove."

"And what color is the glove?" asked the pretty grisette, with sympathy shining in her eyes. The question was an unexpected stroke, and the professor roused himself to an extraordinary effort of memory.

"I should say—purple," he decided at

last exultingly; and just as his seventh minute was fairly up, he re-appeared at the top of the stairs and opened the door.

"Punctual," said the little painter, looking up from the easy-chair before the grate.

"Of course," said the professor. "Let a represent the distance I have to go, and x denote the number of miles to the hour, and you can bring the result to a simple fraction without the least difficulty, Pink."

"Pinxit" was always the professor's name for him, but it slipped down into "Pink" now and then, when the professor happened to be in extraordinary spirits, and he was particularly pleased with himself just now for his triumph about the color of the glove.

"The day is so monstrous gray, a man can't do anything with it," said Pink, settling down into his easy-chair again.

"Gray! State the proposition fairly, Pink! It's a holiday, that's what's the matter with it. There never was such a terrible country for holidays on the face of the earth."

"There are more of them coming, though; a solid eight days right ahead of us," replied Pink, with glee. "A regular Aurora Borealis; a streak of rose-color thrown smack across the backbone of winter."

"Humph!" growled the professor; but he seated himself and began humming a tune as he unrolled his parcel.

"What *are* you trying to do now?" asked Pinxit, stretching himself up on the elbows of the chair for a better look, for the professor had suddenly converted the thumb and fingers of his left hand into a set of spindles, and was evolving a cocoon of purple sewing silk from them in most scientific style.

"Why, you see, Pink," said the professor, as the last coil came off his thumb and became a triumphantly complete cocoon, "I've worn these gloves about three or five times, and the edges of this seam, which should represent two parallel lines, have been drawn from their points until they form an ellipse. Now let the upper tip of the finger and the lower end of the rip represent two fixed points, and let me take a piece of this thread shorter than the distance, and I'll reduce them to a given line again in a twinkling."

"But my gracious man alive!" exclaimed Pink, springing from his chair to the professor's, with one leap, "it can't be done!"

"Can't be done!" repeated the professor

triumphantly. "Just let this needleful of silk become a tangent line, and ——"

"But I tell you," interrupted Pink, "the silk is the very difficulty! Don't you see it isn't the color? You might as well put a green stripe on the sky, and be done with it!"

The professor's face fell.

"It isn't the color?" he echoed unwillingly; and laying the cocoon and the glove side by side, he gave a sudden stoop for a nearer look at the question.

"I don't see so very much difference," he said, rising again to give the artist rather a discomfited look.

"Don't see it?" said Pink, fairly beside himself with excitement, "don't see that that one is a purple, and the other a brown! Why, they'd explode if you put them together! Let them alone, man, till another day, and let me find the right thing for you!"

"Can't do it, Pinxit," said the professor, regretfully. "I shall want these gloves to wear in just seventeen hours from now."

"Well, give me the silk, and I'll paint it for you, then!" cried Pink, in desperation. "Wait a minute, and I'll fetch the color."

The professor sat with the threaded needle in his hand and a sense of downfall in his heart, meekly waiting for Pink to come back; but he waited and waited, and no Pink appeared. A sitter had come in, the professor was sure, from the sounds of voices through the wall, and he was equally sure, by the way things seemed to be knocking about in there, had come in a time that didn't suit the artist's mood at all.

The professor hesitated. "What is the use of multiplying troubles?" he asked himself, in a confidential whisper; "the colors are both really very dark," and with a furtive glance toward Pinxit's room, he "fixed the extremity" of his thread and went to work.

The next morning, the professor put on the gloves and went softly out to church before the little portrait-painter had shown himself. He felt a slight twinge, to be sure, as the gleam from his row of stitches reminded him dimly of a line of heathery graves he had once seen lying along a brown Scotch moor; but he had forgotten all about them before he reached the corner, and went on as comfortably as on the Sunday when the gloves were new. Only that, if the truth were told, Sunday was rather a hard day, at the best, with the professor. It is very well to go along through the six days

of the week, playing at what one calls life, and pretends to like best; but when all this is quietly tucked away for a rest on the seventh, if there is a vacuum or aching void, a sickness at heart from hope deferred, or, worse than all, a hope lying shrouded and dead within, that is the time it seems to take to rise and hold high carnival. Of course, it is a day for consolations, too; but somehow, at every roll of the organ, or every cadence of voices that offered them, or whispered of happiness unseen, the professor couldn't help feeling a dreadful gasping after a certain happiness that was unseen, true enough, but that he devoutly wished to lay his eyes upon.

He went back to his room and sat down without even taking off the gloves, and holding a shut hand before him, gazed fixedly at it, as if it might unfold again, and drop out the answer to the very question that was distracting him. Would some one ever come? Should he never see her again? Would she ever be his indeed?

The scales went on balancing, the "ever" going up with a leap of joy that fairly kicked the beam, and the "never" bringing its side heavily down again with a dismal thump, when he heard Pink's voice over his shoulder, saying:

"I tell you, it never will be a match so long as the world stands! It never was ordained in heaven, you may be sure of that."

What happened next, Pink never exactly understood, but he found himself very suddenly in the opposite corner of the room, while the professor stood over him with very fierce eyes, and then turned in a flash, and threw himself into a chair, doubling his arms on the table and burying his face in them without a word.

Pink gazed, bewildered, but it did no good; he could only see the top of the professor's head, and there was no explanation there. But an explanation must be had, and creeping noiselessly forward on tiptoe, he gave the professor a denting little touch on the shoulder, and then sprang quickly back to a safe distance. But still the professor did not stir. Had the ground failed from under Pink's feet? Was all their happy past a mistaken dream, or was all the future going to be one? He crept up once more, and tried another touch, but still no change. Should he say "three times and out?" He was just making up his mind to it in despair, when the professor sprang to his feet and stepped suddenly toward him.

"Pinxit, can you forgive me? Possibly your thought and mine would not designate the same base; perhaps you only meant the glove after all!"

"Of course I did! What else could I mean?" said Pink; and then it all had to come out; the professor had to tell Pink the whole story.

"But, my gracious!" exclaimed Pink again, when he had listened breathlessly to the end, "Man alive, why don't you find her? There can't be any difficulty about it!"

The professor gave his spectacles an excited push closer to his eyes and gazed wistfully at the little painter, in his turn.

"I'm afraid you don't consider the difference between the known and unknown lines of your figure, Pinxit," he said at last.

"Bother the figure," said Pink. "I consider this, at any rate: If you met an angel when you were studying in Paris, and if you fell in love with her, as of course you must, and if she returned it, as it isn't strange she should, and if her fierce relations wouldn't hear a word of it, and have intercepted all communication ever since; and if you have reason to think she is here in this very city to-day, and has been keeping her heart as warm as the blush of a rose for you all this time, I'd find her, if I were you,—that's all I have to say about it!"

The professor started up and began walking the floor with strides like a pair of compasses.

"Pinxit," he exclaimed at last, stopping suddenly before him, "I'm afraid you've proved all your points, except the point of contact."

"Well, that's the very point to set about proving, then, and the sooner the better. Haven't you any clue? There must be something; what's the color of her hair?"

The professor hesitated.

"I don't know," he said at last with a rueful look.

"Don't know the color of her hair!" cried Pink, springing out of his chair with excitement again; "Well, her eyes, then!"

The professor shook his head slowly.

"No—no even the color of her eyes? Good heavens! Nor even her complexion? Not even if she is blonde or olive!"

"No—I think—no—I'm not really sure, but what great difference does it really make?" but Pink was far more beside himself by this time than he had been about the glove.

"Well, her blood, then! You surely must know something about that; you must know what her blood is!"

"Blue!" exclaimed the professor with sudden positiveness, and venturing to look Pink in the face once more. "The bluest of the blue!"

"Ah," said Pink, drawing a breath. "Well, that's something at least, to go upon; that's a straw to catch at, but we want something more. There must be some little thing that she gave you once,—of course there is,—some trifle that you've treasured; we might do something with it."

The professor hesitated. This was coming pretty close; but still, there was a ring in Pink's voice that seemed like a pilot hailing him in a storm. He opened a secret drawer in his desk, took out a box, and reverently, as if he were uncovering the face of the dead, raised the lid and placed it where Pinxit could see. A little handful of sweet-peas lay inside, withered and shriveled, their colors faded into nameless tints, and their stems tied with a narrow ribbon of odd coloring and design.

Pink looked very hard into the box again for a few moments, and then started off across the room in great excitement.

"I have it!" he exclaimed; "I have it, as clear as crystal! She gave them to you, of course; let me copy them, exactly as they were,—I won't miss a shade; and the ribbon, too,—that's a clue that would lead through any labyrinth. And then, they've been begging me for a bit for the window at Dupil's, but I thought I couldn't stop to do it. I'll just put this quietly there, and we'll see what we shall see."

But the professor couldn't see anything yet, and Pink went on:

"Don't you know, man alive, that the holidays are coming, and that everybody whose blood is blue is sure to walk down the right side of the street, at the right time of day, and to stop and look in at Dupil's window as they pass? And if I were to happen to be inside, and were to see a cheek like a rose, or an eye like a forget-me-not, suddenly recognizing my sweet-peas from auld-lang-syne, soul to soul, you know, why then I should know precisely what to do next,—that is all!"

It was a pretty sharp pull to let the box go off into Pink's room; but it went, and the soul of a new creation began to take form and color on his easel, early the next day.

"I suppose," Pink had said rather quietly, as he went out of the door with the box,—"I suppose there is a bare possibility that you do remember her name?"

"*Celeste*," answered the professor, with his lips drawn pretty tight.

That was certainly the last thing,—there could not be any more questions to ask.

Pink was no novice, no dabbler with his paints. He was a Fellow of the Academy, and continually besieged to contribute something with his special shine upon it to this or that display; although just at present, ignominious as it seemed, he was giving up what he could and would do, for what he must. But it was worth while to see him when he got fairly warmed up at a piece of work that really did go to his heart, and particularly at this, that seemed to have taken possession of it with a swoop. Such sudden pacing backward for a more distant look, and such sudden darting up again for a new touch; such tumbling of things together until they all pointed the wrong way at once; and such mysterious out-blooming from the canvas as the work went on.

He made no pretense to being a poet, of course, though he was forever humming snatches of songs at his work; but this time he felt greatly tempted to try, for nothing that he knew seemed to come quite up to the occasion. He went over everything in the least appropriate, until at last, one day, when a special sense of things came over him, he even caught himself trilling in his most tremendous bass—

"Lady bug! Lady bug! Fly to your home!"

"You wretch, Pink!" he exclaimed the next moment: but somehow after that he never could seem to rest until he had rigged these verses of his own:—

"Wandering far, or wandering near,
Strayeth a maiden whom we hold dear!
Mistily mantled in hope and fear,
And never a foot-print leaving!"

O, wandering, vanishing, maiden fair,
Float me a tress of your golden hair!
I'm weaving a net of blossoms rare,
Oh, —————

Pink never could get that last line fixed to suit him, so he left it, like some of his pictures, till he could; and meanwhile he found he could roll out unutterable things on that "*Oh!*" although once in a while the recollection that, for aught the professor knew, her hair might be black as Erebus after all, broke him down into a merry shout in the midst of it. But *he* knew, if the professor didn't, that the hair was golden; he hugged tight to that conviction, and worked away at song and picture together.

Did ever a handful of withered flowers know such a resurrection before? They lay in their box like a forsaken chrysalis, while their new life fluttered out under Pink's brush with a hundred transparent, gleaming wings, and it was hard to believe that the same old perfume was not under them as fresh as ever, still. The professor put his nose down with an involuntary little sniff, when Pink called him to look at them, and then started back feeling very foolish, and hoping he had not been seen.

And now came the tug of war. Pinxit was a privileged character at Dupil's, and if he chose to place his picture in the window, and then take his station inside and hover about near enough to keep an eye on it, no one made any remarks, and he went quietly on in his own way. But masterly inactivity was the hardest possible fighting for him; and as for the professor, he went mousing about, peeping into Pinxit's room, or trying in vain to settle down to some problem in the books, while the only problem that seemed of importance any longer, was depending entirely on what the little portrait painter should manage to do with it.

Fortunately, fashionable hours were short, and Pinxit was never away very long at a time; but when he did come home and got settled into the easy-chair again, he did not seem to have much to say, and the professor watched him in a greater fever of excitement every night.

"I'm afraid, Pinxit," he said suddenly, stopping in a monstrous set of compass strides, "I'm afraid you've got some imaginary roots in your equation, and if you have we shall certainly come to grief!"

But Pink seemed to have no more to reply to this than to anything else, and it was clearly of no use.

Meantime the holidays jogged gayly along, like the fiddle-bows of musicians in a merry interlude while the curtain waits to rise. Christmas chimes were forgotten, and every one was waiting for the New Year's bells to ring.

"Don't get into such a red-hot fidget about it, though," said the little artist to himself; but it was hard to help it, for whatever might be ready to tangle in his net after the week were once past, he certainly could not sit and watch for it any longer: it would have to go. And on the other hand, if he *could* but see the professor's New Year's morning waking up in such colors as he had been *trying* to mix for it! He had painted a pretty bright picture of that, and in suffi-

ciently positive outline too, and now he must confess it was beginning to get a little dim—fading a little in spite of him.

Not that he had really caught no one out of the host of passers tripping in his snare; there was scarcely one who had not given it a look or a gesture, and sometimes he could even tell what they were saying about it through the thick glass. But not one laid a hand on the door to ask if it could be bought, that he wasn't prepared for him; he had measured him exactly through the window, and made up his mind. "The picture was promised elsewhere; he was very sorry," and the regret was quite sincere, for his bright picture faded a little, as each one turned away.

"Your foreground is getting pretty well foreshortened, Pinxit; it can't be denied," he said to himself when only two more days remained; but what then? If he remembered rightly, Eve had not made the shadow of an appearance when "the evening and the morning were the fifth day." So he plucked up a fresh relay of spirits and carried the evening bravely through, fairly getting the professor started on general problems long before it was over.

Eve did not seem quite so certain a precedent for Celeste, when morning came, but Pink had never beaten a retreat in his life, and he marched pluckily to his post once more. But he sat there feeling a little mopish after all, for broad daylight is apt to show realities, and as if it were not enough to be disappointed, a suspicion that he had been making a fool of himself began to creep disagreeably in.

"Well, if your colors wont take, after you've done your best," he began, as the day wore on, and he was almost tempted to sleep on guard a few moments, when suddenly he felt a thrill! His eyes flew to their duty again, and there,—oh, his prophetic soul!—a tress of golden hair was fluttering straight toward him, against the window-pane!

Pinxit had talked about a cheek like a rose, but no rose ever turned from white to red, and back to white again, as this one did before his little handful of sweet-peas; and as for the eyes, he could not even guess at those, so steadily spell-bound they seemed to the low corner where his picture stood, while a slender, fur-wrapped figure stood outlined, motionless, against the glass.

Moments passed, and there was not a stir in the situation. Pinxit and his changeable rose both stood riveted; he was sure

her breath came rapidly against the icy pane, and he held his own until he was near losing it,—for was not everything trembling in this one minute's scale?

She turned from the window at last, and Pinxit had his hand on his hat, but no, the door opened, she was coming in!

"The little flower-picture in the window," she asked, "is it that it is for sale?"

Pink would have waited a moment for the pure delight of seeing the daintily gloved hand press upon the counter as if for help, but that would never do.

"The artist did not give distinct instructions, Madam. It is to be removed to his studio to-night, however, and can be seen there with others, I believe."

"It is very odd,—the ribbon," she said, hesitating, and drawing her veil more closely as the white rose turned to red again.

"An old thing, I suppose; some relic, no doubt," replied Pinxit, carelessly.

She hesitated again, half withdrew her hand from the counter, and then steadied herself once more.

"They are very beautiful,—the peas," she said at last, trying to press back the lock that would float toward Pink.

"Madam, they are *Celestial*!" answered Pink.

That was a *pièce de résistance*, his proof shot, and it had done its work, he was positive of it the moment he saw the start, and the trembling of the white wrist on the counter, with which it was received; and then he had to stand an answering shot from under the veil, that would have pierced some people, soul and marrow; but he met it as innocently as if he had never dreamed of anything but burnt sienna in his life.

"To-morrow, precisely at noon, you will find the artist's studio open; I think you might obtain the picture then."

"I shall come," she said, and in another moment Pinxit only saw the place where she had been standing, and there was nothing more to do but to wrap up his picture in a piece of brown paper and carry it home under his arm; no one was to stare at it any more, that was one mercy at least.

That evening was the worst of all to be got over. If the professor were to have heaven open before him the next day, it had better come with one burst, Pinxit thought, but the difficult question was, how to contain himself in the meantime. And when morning came, the battle was all to be fought over again. Four mortal hours to be devoured, or to devour him, before precise noon could

arrive. Nine, ten, eleven, by the great bell close by. A quarter of twelve at last! The moment Pink heard that, he dashed off to the professor's door.

"Come in, can't you?" he said, "I want you to help me prove an equation."

"In three or five minutes," answered the professor, with his eyes close to a heap of figures, and he went back at a white heat, but knowing very well the professor would be true to the second. And so he was, only casting one quiet sidewise glance at Pink as he came in; he had not been down town that morning—what did it mean?

"Wait a jiff," said Pink, very busy with his paints, and the professor waited meekly, but at that instant a light step was heard coming near and pausing just outside. Pink threw his brush against the wall, where it left a little slur of rose-color to this day, and opened the door, slipping a little behind it as it swung in, so that his visitor and the professor encountered face to face. One look was enough for the little painter, and he vanished through the still open door.

Whatever became of that next half hour, while he paced sentinel in the corridor outside, Pinxit would have found it hard to

tell; it seemed an eternity, and still, if eternity should prove a steady flow of such delighted state, what could he ever ask for more? But he kept an ear open for time, through it all, and listened for half-past twelve to strike. He must break the sacred solitude then, for a sitter was due in another five minutes, and it would never do. So, with a premonitory rattle of the door-knob, he went back; it was all over—that was plain enough to be seen.

"To-morrow!" the professor was saying in ecstatic tones. "It will be New Year's Day!"

"Preposterous!" exclaimed Pink, before he realized what he was about.

The professor started, and a little laugh slipped from Celeste.

"In seven or nine days, then," urged the professor, only half discomfited, and this time victory promised to be his.

It was dark as Egypt, of course, when the New Year's strokes on the old bell roused the little portrait painter the next day, but four distinct objects rose instantly before his eyes; the chrysalis box, the celestial peas, the professor and Celeste, and he knew that—

"The sum of their square was equal to unity!"

MARCH.

MONTH which the warring ancients strangely styled
 The month of war,—as if in their fierce ways
 Were any month of peace!—in thy rough days,
 I find no war in nature, though the wild
 Winds clash and clang, and broken boughs are piled
 At feet of writhing trees. The violets raise
 Their heads without affright, or look of maze,
 And sleep through all the din, as sleeps a child.
 And he who watches well, will well discern
 Sweet expectation in each living thing.
 Like pregnant mother, the sweet earth doth yearn;
 In secret joy makes ready for the spring;
 And hidden, sacred, in her breast doth bear
 Annunciation lilies for the year.

PRINCETON COLLEGE.



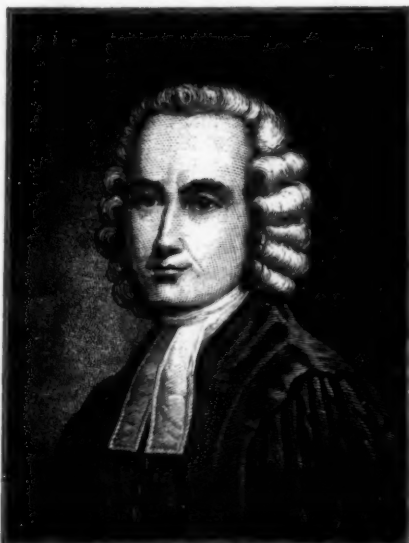
JAMES MCCOSH, D.D., LL.D., NOW PRESIDENT OF PRINCETON COLLEGE.

OLD Thomas Fuller, in the preface to his "History of the University of Cambridge," writes: "I presume my Aunt Oxford will not be justly offended, if in this book I give my own mother the upper hand, and first begin with her history. Thus desiring God to pour his blessing on both, that neither may want milk for their children, or children for their milk."

Of the many colleges that now exist in the United States, but four had their origin previous to 1750: Harvard, founded in 1636; William and Mary, in 1693; Yale, in 1701; and the College of New Jersey, now more generally known as Princeton College, in

1746. In the agitations preceding the Revolution, and during that memorable struggle, these four colleges, with Kings College in New York and Philadelphia College, were the fountains which supplied the streams of learning which fertilized the colonies. Each of the four named had its own peculiar character which exerted a mighty influence in molding public sentiment in those stirring and formative times.

The colonies of New England were at first intensely English; the men of education and wealth held fast to the traditions of their forefathers, except in church affairs; and we are not surprised to find, in the



PRESIDENT JONATHAN DICKINSON.

contemptuously called, was sending forth men who were afterward the leaders in the Presbyterian Church, and the founders and patrons of Princeton College. In fact, it was the decline of the Log College, and the pressing demands for an educated and more spiritual ministry, occasioned by the revivals under Whitefield, that led to the founding of Princeton College.

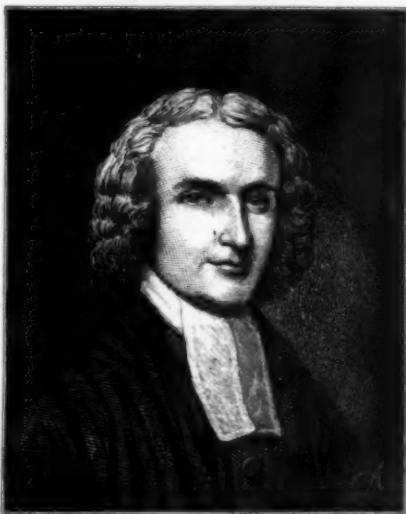
The first charter was obtained with difficulty from John Hamilton, president of his majesty's council in New Jersey, in 1746; and the Rev. Jonathan Dickinson, pastor of the Presbyterian church in Elizabethtown, N. J., was elected president, in the winter of 1747. The college was first opened at Elizabethtown, where it remained until the death of the president, which occurred in the autumn of 1747. There is some obscurity about this first charter, which passed the great seal of the province, but was never recorded; but in 1748, a new charter was obtained from Jonathan Belcher, who had now become the Governor. The question has been raised whether Dickinson was the first president. Certainly not under the present charter, but in fact and in spirit, he will always head that illustrious catalogue of names.

On the death of President Dickinson, the college, now numbering only eight—some accounts say twenty—students, was removed to Newark, and on the 9th of

November, the degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on six young men, by Rev. Aaron Burr, who on that day had been appointed to succeed Jonathan Dickinson as president of the college. This was under the new charter.

The college, at this time, was without adequate funds, and destitute of public buildings, and there was danger of the young institution degenerating into a mere academy, and thus failing to accomplish the great ends designed by its founders. It was therefore resolved to make application to the friends of sound learning and religion in Great Britain for assistance. Accordingly, in 1753, the Rev. Samuel Davies (afterward the president), and the Rev. Gilbert Tennent, one of the earliest and most devoted friends of the college, were appointed by the trustees to visit Europe for this purpose. Sailing in the autumn of the same year, they visited all parts of Great Britain and Ireland, and after an absence of fifteen months they returned, having been successful beyond their expectations.

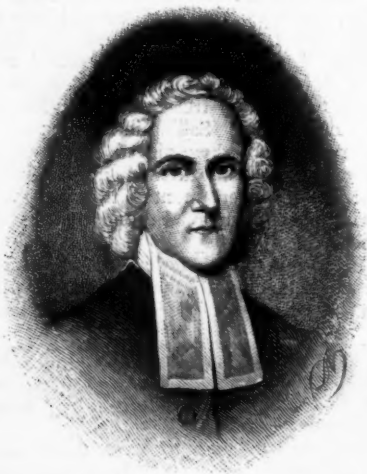
Up to this time there had been no public edifice belonging to the college. During the first year they occupied a small building



PRESIDENT AARON BURR, SR.

in Elizabethtown, adjoining and probably belonging to the Presbyterian church, of which the president was the pastor. After its removal to Newark, the college used the court-house for academic purposes, the

students being scattered through the town, boarding in private families. The success of Messrs. Davies and Tennent in collecting money determined the trustees to secure a permanent home. Perhaps it will be new to most of the friends of the college that Princeton had been decided upon as its site as early as 1747,—before the death of President Dickinson,—it being a compromise between East and West Jersey, each of which desired the new institution to be within its borders. This fact, which is of great historical interest, is derived from a letter of Governor Belcher to the "Committee of



PRESIDENT JONATHAN EDWARDS.

the West Jersey Society," London, dated "Burlington, September 18, 1747." In this letter he writes:

"I find the people of this Province are in a poor situation for educating their children. I am, therefore, promoting the building of a college for the instruction of youth. This affair was in agitation before my arrival, and much contested between the gentlemen of the eastern and those of the western division, where it should be placed, and I have got them to agree to have it built at Princetown in the western division, being, I apprehend, nearest to the centre of the Province; and will add value to all lands that lie anything near it; nor can anything, in my opinion, more promote the interest of the Proprietors, as well as that of the Province and people."

In another letter dated Oct. 2d, to a friend in London, he says that "Princetown has been fixed upon as the site of the college."

It appears from their minutes, that the trustees, in 1752, made overtures to the people of New Brunswick to establish the col-

lege in that place; but the citizens failing to meet the requirements, it was voted that the college be "fixed" in Princeton on certain conditions being complied with, thus by authority sanctioning the agreement of 1747. In 1754, the foundations of Nassau Hall were laid. The origin of the name given to the first edifice is learned from a letter of Governor Belcher to the trustees, and read before the Board in September, 1756. He writes:

"I take grateful notice of the respect and honor you are desirous of doing me and my family, in calling the edifice lately erected in Princeton by the name of Belcher Hall; but you will be so good as to excuse me, while I absolutely decline such an honour, for I have always been very fond of the motto of a late great personage: *prodesse quam conspici*. But I must not leave this head without asking the honour of your naming the present building Nassau Hall; and this I hope you will take as a further instance of my real regard to the future welfare and interest of the college, as it will express the honour we retain, in this remote part of the globe, to the immortal memory of the glorious King William the Third, who was a branch of the illustrious house of Nassau, and, who, under God, was the great deliverer of the British Nation, from those two monstrous furies, Popery and Slavery."

In 1757, the new building was so far completed as to be fit for occupation, and the college, now numbering seventy students, was removed to Princeton, President Burr superintending the removal, but dying two days before the annual commencement of that year. Until this year all the commencements had been held in Newark except the second, which was held in New Brunswick.

A description of Nassau Hall as it appeared at that time is of historical interest. It was a large stone edifice, four stories high (just as its external walls stand now), with accommodation for 147 students, allowing three to each room. These were twenty feet square, and had two light closets cut off from the corners, to serve as bedrooms or studies. In the center of the building on the second floor was a hall forty feet square, with a gallery on one side, in which was a small organ; opposite this gallery there was a pulpit and stage, used for religious services and the rhetorical exercises of the students. On one side of the hall hung a full-length portrait of George II., and on the opposite wall one of the same size of Governor Belcher, both bestowed by him. The library, also on the second floor, contained in 1764, 1,200 volumes, most of which were destroyed when the building was occupied by the British in 1776. On

the first floor was the dining-room, and apartments for the kitchen. Nassau Hall, at the time of its erection, was the largest single building in the colonies. The studies of the institution were conducted by the president and two tutors.

In the light of recent events, it would be a grave omission not to speak of the influence of Princeton College during the Revolutionary war. The first twenty-five years of its existence would be considered remarkable years in the history of any country. Within this quarter of a century, the fundamental principles of civil and religious liberty were forever settled for this land, and the influence of Princeton in their settlement is a subject of pride to all connected with the college. She seems to have been planted in almost the center of population in the colonies, to have been a rallying point and an aggressive post for the friends of freedom.

The first four presidents of the college, on account of their brief terms of service, made, perhaps, but little individual impression upon the minds of the young men; but their general influence was incalculable.



GRAVES OF PRESIDENTS OF PRINCETON COLLEGE.

We seldom find men of such mighty power succeeding each other in public station. Dickinson, Burr, Edwards and Davies—and

Finley may be added—are living yet in the profound impression they made upon the mind of the nation. Princeton was borne



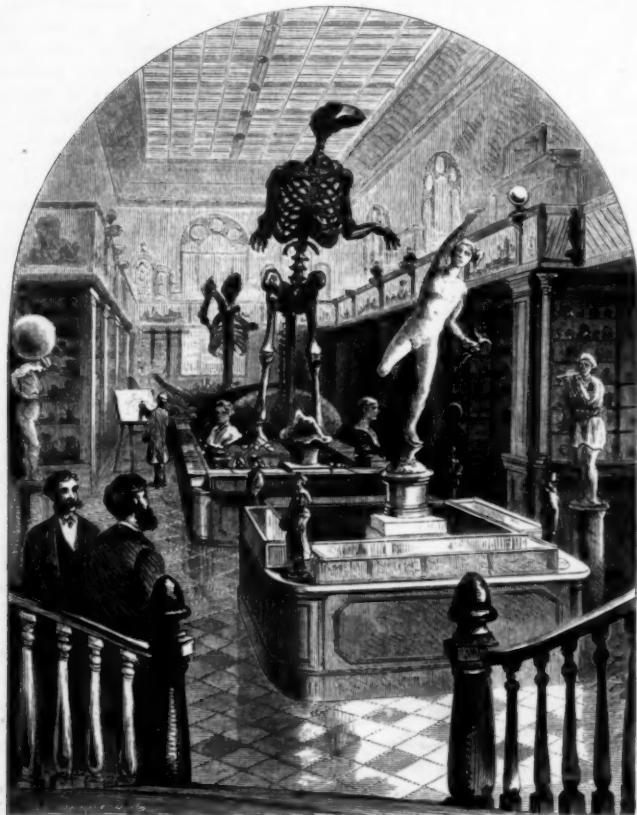
PRESIDENT JOHN WITHERSPOON.

along on the shoulders of these intellectual and spiritual athletes to the very verge of the Revolution, when Witherspoon, a very Hercules, received the trust. His power in molding the young men who came within his influence was truly marvelous. He reached back and guided and controlled the earlier graduates, exciting in them the same love of liberty which actuated himself.

Princeton College sent out in those days men of action, rather than mere scholars, and they were found in all places that demanded brave and strong men; and it can be said of her,—what is not true of any of the other colleges named,—that in the course of the Revolution, she had as her representatives, leading men in every one of the thirteen original colonies. This goes to show the wide extent of her influence, and the stanch patriotism of her sons. In whatever profession they are found, or whatever their peculiar gifts, the influence of all was brought to bear upon the solution of the great problem of civil and religious liberty. Of these, Richard Stockton, William Paterson, Oliver Ellsworth, James Madison and Luther Martin, the great lawyers of the day, and many like them, cast the weight of their influence on the side of freedom; Benjamin Rush, William Burnet, William Shippen and Charles McKnight, who stood at the head of the medical profession, were superintendents of the medical departments of the Continental army; Benjamin Youngs

Prime, Philip Freneau and Hugh Henry Brackenridge, fired the nation with their war songs and patriotic odes. Nathaniel Scudder, Francis Barbour, Joseph Reed, "Light-Horse Harry" Lee and Frederick

influence of Princeton in distant colonies. A graduate* of the college was passing through North Carolina in the most excited period of the war, and, night overtaking him, he stopped at a farm-house and asked for



INTERIOR OF MUSEUM OF GEOLOGY AND ARCHEOLOGY.

Frelinghuysen are a few of the host who were renowned in the Revolutionary army; John Witherspoon, George Duffield, Alexander McWhorter and John Lathrop, all eminent clergymen, were bold and uncompromising in their devotion to the colonies. And it was not the distinguished ministers alone who stood forth in those stormy days, and "pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor" to the cause, for nearly every minister who graduated at Princeton, from New Hampshire to Georgia, was either a chaplain, an officer, or otherwise enlisted during the progress of the war.

The following incident will show the wide

shelter. The woman of the house, with some reluctance, her husband being absent, admitted him. In the middle of the night the traveler was rudely aroused from sleep by the owner of the house entering his room, saying: "I allow no man to sleep under my roof but a Whig."

"Let me rest in peace, then," answered the traveler, "for I was graduated at Princeton under Dr. Witherspoon, a signer of the Declaration of Independence."

The explanation was entirely satisfactory. It has already been stated that every one

* Stephen Bloomer Balch.

of the thirteen original colonies had among its leading public men graduates of Princeton. It may be of interest to know who some of these men were, and as New England seems to be the most unlikely place to find them, and as the numbers multiply so fast as we get further south, making a selection difficult, an example or two from each of those colonies must suffice. Beginning at New Hampshire, we find the names of Macclintock, Evans and Livermore, all men of mark in their day. The Rev. Samuel Macclintock was pastor of a church in Greenland. During the Revolution he repeatedly acted as chaplain, and his patriotic exhortations animated the soldiers in more than one conflict. He was known all over New England, and was regarded as pre-eminent for practical wisdom.

Nathaniel Evans of Concord was a chaplain from 1777 to the close of the war. His sermons, published at that period (which are now among the rarest American pamphlets), prove him to have been one of the ablest preachers and staunchest Whigs of the day. Mr. Evans was immensely popular with all the leaders of the country. The third New Hampshire man of note was Samuel Livermore, a profound lawyer, and at the breaking out of the war, Judge Advocate of the Admiralty Court. He was a member of the Continental Congress for four years, and a Judge of the Superior Court for eight years. After the war he was United States Senator, and Chief Justice of New Hampshire.

But two names from Massachusetts will be mentioned, Thomas Melville and Nathaniel Niles. The first was the son of a Scotch merchant in Boston. Herman Melville, the well-known author, was his grandson. After graduating, he visited Scotland, but in 1773, the dangers threatening his country induced him to return, and he entered with all his soul into the conflict for liberty which was just beginning. Mr. Mel-

ville was one of that famous party that threw the tea overboard in Boston harbor. Some of that tea is still in existence, having been found in the shoes of young Melville the next morning. Another of the sons of Massachusetts was Nathaniel Niles, one of the ablest men New England has produced, and in his day he exerted a mighty power in behalf of liberty in his native colony. He wrote a Sapphic Ode entitled "The American Hero," which was afterward set to music, and was one of the most effective war songs of the Revolution.

Little Rhode Island was not without her representatives. James Manning, the founder and president of Rhode Island College (Brown University), was active in public affairs during the whole war, and represented his colony in the Continental Congress.



PROFESSOR GUYOT'S GARDEN.

Few men did more to mold public sentiment in New England than President Manning. His friend David Howell of Providence, was also a man of mark. He was one of the first lawyers of the day; and a most accomplished and varied scholar, as well as an ardent patriot. Mr. Howell also represented his colony in the Continental Congress for three years.

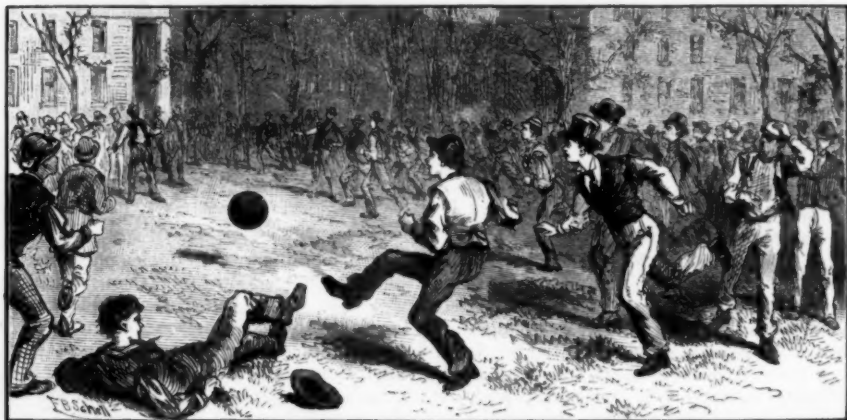


ARNOLD GUYOT,—BLAIR PROFESSOR OF GEOLOGY AND
PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.

Even in Connecticut, the seat of honored old Yale, Princeton men were in the forefront during the Revolution. The name of Oliver Ellsworth will never be forgotten. In Congress and in the councils of his own State he shone as a star of the first magnitude. Jesse Root, a distinguished lawyer, was also from Connecticut. In 1777, he raised a company in Hartford and joined General Washington, by whom he was immediately promoted. But the public councils demanded such men, so that from 1779 till the close of the war he represented Connecticut in the Continental Congress.

The number of statesmen educated at Princeton is truly remarkable. At one period one-sixth of the Senate of the United States were her graduates, and in the Continental Congress ten of the thirteen colonies were represented by Princeton men.

Besides those already mentioned, glance for a moment at some names taken at random from the catalogue. John Bacon, of Massachusetts, the clergyman, judge and United States Senator; William Channing, of Rhode Island, Attorney General of his state, and United States District Attorney, and the ancestor of a distinguished line; Tapping Reeve, of Connecticut, an eminent lawyer and the educator of lawyers; Edward Livingston, the profound jurist and statesman, and his brother Henry Brockholst Livingston, who so long adorned the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States,—both of New York; Charles Ewing, the elegant gentleman and distinguished Chief Justice of New Jersey, and Samuel L. Southard of the same State, Senator, Secretary of the Navy and a brilliant orator; William Bradford, the first Attorney General of the United States, and John Sergeant, pre-eminent both in law and in statesmanship,—both from Pennsylvania; Gunning Bedford and James Ashton Bayard, of Delaware; Robert Goodloe Harper and Benjamin Chew Howard, of Maryland, whose reputations are continental; William B. Giles and Charles Lee, of Virginia, worthy successors of a noble race of statesmen; Alexander Martin and William Gaston, of South Carolina; William H. Crawford and John Forsyth, of Georgia, and

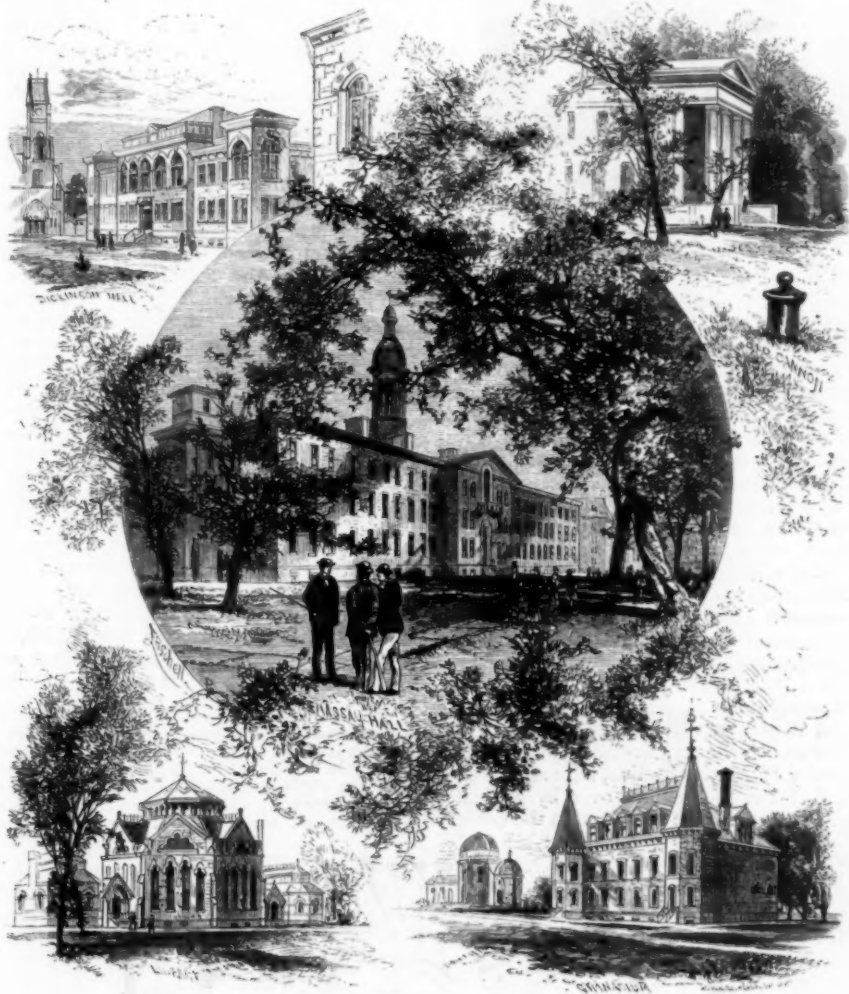


FOOT-BALL AT PRINCETON.

many other eminent men from the various states. To give in one view the number of Princeton graduates who have adorned public offices, we find: one President of the United States; two Vice-Presidents; one Chief Justice of the Supreme Court; four

fifty members of Congress, and seventeen Foreign Embassadors.

Princeton cannot compare with the older New England colleges in authorship; her work has been rather in the field than in the study,—wielding the sword and baton



PRINCETON SKETCHES.

Associate Justices; four Secretaries of State; four of the Treasury; three of War; four of the Navy; five Attorney Generals; one Postmaster General; twenty-five Governors of States; one hundred and seventeen Judges of State Courts; one hundred and

rather than the pen. And yet she does not lack able writers. In a collection lately gathered of the publications of her alumni, are found 250 volumes and over 700 pamphlets, comprising, perhaps, one-half of the whole, embracing works on theology, men-



THE NEW DORMITORY, WITHERSPOON HALL.

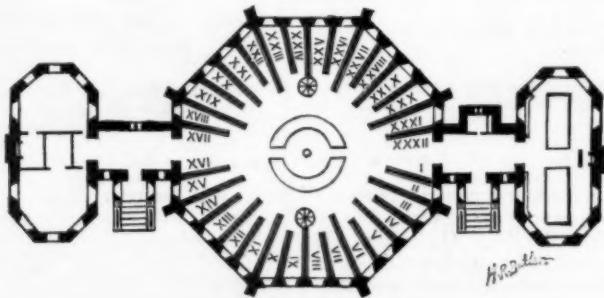
tal and physical science, mathematics, medicine, law, fiction, *belles-lettres*, and poetry, some of them masterpieces in the various departments; and from present indications, Princeton is advancing in this direction rapidly. Perhaps a comparison of the little Latin Grammar, entitled, "The Newark Grammar," prepared and published by President Burr in 1752, with the admirable Latin Grammar and Reader by Professor Gildersleeve of the Johns Hopkins University, a Princeton graduate of 1849, will indicate the advance made.

The claim of Princeton to the title of "A Mother of Colleges" will be stated in a word:—Brown University, Union and Hamilton Colleges, the University of Pennsylvania (reorganized), Jefferson and Washington Colleges, Pennsylvania; Hampden-Sydney and Washington Colleges, Virginia; Greenville and Washington Colleges, Tennessee; Transylvania University, Kentucky, and the University of North Carolina, were all founded, and all but one presided over, by graduates of Princeton. She has given to the country

42 presidents of colleges, and 110 professors.

—Some miscellaneous incidents of the olden times will not be out of place in this connection. In the early days of the college it was a serious business to go from New York to Philadelphia, and the bold adventurer might well ask the prayers of the church for a safe passage, as the good people of New York were said to have done when they took sloop for the voyage up the river to Albany. One starting from New York on Tuesday morning would arrive in Philadelphia, if no accident occurred, on Thursday morning. Wednesday night he would pass in Princeton at the "Sign of the College." Here the travelers found a billiard-table, and the host was celebrated for his hot punch and his fine wines,—a serious temptation to the collegians; but they were kept well under the eye of the authorities, and the tradition is that they very seldom transgressed. The name of this early Princeton innkeeper has never come to the surface in modern times, but some of his successors have been known all over the country, as every traveler between New York and Philadelphia passed a night under this hospitable roof. John Gifford in the last century was succeeded by his brother Archer Gifford, and he by "Lord Joline," as James K. Paulding dubbed him. In 1808 Washington Irving and Paulding were in Princeton, waiting upon a friend who was about to marry one of the village belles, and they doubtless made Joline's their headquarters. A few months after, they published that masterly description of the college in "Salmagundi." Its epigrammatic brevity permits its republication here:

"Princeton College—professors wear boots—students famous for their love of a jest—set the college on fire and burned the professors; an excellent joke but not worth repeating—*Mem.* American students very much addicted to burning down colleges—reminds me of a good story, nothing at



GROUND-PLAN OF LIBRARY.

all to the purpose—two societies in the college—good notion—encourages emulation and makes little boys fight;—students famous for their eating and erudition—saw two at the tavern who had just got their allowance of spending money—laid it all out in a supper, got fuddled and cursed the professors for nincoms."

A few years after this Paulding published his "Lay of a Scotch Fiddle," a parody of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," which had just appeared. The fiddler arrives at Prince-

The voyage from Boston to Princeton in those days was like going to the antipodes in these times of rapid transit. John Bacon, a Boston boy, who afterward became distinguished as a member of the Continental Congress, a United States Senator and the Chief Justice of New Hampshire, sailed from Boston on his way to college, in the sloop "Lydia" on the 10th of September, 1751. He has left a diary of the voyage, in which



INTERIOR OF THE LIBRARY.

ton,—but space will allow the quotation of only a few lines:

"With blistered feet they faltering came,
To where old Princeton's classic fane,
With cupola, and copper vane,
And learning's holy honours crown'd
Looks from her high hill all around,
O'er such a wondrous fairy scene
Of waving woods and meadows green
That sooth to say, a man might swear,
Was never scene so wonderous fair
* * * * *

Even now he reached the welcome door
That ne'er was shut against the poor
Where *lord Josine* his merry cheer
Deals out to all from far and near."

he gives us his outfit and the price of each article. Here is his statement:

5 quarts of West Ind. Rum.....	£1. 17s. 6d.
¼ lb. of tea, @ 48s.....	12
Canister.....	6
1 doz. fowls.....	2 10
2 pounds of loaf Sugar @ 8s.....	16
1 doz. and 8 lemons.....	1 9
3 pounds butter.....	12
Box.....	5

His stock of clothes might well suit a collegian of the present day; it consisted of two close coats, one great coat, two jackets, thirteen shirts, seven pairs of stockings, six

caps, four cravats, three handkerchiefs, and one pair of breeches. His library was not so complete as his wardrobe; it contained, Bible, Latin and Greek Testaments and grammar, dictionary and lexicon, Ward's "Introduction to Mathematics," Gordon's "Geology," with Virgil and Tully. He carried letters of introduction to Governor Belcher and President Burr giving him the highest character for sobriety and studiousness. The West India rum and the lemons were probably intended as medicine.

From a little book published in 1764, now exceedingly rare, we catch a glimpse of the student of the day at his meals:

"Tea and Coffee are served up at breakfast. At dinner, they have, in turn, almost all the variety of fish and flesh the country here affords, and sometimes pyes. No luxurious dainties or costly delicacies can be looked for among the viands of a college, where health and economy are alone consulted in the furnishing of the tables. These however are plentifully supplied without weight or measure allowance; and the meals are conducted with regularity and decorum. The general table drink is small beer or cyder; chocolate is sometimes served as a change."

About this time the passage of the Stamp Act created quite a commotion in the little college world, and the students, with one consent, resolved henceforth to wear nothing but homespun clothes—a resolution which was faithfully carried into effect.

James Madison, then a boy at college, writes to his father under date of July 23d, 1770:

"We have no public news but the base conduct of the merchants in New York in breaking through their spirited resolutions not to import; a distinct account of which I suppose will be in the 'Virginia Gazette' before this arrives. The letter to the merchants in Philadelphia requesting their concurrence, was lately burned by the students of this place in the college yard, all of them appearing in their black gowns, and the bell tolling."

How truly was the boy the father of the man!

Just as the Revolutionary war was beginning in 1774, among the young graduates was William Stevens Smith of New York City. Returning home, he commenced the study of law, and had almost completed his studies when the disastrous battle of Long Island determined him to take up arms for his country. But his parents disapproving of this step, he enlisted as a common soldier without making himself known. Being one day on duty at the door of a general officer,

he was recognized by a friend of his family, who spoke of him to the commanding officer. He was immediately invited to dinner, but he answered that he could not leave his post of duty. His corporal was directed to relieve him, and after dinner he returned to his post. Charmed with his zeal, the general in a few days appointed



JUDGE ELBERT HERRING.

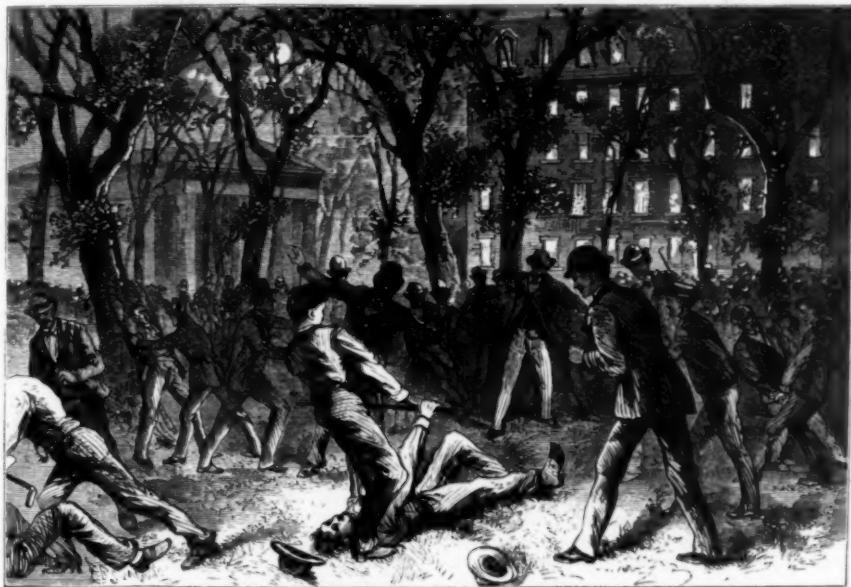
him an aid-de-camp. In 1780 he commanded a battalion of light infantry under La Fayette, and the next year was made aid-de-camp to General Washington, with whom he remained until the end of the war. Colonel Smith attended John Adams to the court of St. James, as secretary of legation, and married his only daughter.

In 1783 the Continental Congress met at Princeton. As the president of Congress was a trustee of the college, and the president of the college had recently been a distinguished member of Congress, and as that body was holding its sessions in Nassau Hall, as an act of courtesy it adjourned to attend the annual commencement of that year. Upon the stage, besides the trustees and the graduating class, sat the Ministers of France and Holland, and the Commander-in-Chief of the American army. The valedictorian on that occasion was Ashbel Green, afterward president of the college. He concluded his oration with an address to General Washington. Let the orator finish the story: "The General colored as I addressed him, for his modesty

was among the qualities which so highly distinguished him. The next day as he was going to attend on a committee of Congress, he met me in one of the long entries of the college, stopped and took me by the hand, and complimented me on my address in language which I should lack his modesty if I repeated to you."

At the time this paper was written, the oldest college graduate in the United States was the Honorable Elbert Herring of New York City, who took his degree in 1795. He was also probably the oldest living lawyer in the country. At the inauguration of President McCosh in 1868, Judge Her-

its pious founders. Old Nassau Hall still stands, although it has been purified by fire more than once. Modern improvement has entirely renovated the interior, while the grim old walls stand as they did one hundred and twenty years ago, bearing on their face the marks of hostile cannon-balls. The public hall, before described, has been doubled in size, and under the magic touch of Dr. Guyot, has become a Geological Museum, unsurpassed, for one of its size, in America. The frame which once contained a picture of George II. which was destroyed by a cannon-ball in the Revolutionary war, still hangs on the wall;



THE ANNUAL CANE FIGHT ON THE CAMPUS BETWEEN FRESHMEN AND SOPHOMORES.

ring and his class-mate Joseph Warren Scott, a distinguished lawyer of New Jersey, were present on the stage; and attention was drawn to the singular fact that these two men were graduated the same year in which ex-President Maclean (just retiring from office on account of age and infirmity) was born. Judge Herring died, during 1876, in his one hundredth year. He was the last survivor of those who received instruction from the lips of Witherspoon, and followed his remains to its last resting-place.

Princeton College of to-day is the fruit of the prayers, the self-denials and the faith of

but instead of the portrait of the king, it has for many years contained a painting by Charles Peale, of the death of General Mercer, who fell at the battle of Princeton. The most prominent figure in the picture is General Washington—a life-sized portrait. This picture was a gift of General Washington in 1783.

After the Revolutionary war, the college, which had descended to the lowest point, began to revive, and under the able administration of Presidents Samuel Stanhope Smith and Ashbel Green, it made great advances, but it was not until the administration of President Carnahan, with a faculty



THE JOHN C. GREEN SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL.

embracing such men as John Maclean, James W. Alexander, Albert B. Dod, Joseph Henry and John Torrey, that it attained a commanding position. And now again, under an efficient board of trustees, with President McCosh and a most able faculty to conduct its internal affairs, it stands the peer of any institution in the land. And it has been advancing with the times. Within the last few years upward of \$1,350,000 has been contributed by generous friends for its maintenance and extension. The late Mr. John C. Green gave, in all, about \$750,000. The number of buildings has been doubled. Upward of a dozen new branches of study have been added, and half a dozen new professorships; and an entirely new department, the John C. Green School of Science, with a competent staff of professors, has been established. All the students pursue the same course of study for the first two years and then pass the biennial examinations. In the junior and senior years, while required to take certain studies, they have a selection allowed them in others; to a limited extent in the junior year and to a larger extent in the senior year, in which all the recent branches of science and literature have a place. Learning is encouraged by a number of high prizes and fellowships which are gained by competition. There are, commonly, half a dozen Princeton fellows pursuing high research at Princeton or some of the German universities. There is no reason why this system

may not call forth as erudite men as proceed from Oxford, Cambridge, Berlin and Edinburgh. By raising the standard the number of students has been largely increased instead of diminished, as some feared. The number under instruction, which was 238 in 1865-6 at the close of the war, has risen steadily and is now 483—not including 46 at the preparatory school.

Nassau Hall is now the center of a cluster of noble buildings which have sprung up as if by magic within the last few years, all of them the gifts of generous friends in New York City, among whom the name of John C.

Green must ever stand conspicuous. The number of public edifices is fourteen—all built of stone, and some of them peculiarly beautiful in design, and imposing in general effect.

Nassau Hall has already been mentioned. The interior, since the last fire, has been entirely remodeled, and furnishes admirable accommodation for many students.

East and West Colleges stand at right angles to Nassau Hall on opposite sides of the rear campus. These buildings are alike in size and form,—are four stories and a half high, and are used as sleeping-rooms and studies.

Whig and Clio Halls were built and are used by the two literary societies connected with the college. They are of stone, sixty-two feet long by forty-one wide, and two stories high. The columns of the porticoes are of the Ionic order, copied from those of a temple of Illissus; the model of the buildings in other respects, was the temple of Dionysius in the Ionian city of Teos. They are situated on the eastern side of the rear campus, and face Nassau Hall.

Reunion Hall stands on a line with West College nearer to Nassau Hall. The apartments for students are complete in every respect. This building is four stories and a half high, and was erected during the year of the reunion of the Presbyterian Church, and hence its name.

The Gymnasium is a unique and beau-

tiful structure, standing west of Reunion Hall, facing the south-east. It was the gift of Messrs. Robert Bonner and Henry G. Marquand, of New York City. Its appointments are complete, and it is under the direction of an accomplished master of athletics.

The Halstead Observatory is the gift of N. Morris Halstead, Esq., of Newark, N. J. It stands on a line with and west of the Gymnasium.

Witherspoon Hall is now in the course of erection. When completed it will be one of the most imposing buildings in Princeton.

Philadelphian Hall is the oldest building of the group next to Nassau Hall, having been erected in 1805. It formerly contained the library and the halls of the literary societies. It is now occupied by the Philadelphian Society, an organization for religious culture, and contains also two or three lecture-rooms.

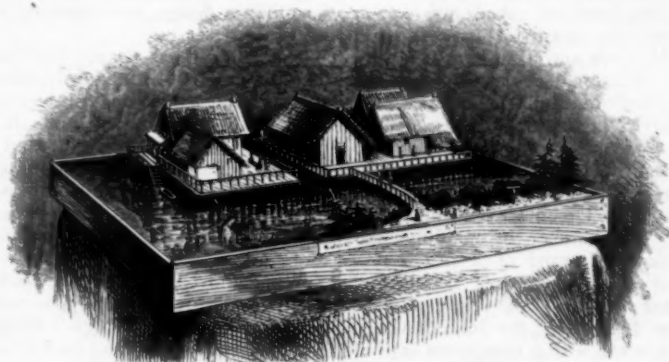
The Chancellor Green Library, standing on a line with Nassau Hall, and north-east of it, is a gem of architectural beauty and convenience. Principal Tulloch, of St. Mary's College, St. Andrews, who visited

the colleges of this country last spring, in a late number of "Good Words" calls it "the most perfectly adapted and beautiful building for a library I ever saw." It was the gift of John C. Green, Esq., of New York.

Dickinson Hall, on a line with the library, to the north-east, is occupied with lecture and recitation rooms. A more complete and comfortable suite of rooms for the purpose could not be designed. This was also the gift of Mr. Green.

The Chapel, in the rear of Dickinson Hall, is soon to give place to a more commodious and elegant structure.

The John C. Green Scientific Hall is a noble and striking edifice, standing at right angles to Dickinson Hall, and facing the front campus. It contains lecture and recitation rooms, chemical, physical and assay laboratories, drawing and photographing rooms and a Museum of Natural History, besides the private rooms of the professors. The laboratories are supplied with all the apparatus requisite for the study of all the higher branches of science.



MODEL OF ANCIENT SWISS LAKE-VILLAGE, IN THE MUSEUM.

TO HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW,

ON HIS BIRTHDAY, FEB. 27th, 1877.

COULD greetings meet from either hemisphere,
And speak at once what from the heart upthongs,
How Babel-voiced the praises thou wouldst hear
Since all the nations love and learn thy songs!
What though thy life-clock strike the dusky hour!
With thee it is not that, but brilliant day.
Like Northern skies, thy light still holds its power
To bless both Toil and Travel on their way.
Thy Northern sun not hinting yet of night,
Well may we say, "The hour has not struck right."

THE YOUTH OF GILBERT STUART.

BY HIS DAUGHTER.



GILBERT STUART, AT ABOUT THE AGE OF 22 (FROM A COPY BY MISS STUART OF THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY THE ARTIST HIMSELF).

GILBERT STUART, the father of the painter of that name, was born at Perth, Scotland, where he was educated for the "Kirk of Scotland," by his father, who was a Presbyterian clergyman.

The young man, who was in opposition to the father on the subject of politics, joined the standard of the Pretender, Prince Charles Edward, and was at the battle of Culloden. After that defeat he fled to the colonies, in 1746, and settled in Rhode Island.

Stuart (who now was a young man of nine-

teen or twenty years), in wandering about full of plans for the future, met a former friend and fellow-refugee, Dr. Moffit, who was in the same state of mind. The doctor suggested the idea of cultivating tobacco for the manufacture of snuff, one of the most "fashionable" articles of the time. They concluded to go into this business together, and so the mill-seat was selected in that part of the colony of Rhode Island called Narragansett. My grandfather's mechanical genius resulted in the construction of a

mill to grind their snuff; and there he settled and made some money for Dr. Moffit, but very little for himself. Afterward, he invented a machine for loading vessels, by which some other person was very much enriched, while the inventor never had the slightest benefit from it; so much for genius.

Some time after this he married Elizabeth Anthony, a very handsome woman, the beauty of whose person is mentioned in "Sabine's Loyalists." She was the daughter of John Anthony, originally from Wales, a farmer of large property, in Middletown, near Newport, R. I. His farm, called "White Hall," is celebrated as having been the residence of Dean Berkeley, author of "The Minute Philosopher," a man with "every virtue under heaven," as Pope says of him. Gilbert Stuart, with his handsome young bride, returned to Narragansett and built their house with the mill attached to it, at the head of Petaquanset Pond or Narrow River, about fifty rods above where it empties into the pond; the place was called North Kingston. Here they lived in the most primitive and happy manner. They had three children: James, who died in infancy; Ann (afterward Mrs. Newton, mother of Stuart Newton, the artist), and Gilbert Stuart, the subject of this memoir.

How well do I remember listening to my grandmother's stories of those dear old times; for instance, how they would both go to church on a pillion. On one occasion, my grandfather (who was the most absent-minded of men), while jogging along, lost in a reverie, dropped my grandmother on the road. He soon became aware of her absence, however, and turning suddenly, rode back, exclaiming, "God's-my-life, are you hurt?" There she sat, enjoying her anticipation of his surprise when he should discover her plight.

Their son, Gilbert Charles Stuart, artist, was born on the 3d of December, 1755. On the following year he was christened at St. Paul's Church, Narragansett. From the church records we copy the following:

"April 11th, 1756, being Palm Sunday, Dr. McSparrow read prayers, and baptized a child named Gilbert Stewart, son of Gilbert Stewart, the snuff-grinder—sureties, the Dr and Benjamin Mumford and Mrs. Hannah Mumford, St. Paul's Church; Narragansett."

The clergyman made a mistake in spelling his name; the family were very particular to spell it thus—"Stuart."

The house in which Gilbert Stuart was born is still standing in North Kingston, a quaint, gable-roofed old house.

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Mrs. Stuart, my father's mother, coming into some little property about this time, removed to Newport, R. I., partly that Gilbert should have the advantage of a Latin school kept by the Rev. George Brissett, Episcopal minister, employed as assistant at Trinity Church (from 1767 until 1770). Here he remained for two years, sketching his boy friends and trying to acquire some knowledge of music. From childhood he showed a talent for the arts, and was remarkable for his keen observation. When he was about five years old, his mother and some friends were conversing before him and discussing some particular person, when they observed him drawing on the earth. In a few minutes he called their attention to what he was doing; imagine their astonishment when they saw a most striking likeness of the gentleman who had been the theme of their conversation. Once, while watching a criminal passing to his execution (a circumstance of such rare occurrence that it was a subject of curiosity to every one), he heard some persons expressing their surmises as to the individuality of the hangman, who was enshrouded to his feet. They wondered who in Rhode Island had been found to perform the office.

"Oh," said Stuart, "I know who it was."

"Pray, sir, who was it?" said my grandmother.

"John S ——" answered he, giving the name.

"What put that into your head?"

"I knew him by his shoes" (shoes),—and he proved to be correct.

My grandmother, although she had only such an education as the colonies afforded at that time, cultivated her mind by reading, and was considered a very superior woman, and was anxious that her son should be well educated. He would often in after years laugh about her instructing him in his Latin grammar, without knowing one word of it herself; and yet, he said, she had laid the foundation of his Latin, in which study he afterward became proficient.

Young Stuart was, at this time, at the very head and front of mischief of every kind, but a great favorite with all his school-fellows,—a sort of master-spirit, his companions willingly yielding him the lead on every occasion.

At fourteen he commenced painting. Thomas R. Hunter, of Newport, has in his possession two dogs (Spanish), painted by him at this time, that would do credit to a painter more advanced in the art.

About this time a Mr. Alexander came to Newport,—a Scotch gentleman who visited this country, it was supposed, from political motives, but in reality for the benefit of his health. He was an artist of considerable talent, and painted a number of Scotch gentlemen during his stay in Newport. This brought him in contact with young Stuart, in whom he became very much interested. He instructed Stuart, and finally took him to Scotland between 1771 and 1772, but, unfortunately, died soon after. He had, however, created for Stuart a strong interest with his friend Sir George Chambers, who had only time to secure an interest for him in the University of Glasgow, when he also died, leaving the young lad among strangers, with scarcely money enough to pay his way. However, he painted several portraits, which enabled him to remain long enough at the University to give him at least a classical taste. He did not remain here more than two years, as he had not the means to appear well among his companions. This was more than his pride could brook. He returned home, working his passage back, I have heard—though this I very much doubt. Here he soon found himself among his old friends, with as much employment as an artist as he could wish, painting some very fair portraits among the wealthy Jews,—one of these was a whole-length of the Jewish Rabbi, which is somewhere in New York now. He also painted all of the Lopez family. He made money enough, at any rate, to make him feel that he might venture to go to England. Accordingly, he sailed June 16th, 1775, and arrived in London in September, with the express purpose of studying with Benjamin West, the great painter of the day.

Arriving at London, Stuart went into cheap lodgings, now and then painting a portrait at prices so low as scarcely to give him bread. He seemed to be under some terrible ban at this time, for he had brought letters to the Honorable Mr. Grant, a Scotch gentleman, and painted a group of the children and a full-length of this gentleman, which were not seen until after he had been with Mr. West for some time. They afterward helped to make his reputation.*

He lived in this way for two years before he became acquainted with Mr. West, although it was the sole purpose of his visit to England. All of this time he had there an old school-fellow (and friend, as he thought), who was his constant companion, and was also a daily visitor of West's, who could have introduced him at any time. Why did he not speak of Stuart, who he knew had all that shrinking which is the accompaniment of real genius in a young person? Why did he not,—particularly as the kind interest that West took in his own countrymen was well known? This friend makes it appear that he sustained him, and he even says that he spoke to some ladies to take care of him, as the best thing he could do. It would have been more to his credit if he had mentioned to Mr. West that a young artist, an American, had come all the way to England to study under him, and was too diffident to present himself. Stuart, however, in a moment of desperation, summoned his courage and called on West, without introduction. Mr. Wharton, of Philadelphia (who was in London at that time), happened to be at Mr. West's when Stuart called. He has often spoken of this fact with great satisfaction among his friends, and relates the circumstances as follows:

He was dining with several Americans at Mr. West's, when a servant told Mr. West that some one wished to see him. He made answer, "I am engaged;" but, after a pause, he added, "Who is he?" the servant said: "I do not know, sir; but he says he is from America," whereupon Mr. Wharton said: "I will go and see who it is." He went out, and saw a handsome youth in a fashionable green coat. He talked with him some time, and finding that he was the nephew of Joseph Anthony of Philadelphia, who happened to be a friend of Mr. Wharton's, he answered for him at once, and returning to Mr. West, told him that he was satisfied he was of respectable connections, and Mr. West came out and received him most cordially. Stuart told him of his long desire to see him,

discovered it; and, like a true boy, is fond of teasing her about it." Stuart took the hint, and painted a picture of the girl looking at herself in the water; the boy behind her, throwing a stone in it to spoil the mirror.

Stuart was very young and inexperienced at that time, and this picture must have been very inferior as a work of art, but I dare say it had some merit. Whether it is in existence or not, I cannot pretend to say. He loved the memory of the Duke, as the latter had shown a very great interest for him when he was young, struggling with his adverse fortune. This Duke was the Lord Percy who was in Newport at the time of the Revolution.

* Stuart visited at Scion House (one of the country seats of the Duke of Northumberland), where he painted the Duke and two of his children. He inquired of the Duke if he had any particular fancy about the composition of this picture; after some little conversation, he said: "I think my girl has found out that she is very pretty, and the boy has

and of his great wish to improve himself in the arts—to all of which West listened with kindness and attention. He then requested Stuart to bring to him something that he had painted, which Stuart did; in a few days from that time he commenced his studies with West, and finally became domesticated in his family in the summer of 1777. Stuart was then twenty-two years of age.

The pretended friend, previously mentioned, finding that Stuart had such good fortune, and wishing to appear generous, called and told Mr. West that he was very much interested in a young artist by the name of Stuart. He was informed, however, that the young artist had already been introduced. I am sorry to say that Stuart could never quite forgive this unaccountable conduct in one who had known him from his boyhood, and who also knew the struggle he was enduring. They often saw each other in this country afterward, but there was an estrangement.

Stuart, previous to his acquaintance with Mr. West, had devoted much of his time to music, and went into every place in London where it could be heard. This accomplishment now became the means of his support, for the fact was that although greatly benefited by his sojourn with that artist, it was not in a pecuniary way, for Stuart still found his pockets empty. Walking, one day,—this was about 1776,—through a place called Foster's Lane, he heard the tones of an organ proceeding from a neighboring church. The door being open he walked in, and found the vestry listening to candidates for the situation of organist. He asked permission to try his skill, which was acceded to, and he was accepted with a salary of thirty pounds a year.

At this period he was attending the discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds; studying anatomy with the celebrated Dr. Cruikshank; drawing during the evening in the life school, and painting with Mr. West, who was so fully employed that he could not complete the works he had undertaken as soon as required. The consequence was that my father's pencil was in constant requisition, and the employment gave him great facility in the execution of his work. There is no doubt that he acquired a great deal of information while with Mr. West, but little advantage in a financial point of view. There was a galaxy of men of distinguished genius in England at that period,—Johnson, Barry, West, Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Romney, Kemble, Fuseli, and Gains-

borough. The rays from these great luminaries found their way into the mind and heart of young Stuart, fostering his genius and kindling his aspiration for fame.

The English school at this time was in harmony with his own idea of art,—the pursuit of nature,—an idea which is evident in his earliest efforts. France was then far in the background in this respect. Now we turn in that direction with admiration and humility.

One of my father's favorite artists was Romney. It is curious to observe that his name is now seldom mentioned; but it has been impressed on my memory from the fact that just previous to my father's last illness, he was making arrangements to send me to England to be under the care of his old friend, Sir William Beechey. He then very earnestly advised and urged that I should obtain heads painted by Romney, as being exceedingly beautiful and more true to nature than any others he had ever seen, not even excepting those of Sir Joshua, much as he admired the latter.

My father used to relate the circumstance of his going with some choice colors to Sir Joshua, as a present from Mr. West. Reynolds took him into his painting-room to show him his picture of Mrs. Siddons, as the Tragic Muse. Sir Joshua, seeing him so delighted, invited him to come and see it when it was finished, which my father was only too happy to do. Going into Reynolds's room, he found him full of anxiety and busily giving the finishing touches, his hair (or his wig) very much disheveled, his stockings rather loose, and his general appearance disordered. The instant my father looked at the picture, he caught his breath with a feeling of disappointment. Sir Joshua perceived this, and asked him if he did not think he had improved it? Stuart answered, "It could not have been improved," and asked, "Why did not you take another canvas?" Sir Joshua replied, "That's true." My father immediately realized what a very great liberty he had taken, and was exceedingly abashed; but the good Sir Joshua bore the criticism very amiably, possibly thinking that the opinion of so young a man was not any great matter.

Stuart was at this time a pale-looking man, about twenty-two years old; of a sad expression and with dark brown hair, which curled slightly about his neck. It was often said that he looked like Charles I. When Mr. West was painting for George III. a picture of Charles arrayed in the

robes of the Order of the Garter, to be placed in Windsor Castle, he sent for Stuart to put the robes on him as a model. He was so struck with the resemblance that he called his students and other persons to see this "extraordinary likeness."

Stuart was five feet ten, with a powerful frame and graceful manners, and was exceedingly well-bred; but with an expression so searching that it amounted to severity—a quality which became more marked as he advanced in life. The writer never can forget accompanying Stuart once to see David's picture of Napoleon. The man who then had the care of the Boston Athenæum—and who was particularly disagreeable to him and to all the artists for his impertinence—came forward very officiously to assist Stuart up the stairs, a service which he did not require. When Stuart arrived at the landing-place, he turned and gave this man such a withering look that it seemed almost to annihilate him. The artists, who had all collected to hear his opinion of the picture, had difficulty to restrain their laughter at this successful rebuff, and often recurred, years afterward, with renewed mirth to the officious fellow's discomfiture. On one occasion, a lady, who was sitting to him, said to my sister Anne, "Oh, your father has such a searching look that I am frightened to death; he looks as if he knew everything I had ever done in my life."

In 1784, Stuart was in full employment. He made a portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds for Alderman Boydell, which was afterward purchased by Lord Inchiquin for 250 guineas; a full-length of Lord St. Vincent, also Lord Rodney, from which the bronze statue was made (this nobleman was very much attached to Stuart, and evinced it in many ways); a portrait of John Kemble; a head of Mrs. Siddons for her brother-in-law, Mr. Twiss; also the Duke of Northumberland and his children; Admiral Barrington and Miss Charlotte Clive, daughter of Lord Clive. The last was a beautiful picture of a very lovely woman; she was named after the Queen, who had stood as sponsor in person for her. This circumstance, combined with her other attractions, marked her as a great belle. The girl died soon after her portrait was finished, much to the regret of all the fashionable world. Mr. West was then employed to make six copies of this picture, at 50 guineas each. Stuart painted also fine portraits of Alderman Boydell and Colonel Barré.

While painting Woollett, the celebrated

engraver, Stuart's dog—who had taken a great dislike to the eccentric-looking sitter—would bark so furiously that he would have to be put out of the room. When the picture was finished it was placed on the easel. Dash walked quietly into the room, and the moment he saw it, it seemed as if he would tear it in pieces. Similar incidents occurred several times with Stuart's pictures. During the absence of Captain Gerry of the navy, whom my father had painted, some of the family going into his room where the picture was, found his dog with his two paws on a chair, looking up at the portrait, with a most melancholy expression.

Stuart seldom evinced any vanity about his own works, so that when he did, the occurrence is memorable. He often spoke with great pride of a sketch which he made of John Kemble, in the character of Macbeth,—when he comes in and finds the witches conjuring a charm over a cauldron, and exclaims:

"How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags? What is't you do?"

He left England without ever knowing what had become of this picture.

In 1782, Stuart left Mr. West, and took a house in Berners street, at one hundred and fifty pounds a year.

He was, about this time, introduced to Miss Charlotte Coates, whom he afterward married. She was a daughter of Dr. Coates, of Berkshire, England. Her brother and Stuart had met at the anatomical lectures of Dr. Cruikshank. They soon became intimate friends; and, although the Doctor was very much attached to him, and admired his genius, he was perfectly aware of his reckless habits, and with the rest of her family opposed the match violently, but at length consented; and they were married May 10th, 1786, by the Rev. Mr. Springate. She was exceedingly pretty, but her greatest charm to Stuart was her singing. Her voice was a superb contralto, and, when speaking, it was remarkably attractive. The celebrated Fuseli was delighted with her singing, and would make her repeat her songs, which was a great source of pride to her as long as she lived, as he was remarkable for his fastidious and refined taste.

Stuart at this time lived in very good style, and was sought by the most eminent persons of the day. He was the delight of every place at which he made his appearance. He was then remarkable for the extreme ele-

gance of his dress. His musical parties were composed of the best musicians in London; and at these concerts he took a prominent part, as he himself played well on several different instruments.

The manner in which he lived should not be called extravagant, as his employment warranted the outlay; his distinction as an artist entitled him to it; the class of persons he painted for required it. His want of knowledge of business matters was his great difficulty. He could not comprehend the positive necessity of counting his pennies. He seldom took a receipt. If he did happen to obtain one, it was generally cast away as worthless. It is not surprising that he soon became very much embarrassed in his circumstances.

About this period he was invited to go to Ireland, to paint a portrait of the Duke of Rutland, then Lord Lieutenant. As he approached Dublin, he met the funeral cortège of the Duke. This was a severe disappointment, but the moment it was known that he had arrived, he was called upon by his friends and the public, and was soon fully employed by the nobility. Among others were the lamented Lord Fitzgerald, Lord Farnham, the distinguished Dean Beaton, Lady Dick, Lord and Lady Ormond, the Bishop of Ossory and many others.

He was delighted with the society he met in Ireland; the elegant manners, the wit, and the hospitality of the upper class of the Irish suited his genial temperament. He was so much beloved by them that they tried to claim him as a fellow-countryman. When Mr. Allston was there, he heard them express their grief that Stuart should have ever left Ireland; they would say: "Oh, nobody ever painted such a head as our Irish Stuart could." I am sorry to say that Stuart entered too much into their convivialities. The fact is, it was his misfortune—I might say his curse—to have been such an acquisition to, and so sought after by, society; particularly as he felt he must make some acknowledgment for such incessant attentions and cordial hospitality. The consequence was that he gave dinner parties, as was the fashion of the day. He lived at a place called Stillorgan Park, not far from Dublin. The gentlemen of the surrounding neighborhood constituted his principal society. By all accounts, a more genial and elegant set of men could not be found.

My mother used to relate numerous anecdotes of these gay reunions. After one of these dinner parties, composed of some of

the wits of the day, among them the Rev. Mr. Best, Dean Beaton, and John Kemble, a violent dispute arose as to the possession of the truest eye; it was finally proposed that there should be a mark placed in the garden, that the question might be decided by pistols. Accordingly, they went out, and Stuart, soon seeing the exact state of things, walked deliberately in front of the target,—when they all exclaimed: "Stuart, Stuart, what are you about? By heavens, you will be shot!" "Oh, no," said he, in a very quiet manner; "from all appearance, this is the safest place."

I was always very fond of hearing these old stories; but it gave my mother pain to remember anything associated with reckless extravagance, or what she called his folly.

Notwithstanding all his employment and pleasant companionship, Stuart could not be prevailed upon to remain in Ireland. He was completely absorbed with the idea of returning to America. To execute a portrait of Washington seems to have been his grand purpose; for, instead of returning to England as he at first intended, having made a positive engagement to do so, he sailed for America, and landed in New York in 1792. He was immediately called upon by many persons, all so anxious to sit to him that he took a house in Stone street, which at that time was one of the most respectable streets in the city. Here he painted a great many distinguished persons, and his time was fully employed. Stuart must have made, at this time, his fine portrait of General Gates, of revolutionary memory, which, of itself, would have been sufficient to establish his fame.

About this time he received a letter from his brother-in-law, Mr. Henry Newton, Collector at Halifax, Nova Scotia, requesting him to come there to paint the Duke of Kent, who offered to send a ship of war for him; but most unfortunately, he declined, as his fixed determination was to paint Washington at any sacrifice. He had also entered into a number of engagements which he could not abandon. He always looked upon his declining this offer as the most signal mistake of his whole life.

In 1794, while Congress was in session at Philadelphia, Stuart accomplished his purpose of painting Washington. [See the article by the present writer, in *SCRIBNER* for July, 1876, on "The Stuart Portraits of Washington."] Here he painted many other fine portraits, among them a most lovely head of Mrs. Greenleaf. I was told that Thack-

eray was very much delighted with this picture, also with the portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Davis, which he saw at Mr. Bancroft's; in passing through the library to the dining-room, he stopped before them in admiration. On his return to England, Thackeray wrote of Stuart as quite equal to Titian in coloring. His portrait of Bishop White, I believe, is considered a fine one, as is a head of Horace Binney, Esq., and a portrait of Mr. Hare, which he commenced in London, and finished in Philadelphia. On its completion, Mr. Hare made the requisite payment to my father, who at once said:

"Excuse me, this picture has been paid for."
 "Excuse me for contradicting, Mr. Stuart, but it has not, I assure you," replied Mr. Hare.

My father could not remember the circumstances. Mr. Hare persisted in paying the amount due, and handed him six hundred dollars, which was a high price at that period. The picture was a full-length of Mr. Hare, with his little daughter introduced. This anecdote was related to me by the daughter herself, when quite advanced in life. I write it as an instance of my father's utter inability to transact business.

AN EXPOSITION OF LIFE INSURANCE.

Of all moneyed interests in America, Life Insurance is the least understood. Half a million persons are paying eighty millions of dollars annually,—money for which they have present use, but which, in three cases out of four, they have agreed shall not be returned while they live; they are paying it on contracts which they originally accepted without comprehending them, and which they do not yet fully understand; they know neither the value of the indemnity bought nor the financial condition of the company that sells it. No other payments are made upon so little knowledge, with such blind trust, and with such slight defense against disappointment, the great body of insurers having depended entirely on the interested statements of solicitors, accepting their explanations, following their advice, and believing their promises. At the same time,—perhaps because, although the need unquestionably existed, there has been no demand for it,—there has never been, and there is not now, any publication whatever suitable for use in studying the subject; official reports are practically inaccessible, and also of slender use to those who have not already learned the rules of discrimination; and most insurance literature is of the advertisement nature. But the disappointment of expectations and the non-fulfillment of promises, the failures already recorded, the apparent practical inefficiency of state supervision to conserve the business, and the general pressure of the times, bearing severely upon insurance operations, have at last produced such a feeling of disquiet as to induce the belief that the public now really desires to know what Life Insurance is and does, upon

what foundation of fact it stands, what good ends it serves, and what is its present condition. In this view, the writer—who is in no manner connected with the business and is conscientiously independent as a critic—attempts in the present article, for the benefit rather of those who are concerned as actual or as prospective policy-holders than of those who make inquiry for its own sake, to supply, in a clear but untechnical manner, practical and trustworthy information upon which those who wish may found an intelligent opinion about all material points.

Life Insurance, in a vaguely experimental way, is about 170 years old in England, the earliest mortality table used having been based upon records from 1735 to 1780. The business there is peculiar in its slight employment of personal solicitation; it has been more checkered than here by amalgamations and dissolutions; and, as a whole, the American experience is the more notable and successful. In this country, although a number of states have Insurance Departments, the two possessing the chief importance are those of New York and Massachusetts; the business is concentrated mainly in New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Massachusetts. Excluding a few nominal and benevolent companies, such as the Massachusetts Hospital in 1823, and the New York Life and Trust in 1830, the pioneers in America were the Mutual Life of New York city (now the largest in the world), incorporated in 1842, and the New England Mutual, incorporated in 1835, but organized in 1843. The New York Life, originated for another branch, was diverted into its Life business in 1845; the United States

and Manhattan (1850), and the Knickerbocker (1853), were organized under the state Constitution of 1846 and the first general insurance act, dated April 10, 1849. The general act still in force was passed June 24, 1853, and the next organization was that of the Equitable, July 25, 1859,—that being only the sixth in the state. All following organizations were also under that act, and the process was hurried. There were two more in that year, three in 1860, two in 1862, one in 1863, three in 1864, two in 1865, five in 1866, two in 1867, eight in 1868, seven in 1869, and then the movement virtually ceased. During this period few organizations were made in the other Eastern states. The climax was in 1871 and 1872, the aggregate of policies in force having risen thus: for New York state companies, from \$72,197,436 in 1859 to \$1,059,593,408 in 1871, and \$1,051,970,818 in 1872; for companies of other states doing business in that state, from \$69,300,541 in 1859 to \$1,062,771,773 in 1872; for both sets of companies combined, from \$141,497,977 in 1859 to \$2,114,742,591 in 1872. The number of companies has been reduced, by amalgamations and other modes of retirement, from 41 in New York state and 30 elsewhere, to 18 in that state and 25 other-state companies doing business there, the latter including several small Western companies not long in the state. The number of policies—the number of policy-holders being always somewhat less—was 774,625 for both sets of companies, at the beginning of 1876; the insurance in force, \$1,922,043,146; gross assets, \$403,142,981; liabilities exclusive of capital, \$342,330,952; surplus as to policy-holders, \$60,812,028. The last three items have naturally grown uninterruptedly, but the new business done and the insurance outstanding have been lessening for four years past, the crisis of 1873 having only hastened a backward movement already begun. Still, the interest is a vast one, the contingent and future liabilities, after all shrinkage, nearly equaling the principal of the public debt.*

THE FOUNDATION OF THE BUSINESS.

ALTHOUGH the mathematical calculations in Life Insurance are rather intricate, nothing can be simpler than its foundation

principle, known as the law of average. This may be formulated thus: All ordinary human events, such as births, deaths, marriages, weather phenomena, crimes, casualties, are found to recur with a certain average regularity, when observation is extended over a wide area and a long period. A and B might insure each other at the schedule rates, but they would get no protection from average until they joined with them a large number of others. The application of average to Life Insurance is simply that while nothing is less certain than an individual life, nothing is more so than the duration of life in the mass. That is, if we take a large body of selected persons of the same age, it is utterly uncertain which ones will die in any year, but perfectly certain *how many* will die on the average yearly until all are gone; if more die in one year than is expected, some following years will bring a variance the other way and restore the average. Of course, the rate of mortality increases with age, and the "law" undertakes to affirm merely that out of a given number of selected persons of one age, say 828 will die on the average this year, 848 next year, 870 the next, and so on. To show this progression, the following extract of a few ages is made from the "American Experience" mortality table (the complete table starting with 100,000 selected lives at age 10), showing the number living at each age, the number of deaths during the year, and the ratio of deaths during the year to the number living at that time:

Age.	Number living.	Deaths.	Mortality Rate.
30	85,441	720	.843
36	81,090	737	.909
44	74,985	812	1.083
54	65,706	1,143	1.740
64	51,230	1,889	3.687
74	28,738	2,501	8.703
78	18,961	2,291	12.082
84	6,955	1,470	21.136
86	4,193	1,114	26.567
88	2,146	744	34.669
90	847	385	45.454
92	216	137	63.426

The number of deaths rises annually to age 73, then sinks rapidly, the class being nearly exhausted; the number surviving steadily falls; but the *ratio* of deaths continually increases and the rate of increase in this ratio itself increases.

* This article being written in December, before the accounts for the year are made up, its statements and figures necessarily come down no further than the end of 1875. The insurance field is treated as

if limited to the 45 companies then doing business in New York; the statutory position sketched is that by New York law, unless otherwise stated; and all non-essential exceptions under general statements are passed without mention.

The problem in Life Insurance is therefore this: Assuming a large body of insurers at a given age, what annual payment by each, compounded at a given rate, will suffice to meet the death-losses until all are gone, the aggregate losses necessarily increasing for many years, and the aggregate payments necessarily diminishing from first to last? All Eastern companies assume four per cent. interest; their rates are substantially the same, and have been rigidly adhered to, even in the sharpest competition. To the theoretical or "net" premium a margin or "loading" is added, to cover working expenses and contingencies. The mortality tables affirm the familiar fact that, the older a person is, the likelier he is to die, and hence the theoretically exact rate would increase a little for every year a policy runs; but no one would pay in that manner, and so, to avoid the need of requiring it, "average" is again employed, the younger ages paying too much and the older ones too little, thus making the starting rate the continuous one. Starting at 30 and 40, two men pay \$22.70 and \$31.30 for the same insurance; the first, on reaching 40, involves the same risk as a newcomer starting at that age, but he need not pay as much, because he has been for ten years paying more than his risk cost and has thus laid up a surplus or reserve fund. There must be a large number of persons insured in different localities and occupations, or else the law of average does not operate; if these conditions are fulfilled and the medical selection of lives is judicious, the average mortality is as certain to follow the tables as the planets are to keep their places. If a company fails, some law of business has been violated either in organization or in management.

RESERVE, SURPLUS, AND DIVIDENDS.

As shown in the table, out of a particular body of insured the number surviving to pay premiums annually diminishes to the end, while the number dying increases annually until after age 70 is passed; the outgo for losses grows, and the receipts from the insured fall off. Life Insurance thus presents the apparent paradox of an increasing demand to be met out of a decreasing income. As it is impracticable, although mathematically correct, to charge an increasing premium to cover the increasing yearly risk, the difficulty and the paradox are disposed of by assigning to each age of

entry a rate too high for that age, so that every man pays too much for his age at first; but this excess (his original rate standing unchanged) gradually lessens until he pays really too little. If this excess were not reserved for the purpose of accumulating a "reserve" out of which the heavier payments can be met when the receipts from premiums fall away, obviously insolvency would follow. "Reserve," "net present value," or "re-insurance fund," is that sum in hand which, together with premiums hereafter paid, and improved at a given interest rate, will suffice to meet all policy claims as they mature. Thus a company has \$80,000,000 assets, of which \$70,000,000 is sacredly held as "reserve;" the meaning is that if the company were to issue no new policies the \$70,000,000, compounded at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. interest, with premiums hereafter paid included and also compounded, would suffice to pay the \$305,000,000 of outstanding policies, one by one as they mature, until the last had gone. That the issue of new policies is *not* discontinued does not affect the case. In the mathematical or actuarial view, all persons of one age insuring at one time are regarded as a "class" by themselves. Every person who pays a premium, original or renewal, pays two items in one: First, what it costs to "carry" his risk for that one year; second, a contribution to "reserve," and why this is so must be now apparent. "Reserve" on each policy-group is computed separately; the total "reserve" is computed annually; and it is distinctly to be noted that the "liabilities" of a Life company—exclusive of its current and yet unsettled loss-claims, etc.—are *not* the aggregate of existing policies, but this "reserve" or "net present value" of the policies. Whenever a policy terminates, its reserve terminates as such; while the one lives, the other must be kept, for if it were done away the policies of those who died last would have no funds to call upon. About 83 per cent. of assets is held as reserve, and this explains the existence and imperative necessity of the vast accumulations of the companies. "Surplus" is not peculiar in Life Insurance, being the excess of assets over reserve and current demand-debts; the practice is now to divide it, generally annually, among policy-holders, in varying proportions.

"Dividends" have been the subject of more misrepresentation, misunderstanding, and disappointment, than anything else in Life Insurance. Their normal effect being to

reduce the cost of insurance, the solicitor has almost always—often in entire good faith—overstated them, in order to influence the taking of a policy, or to increase its amount. Ten years ago, "Dividends 50 per cent!" was not an unheard-of advertisement; "But consider your dividends" was a frequent phrase with the solicitor; and while it is true that dividends, if left undrawn, will sometimes so accumulate as to make further payments unnecessary, after a term of years, insurers have been pretty generally persuaded of too short a term, the "magical power of compound interest" being too much invoked. The term itself is a misleading misnomer. There are no dividends, and can be none, in the sense we all understand the word, and it was a long-enduring misfortune that the wrong term got into use instead of the correct one, "return premium;" for the public gathered the notion that, in some vague way, there were profits or "dividends" accruing to them, instead of simply the return of part of their own money. A man whose rate is \$100 finds, when he comes to pay this year, that he has a "dividend" of say \$20; instead of being profits accrued, it is an unnecessary \$20 which he paid last year, and he may now pay \$80, or pay the \$100 and let the \$20 be used in adding say \$60 to the face of his policy. Dividends thus allowed to remain are known as "reversionary," and the additions payable with the policy are known as "reversionary" additions or insurance.

Why, then, have "dividends" at all? Why not reduce the rates instead? These questions are natural and proper. Rates could probably be safely reduced somewhat, and yet this must be done with great caution. Interest being a prime factor in the mathematical calculation, and the contracts being for life, assuming too high a rate would obviously be fatal. New York law assumes $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; Massachusetts law assumes 4 per cent., and on that the rates are cast. But the interest rate realized has always been higher; the mortality experience has been generally lighter than that assumed, and the "loading" for expenses has generally been above the expenses; hence after setting apart the "reserve" a surplus has remained for division. The "dividends" are an unavoidable evil. If their exact amount could be foretold, or if, in other words, the *exact* cost of insurance—literally the exact cost—could be foretold, it would be far better to abandon the system of returns and reduce rates accordingly. But this cannot be.

KINDS OF COMPANIES.

A FEW companies have always been purely Mutual; others have become so by withdrawing their original guarantee capital, on terms provided in their charters; a few are strictly Stock, the insured having no participation in surplus; the largest number are "Mixed," having a stock capital, the division of surplus varying according to charters and by-laws. As to New York companies, the presence of stock since 1853 has been compelled by law; the stock does not insure, nor is it a guaranty in a real sense; in principle the mutual form is the better and capital stock an excrescence; which form is better in practice is a question of management in each instance.*

* The following is a list of the companies doing business in New York or Massachusetts, with the date of commencing business. Those marked (1) do business in New York but not in Massachusetts; those marked (2), in Massachusetts but not in New York; those marked (3) are "Stock" or Proprietary companies, having somewhat lower premium rates; those marked (4) are strictly Mutual, never having had stock; those marked (5) had stock but have retired it; those not marked 3, 4, or 5 are Mixed:

NEW YORK COMPANIES.

1842 Mutual (4).	1864 Brooklyn (1).
1845 New York (4).	1864 Globe.
1850 Manhattan.	1866 American Popular.
1850 United States.	1865 Universal (3).
1853 Knickerbocker.	1866 Atlantic.
1859 Equitable.	1866 Metropolitan.
1860 Germania.	1868 Homœopathic.
1860 Home.	1868 West. N. Y. (1).
1860 Washington.	1875 Provident.

OTHER-STATE COMPANIES.

Massachusetts:	1823 Massachusetts Hospital (2).
	1843 New England (5).
	1845 State Mutual (5).
	1851 Massachusetts Mutual (5).
	1851 Berkshire.
	1862 John Hancock (5).
Connecticut:	1846 Connecticut Mutual (4).
	1850 Charter Oak.
	1851 Phoenix.
	1853 Ætna.
	1865 Connecticut General.
	1864 Continental (2).
	1866 Travelers (3).
	1867 Hartford.
New Jersey:	1845 Mutual Benefit (4).
	1865 New Jersey.
Pennsylvania:	1847 Penn Mutual (4).
	1865 Provident.
Vermont:	1850 National (5).
	1869 Vermont (2).
Maine:	1845 Union Mutual (5).
Ohio:	1867 Union Central.
	1867 Toledo (1).
Illinois:	1868 National of U. S. (3).
Wisconsin:	1858 North Western Mutual (4).
Missouri:	1868 Life Association (4).
Kansas:	1868 Missouri Valley.
	1873 Alliance (1).

KINDS OF POLICIES.

THERE are four kinds of policies: the "Whole Life," maturing and payable at death only; the "Endowment," maturing and payable after a specified number of years, usually 5 to 35, or at death if occurring sooner; the "Term," running from 1 to 7 years, and payable only if death occurs within that time; the "Joint-Life," two persons being insured for an amount payable to the survivor at the death of either. The last is nearly obsolete. The "Term" policy is applicable only to cover a special transient risk, and is little used. The "Life" is the simple and original form, covering three-fourths of all existing insurance. Premiums on either "Life" or "Endowment" may be paid annually during the existence of the policy, or for a specific number of years, from 5 to 20, or even in a single payment once for all. The sooner the policy is to mature, the higher the charge; and as the number of payments to be made is reduced, the amount of each increases. The long-term Endowment is nearly equivalent to the plain Life, and hence costs but little more; the short Endowment is necessarily costly, for on a contract to pay \$1,000 in 5 or 10 years certainly, with the risk of doing it sooner, more than \$100 or \$200 a year must be charged. Hence *short* Endowments are unprofitable, unless for a person enjoying large receipts but unlikely to save up anything, so that the policy will probably result in placing in his hands, at the end of the term, money which otherwise he would not have at all.

The best form of policy is that best adapted to the insurer's circumstances. The ordinary Life is never payable to the insured; the Endowment falls to *him* in his advanced years, if he lives to receive it, and is always preferable—as far as any general rule can be given—if the cost can be afforded. The latter involves the investment or savings principle; the former is pure and simple insurance. A recent form of policy, the "Tontine," runs over a specific term, involves the positive forfeiture of all that has been paid in, defers all "dividends" until the end of the term, and is distinctly based upon the rule of dividing what is lost by those who do not keep up their payments among those who do; it is insurance, but with special hazards. Being of a speculative nature, it should be avoided except by the few who are willing and able to take speculative hazards and who choose it intelligently, never doing so, however, upon the persuasion of a

solicitor. Whether the policy is Life or Endowment, it is generally wise to take a limited number of payments, if pecuniary condition admits; but it is never wise to undertake a heavier payment than there is a reasonable probability of continuing.

CASH AND NOTE.

NEARLY all companies have taken "premium notes," or have in some way granted credit to policy-holders. The notes and loans are 17 per cent. of the assets of the note companies, and 12 per cent. of those of all companies, but nothing could be more erroneous than the assumption that these notes are an unproductive asset, and that the Continental and the Security failed because they were "note companies." No asset can be more productive than the premium note, because it pays interest regularly, promptly, and at the full rate; and it is a perfectly good asset, for it is the obligation of the creditor and a lien on policy claims. A's note is good in settling A's policy, but not in settling B's; some cash is therefore necessary, but so long as the credit proportion is not excessive the credit system in no manner impairs solvency. One-third to one-half is the usual proportion, and the operation is in this wise: in lieu of paying \$100 cash premium, A elects the "half note," and begins by paying \$50 cash, giving a "note" for \$50, and paying one year's interest (\$3.50) in advance; the next year he pays the \$50 as before, gives a second \$50 note, and pays \$7, interest on *two* notes; and so he goes on, each year giving a new note and paying \$3.50 of additional cash. As to the effect upon the policy-holder, suppose that A, as above, insures at age 33 for \$4,000, at \$100 premium; at the fifteenth year, his half cash and interest on notes will require \$102.50, or a little more than the entire premium he would then pay if he had set out on the cash basis, and he will have \$750 in notes outstanding, reducing his policy to \$3,250,—he having only half paid as he went along. Of course, the "dividends" avail to keep down the notes to some extent; the agent has usually given the impression that they could be expected to "take care of the notes," but this has rarely been realized. The advantage of this credit is that the man who has only a moderate and fixed sum in cash can secure for his family a larger return than if he insures merely for what his cash will buy, provided he dies during the early years of his policy; hence the "note" system is the best for feeble and probably short-lived persons.

The disadvantage is, that while the accumulating interest-demand is just, as far as the company is concerned,—because the company must have its interest,—the system makes a delusive appearance of cheapness, decreases the insurance annually, although the payments increase, and produces disappointment. The best companies are gradually abandoning it, and all will probably do so before the end of the century.

USES OF LIFE INSURANCE.

The first and chief use is of course in supplying some inheritance to one's dependents after the death of the provider. "Wife's" policies, as a rule, are not assignable, and they are exempt by law from claims of the husband's creditors. To a limited extent, policies in favor of the insured himself are capable of becoming a business security for loans; and even a "wife's" policy may be a moral security, covering the risk that death may prevent a trustworthy debtor from repaying. Partners in business, by keeping policies on each other, may cover the money loss to follow the death of one, or may provide for the risk that the survivor may be forced either to purchase the interest of the deceased or have his own jeopardized. A mortgage, especially one upon the homestead, may be made less objectionable by covering, with an equivalent insurance, the risk of foreclosure in consequence of the mortgagor's death. Speaking generally, no man in active business can do a more prudent thing, in view of the perpetual hazards of business, than to take out, and pay up, a reasonable Endowment while he is prosperous.

THE "INVESTMENT" VIEW.

TAKING age 35 as an average example, and bearing in mind that, if dividends were estimated and included, the result would be rather more favorable, the plain Life policy, if maturing in 18½ years, will return all the premiums compounded at 7 per cent.; if in 21 years, will return them at 5 per cent.; if in 25 years, at 3 per cent. The 25-year Endowment issued at 35 will pay 7 per cent. if maturing in 14½ years; 6 per cent. if in 15½ years; 4 per cent., in 17½ years; 3 per cent., in 18¾ years. Comparisons are often made between Life Insurance and the savings bank; but they are things too unlike to be compared. The man of 26 who deposits \$20.40 in the savings bank at 6 per cent. compounded will have \$121.89 in 5 years, \$285.02 in 10 years, \$503.32 in

15 years, and \$795.45 in 20 years; but his first payment of \$20.40 to the insurance company secures \$1,000 in the event of his death, as effectually as the twentieth. But he can draw out his money from the bank! Certainly, and the chances are that he will do so, or that he will not keep up his saving process; to make a man's course of saving in his own way the same as Life Insurance he must have a guaranty, not only that his self-denial will be unflagging, but that he will live to complete the process. It should be remembered that insurance is always and necessarily mutual; the stock does not insure; the policy-holders insure one another. Insurance is merely a distribution among many of the burden and loss of one; hence there can be no "money made" in it—nothing can be created by it. Speaking generally, therefore, Life Insurance is not to be sought as an investment return upon specific funds, but as a prudential matter of protection against loss. It is not to "invest," but to "insure." All variations upon the theme "To become insured is to become rich" are the recklessness of advertising.

SOME POINTS OF MISCONCEPTION.

As to the returns to the long-lived.—The return in the case of the early dying is enormous; and of course the risk of being one of that number must itself be paid for. It is irrational to say that because one has not died nothing has been received for the money from year to year; this plea is not made in respect to insurance against fire, and each must pay his share of losses and working expenses. Taking 80 as the limit of life, there can rarely if ever be a case where a maturing policy fails to return at least the money paid on it; hence, as a nearly invariable rule, nobody pays more for his insurance than the use of the premiums. But this statement applies only to matured policies, not to lapsed or surrendered ones.

As to requiring medical examination, thus denying insurance to those who need it most.—This is simply hard necessity. Healthy persons would not join diseased ones, and as to charging more on the latter, or taking them by themselves, the trouble is that as yet it has not been found practicable to construct any mortality tables for diseased persons.

As to enforcing forfeiture as penalty for non-payment of premium.—Irregularity would destroy the business, and without some penalty there would be nothing but irregularity. Massachusetts law prolongs policies for a certain time after lapse, and a recent

decision of her courts declares that the law applies to all policies *issued* within the state. Harshness of practice as to forfeiture is now generally mitigated, with all companies.

As to resistance made to the collection of claims.—Clearly, if resistance were the rule—as some assert it is—the procuring of new business would long ago have stopped. The proportion of claims resisted is probably not over two per cent., and that of litigated claims still smaller; in this respect at least, officers are very sensitive to public opinion, so much so that, for the sake of expediency, some claims neither legally nor morally good have been settled. It is only just to remember that a Life Insurance company is not a corporation at all, except in the legal sense. The members, and they only, are “the company;” each one is both insured and insurer; the assets, receipts, and expenditures, are all theirs only, and any unjust expenditure is their loss. The stock is an incident, and the stockholders have no moral right to control the affairs. So far as the company is mutual,—and entirely so if it is mutual solely,—the officers occupy the position of arbiters between the members; they may act unwisely and unjustly, but the ordinary motive for doing so is lacking, for if they rob one they favor all the rest, and if they favor one they rob all the rest.

As to the rate of settlement for policies lapsed or surrendered.—More dissatisfaction has arisen on this subject than on any other except “dividends,” and there have been many instances of sharp and unjust treatment, quite indefensible. But, plainly, the retiring member cannot have back all he has paid; he is not even entitled to all of his own reserve. The mutual character of the compact must be considered; he morally agreed with his fellow-members that he would stay, and if he goes he must not be allowed to make them suffer. The option of terminating the contract rests exclusively with him. The member in impaired health naturally clings to his policy, while the one who gets tired of “throwing away money” is usually one who is in sound health, or thinks he is. If the “sound lives” withdraw freely and in large numbers, the solvency of the company may be impaired, to the injury of the remaining members; hence those who go justly forfeit some of their reserve as protection for the rest. There is a medium between over-liberality and over-harshness, but the living members and those who stay have their right to consideration as well as the

dead and those who retire. The fact that the company is rich has therefore no just bearing upon the equities of particular cases.

As to the compensation of agents.—Competition has caused too much to be conceded to specially successful agents, but as a class they do not earn exceptional incomes; the work being always open to whoever wishes to try it, extraordinary average earnings would speedily reduce themselves. If the time ever comes when the general public will insure without being asked, working expenses will be somewhat reduced; until then, the agents must be paid.

MANAGEMENT AND DIVIDENDS ON STOCK.

The following shows the average annual rate of dividend to stockholders in the eleven “Mixed” companies which have paid the highest, and also the rate allowed stockholders by the charters:

Company.	Per cent. dividends.	Charter allows
Manhattan (P).....	38.48..7%	int. and $\frac{1}{2}$ profits.
Ætna.....	27.82..	charter silent.
*North America (P).....	24.80..7%	int. and $\frac{1}{2}$ profits.
United States.....	14.50..7%	“ $\frac{1}{2}$ “
Brooklyn (P).....	13.02..7%	“ $\frac{1}{2}$ profits.
Home (P).....	11.52..12%	interest.
Continental (P).....	11.33..7%	int. and $\frac{1}{2}$ profits.
Knickerbocker (P).....	10.77..7%	“ $\frac{1}{2}$ profits.
Germania (P).....	10.39..12%	interest.
Equitable.....	8.31..7%	interest.
*Wid. & Orph. Ben.....	8.03..7%	interest, gold.

The companies marked (*) are now extinct. In Mutual companies, the policy-holders, legally, elect the trustees; practically, in all companies alike, they know nothing about the management. The companies marked (P)—and most other Mixed companies—allow policy-holders some participation in elections; a few Mixed companies are controlled, in law as in fact, exclusively by the stockholders.

The second company in the list has paid from 14.62 to 43.66 per cent, the latter rate in 1873; in 1874 and 1875 it paid 30, on \$150,000 capital. The first named in the list, on \$100,000 capital, from 1860–66 averaged 22.96 per cent; since 1866 it has paid successively, 32, 52, 65, 55, 50, 50, 53, 43, 55. The early dividends, in general, averaged much less, yet they seldom fell below a fair interest; and inasmuch as the risk incurred is insignificant, with reasonably good management, and is at first infinitesimal, no just comparison can be made with dividends on Fire Insurance stock, which is exposed to the constant risk of annihilation in a great fire. The amount of stock being trivial, however, the burden imposed on policy-

holders is not heavy, being now not more than one to three per cent. upon the premiums paid; hence the subject is one of morals rather than of money importance. At the same time, strict justice compels the remark that in all corporate book-keeping the ways of concealing items in totals and otherwise making what is literally true convey a wrong impression are so many and so difficult of detection that the companies reporting the largest dividends to stockholders may be only more frank than others. Life Insurance stock seldom appears in market, but in closing an estate some months ago a few shares in a prominent company, \$100 par, were sold at auction at \$453 each, the officers afterward explaining that the price was run up in competition with "wreckers," who desired to acquire the legal footing of stockholders. Insurance officers who seek to retain and justify public confidence cannot act more wisely than plainly to depart from the notorious corporate habit of arranging statements, even those made upon oath to state officers, so that analysis and comparison are nearly impossible.

INVESTMENTS OF COMPANIES.

THE New York law restricts ownership and holding of real estate to such as is actually needed for a company's use or such as is taken for debt and on unpaid mortgages; but this restriction has been liberally construed by several companies. Investments are permitted in first mortgages, to the extent of two-thirds of the value, upon real estate within the state, or outside the state but within 50 miles of New York City; in U. S. stocks, New York State stocks, or in stocks of any city in the state if at par or above; in county or town bonds; or in any stocks created under the laws of the state, which at the time of purchase are at or above par in the market in New York City. The mortgage restriction as to real estate outside of the state is highly absurd, and it puts the New York companies at a disadvantage in respect to interest, as compared with those in some other states; in sharp contrast with it is the strange looseness of the italicized clause, under which the companies might have invested their entire assets in petroleum stocks, in the speculative spring of 1865. That they have never done anything of the sort proves them to have been better managed than the law requires. Some uneasiness is now felt about their mortgages, which in New York State form 60 per cent. of their assets; there

is unquestionably some nursing of them, and a caution about pressing foreclosures; but while the law permits loaning 66⅔ per cent. on the value, the rule with the best companies has been to loan no more than 40 to 50 per cent., and to do that only on the valuation by the company's own appraisers. Approximately, the assets of the companies are: mortgages, 54 per cent.; United States bonds, 6 per cent.; other stocks and bonds, 13 per cent.; premium notes, 12 per cent.; cash, 4 per cent.; other items, 11 per cent.

STATE SUPERVISION.

A DEPOSIT of \$100,000 in bonds is required to be kept by each company in the hands of the Insurance Superintendent, as security for policy-holders. Any 13 or more persons may form a company, under the general act of 1853, upon raising a capital of at least \$100,000, and may commence business upon making the required deposit. Every company must report its condition annually to the Superintendent, according to a specified form; and every fifth year, and annually if he chooses, he is to "value," or compute the "reserve" upon, all their policies, using for that purpose the New York "standard"—4½ per cent. interest—and the "American Experience" mortality table. Obviously, the needed "reserve" is less, if 4½ per cent. is assumed, than if 4 per cent., as the explanation of reserve already given shows; 4 per cent. is the severer and the Massachusetts legal standard, and the best companies voluntarily hold themselves up to that standard. At his discretion, the Superintendent may examine any company, and if he finds its assets insufficient to reinsure its policies,—in other words, if its "reserve" fund is insufficient,—he shall apply to the state Supreme Court for an order on the company to show cause why it should not be closed; if the Court is satisfied that the reserve is insufficient, it shall decree a dissolution of the company and the distribution of all the assets. If the company belongs outside the state, it may, in the event of unsoundness, be excluded from the state. The laws of other states are not widely different as to this point. This being the statutory mode of procedure, the appointment of a receiver on *ex parte* proceedings, as in the case of the Continental, is outside of the insurance act and is obtained by a stockholder in the name of the stock. Whatever may be the practices or the prospects of a company, the Superin-

tendent has no power to interfere by official action until its "reserve" becomes impaired; the presumption of the law is, however, that he will make sure of the correctness of its statements, will watch anything that looks like a downward course, and that as soon as "reserve"—which is another word for solvency—is in the least impaired, he will intervene by closing the company. The law itself is adequate for protection, if only it is ably, vigilantly, and honestly executed.

FINANCIAL SUMMARY FOR 27 YEARS.

THE following table—the first ever published—shows the aggregate receipts and expenditures of the companies, by items, for the 27 years, 1849–75:

Premium receipts.....	\$877,577,307
Interest receipts	177,313,584

Total receipts\$1,054,890,891

Paid claims (20.22 per cent.).....	\$213,326,566
Paid dividends (14.70 per cent.).....	155,040,900
Paid lapsed and pur. pol. (10.75 p. c.)	113,393,614

Total to policy-holders (45.67 p. c.) \$481,761,080

Paid to stockholders (0.55 per cent.)	\$ 5,749,314
Paid expenses (15.92 per cent.).....	167,925,637

Total expenditures (62.14 per cent.) \$655,436,031

Present assets less stock (37.49 p. c.) \$395,459,736

This leaves \$3,995,097 (0.37 per cent.) unaccounted for. But this statement is not presented as a strict or exact balance-sheet, for no such can be made; nor is it complete, for the early reports were meager and the early book-keeping somewhat imperfect. In considering it the reader should understand that interest includes rents, profits on sales of gold and real estate, miscellaneous receipts, and the earnings of capital stock; that expenses include payments for "re-insurance" of large policies and for taxes, the latter being very heavy in most of the states; and that the number of companies reported has all the time been varying, some whose assets are not included in the total given having contributed to the figures. The statement is only a reasonably close approximation, interesting as showing the magnitude of the business and the general proportion of the several accounts thus far.

FAILURES AND RETIREMENTS.

FAILURES as yet have consisted of impairment of reserve, not of the ordinary inability to meet present demands of creditors; there have been some "amalgamations" made in conformity to the letter of the law, but in perversion of its unquestionable intent. The

history of amalgamations in England is melancholy, and it is being repeated in New York, the failing companies being transferred, without the knowledge of their members, to other companies not always of the most desirable character; the explanation is that the best companies are not desirous of taking the assets and risks of mismanaged and run-down concerns, that companies of less strength have been less scrupulous about swelling their business in this way, and that there are some opportunities—concerning the use of which only those in the secret have knowledge—for private bargaining in the transfer. The law provides only vaguely for the voluntary retirement of solvent companies, and is defective as to closing insolvent ones, its intent being to *prevent* insolvency.

CONDITION OF THE BUSINESS.

PENDING the process of thorough examination, it is impossible to state any definite conclusion from actual knowledge, but it is useless to deny that there must be some further mortality in the companies. The first error was the fatal facility of the law of 1853 for organizations. The early Mutual charters required applications for \$500,000 of insurance before issuing policies, and had this precedent been followed by the law, the mischief wrought in 1863–70 might perhaps have been prevented. But, excited by the success of others, and eager for salaried positions, a class of men indifferently successful in other occupations persuaded capitalists, and rushed into Life Insurance; they had all the disadvantages of competition, and their work naturally failed under trial. The next error was the courtesy of the Insurance Department in assuming the correctness of annual statements—although incorrectness does not necessarily prove conscious misrepresentation. The third and constant error has been ignorance and carelessness on the part of the public. The first has corrected itself, at least for the present; the second is likely to be corrected; the third is under the sharp tuition of experience.

The companies (about 25), not represented in New York or Massachusetts, are as a class small ones, claiming the advantage of higher interest on investments, and appealing to local pride for support. They are organized under meager statutory restriction; the idea of a *local* business is positively inconsistent with the principle of average; the obligation to sustain "home interests" should not be considered in con-

nection with Life Insurance; and although some sound companies may be excluded by it, the safest rule directs avoidance of those not admitted to one of those two states.

WHAT THE PUBLIC CAN DO.

THE actual facts of condition are the first thing it is necessary to know, and the time is come for a firm weeding out of the few remaining unsound concerns. A company now hollow and tottering is past restoration; the best course is to dispose of it publicly and under official supervision. The public, therefore, can and should insist upon rigid but not suspicious investigation of all companies; the weak need it, and the strong will be all the better for it. Next, the public can avoid panic and refrain from hasty and sweeping generalizations. Members of unsound companies must do the best they can, taking care lest they exchange bad for bad, and weighing the motives and merits of proffered advice before following it; those yet to insure can learn discrimination. It will be well to insist upon seeing the official Reports, for much can be learned from them; but care should be used not to compare things having no natural connection, such as assets to amount of risk, claims to premiums, etc. Such items as furniture, bills receivable, and agents' balances, are questionable assets, although the last are supposed to be secured. "Commuted commissions"—*i. e.*, money not on hand but money paid out in lieu of other money hereafter to become payable—have no just place in assets. "Deferred premiums"—*i. e.*, quarterly or semi-annual, remaining to be paid during the policy year—and "premiums in course of transmission," are properly treated as assets, provided the reserve on their policies is charged in liabilities. The Southern state bonds held by some companies were bought in obedience to state laws prior to entering the states by agencies.

ABUSES AND FUTURE OF THE BUSINESS.

THE legitimate termination of policies is by death or expiry; yet their average life is but five to eight years. In 1875, 133,095 were issued, aggregating \$299,276,337; 129,404 terminated, aggregating \$319,372,675. The modes of termination were:

By death, 9,002, aggregating	\$24,988,434
By expiry (endowments, etc.) 5,772 ...	7,309,765
By surrender, 29,174	79,774,666
By lapse from non-payment of premium, 61,055	142,903,483
By change, 5,937	21,251,653
By new policies "not taken," 18,464 ...	43,144,674

The following shows the insurance terminating by death and expiry, and by surrender and lapse, together with cash repaid upon the latter class, during ten years past:

Year.	By death and expiry.	By surrender and lapse.	Repayments.
1875 ...	\$32,298,199	\$222,678,149	\$20,414,572
1874 ...	28,859,177	271,819,985	22,453,953
1873 ...	29,823,041	273,258,116	16,669,593
1872 ...	25,845,288	264,362,142	13,932,013
1871 ...	26,278,741	293,367,275	13,940,318
1870 ...	24,163,892	229,094,309	9,909,762
1869 ...	20,214,504	188,985,174	5,114,177
1868 ...	11,546,930	128,723,575	3,760,829
1867 ...	9,316,272	91,346,328	2,669,423
1866 ...	5,059,340	50,292,369	1,212,273
Total.	\$214,005,384	\$2,013,927,422	\$109,476,953

The total surrendered and lapsed during five years past is equal to about 76 per cent. of the issues during that time, and to about 70 per cent. of the amount outstanding at the end of the time; but against the figures of the second column must be set the cash repayments stated in the third, the insurance had while the policies existed, and the fact that the "surrender value" of the policies was used to some extent in purchasing new ones of changed kinds and amounts. How much was paid in upon the policies represented by column two there are no obtainable data for computing.

It is hard to say how far the companies are primarily responsible for substituting the modern "brokerage" of say 25 to 35 per cent. on first-year premiums in place of the old-fashioned commission of say 12 on original premiums and 7 on renewals. The brokerage plan is closely suited to agents who are in haste to be rich, and to managers whose pride and aim are a rapid development of business; but its tendencies are vicious, for it not only destroys all interest on the agent's part in the continuance of the policies, but fosters indifference about the character of the risk and about everything but having the first premium the largest possible. It even tempts him to rotate from company to company, that he may carry his policy-holders with him, thus making it his profit to foster lapses and changes. The most conservative companies assented to it reluctantly, and its abandonment has already begun.

The voting population of New York State being a million, and of the United States eight millions, the possible insurance field is evidently not exhausted; but the above figures prove that the business has been too much forced and has been overdone in the American fashion. Hard times do not

account for the visible waste and decline; there is a loss of confidence and a growing belief that officers and agents have the best part. The suspicion is not without reason. The salaries of officers may be justifiable; they can hardly be called niggardly, and some of the recipients have visibly risen to affluence. The erection of buildings was justifiable and necessary; but some of them are unnecessarily large and elegant, and although they may have once attracted business they now repel it. The half-million members who have dropped out in seven years are naturally more hostile than friendly. The disappointment as to dividends has been deep and general; the credit system has been practically an injury; there have been many cases of reducing liabilities by encouraging forfeiture of policies, on what is known in the financial world as the "freezing-out" plan, this being the readiest method of restoring an impaired company to solvency; the comfortable way followed by managers personally is partly known and indefinitely suspected; the business has been marred by instances of fraudulent collusion, morally wrong expenditures, and sharp practices in dealing with retiring members. Mingled with doubt as to the financial condition, the idea is probably more general than ever before that the business is practically a compound of cheating and untrue pretense. Faithful are the wounds of a friend, and the first step toward removing that idea is to admit its existence.

As already stated, officers of Mutual companies are strictly arbiters between the members; hence when they unjustly retain money they are aiming to hold their own in a competition which bases its claim, un-

soundly but with popular effect, upon large assets and surplus and an astonishing growth of business. Thus the abuses mostly have root in excessive competition, and yet the strength and health of Life Insurance do not require a rapid growth, but are consistent rather with a moderate one. The best to be said in defense of the managers—and it should not be left unsaid—is that the custody of necessary accumulations, the too rapid growth, the general demoralization of the paper era, and the credulous indifference of the public, have tempted their prudence and somewhat dulled their sense of their fiduciary position.

Nevertheless, the decline is not proof that the business has been tried and found wanting, although one era of it is probably past. Its work is a perpetual one which nothing else can perform. But it must be purged of its nonsense and pretense; the rates must be reduced, if practicable; the ratio of working expenses— $6\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. to $8\frac{3}{4}$ in the best companies and from that up to 35—must be lowered; there must be more conservatism and much less pressure. Full publicity, frank dealing, simple truth, and evident economy, are needed on the part of the managers; on that of the public, intelligent opinion in place of blind trust and hasty denunciation. The most effectual corrective of mismanagement would be applied if each man yet to insure would himself study the subject and make a *selection* of such company as he considers sound and properly conducted, refusing to deal with any other. If the logic of the facts is thus recognized on both sides, Life Insurance will rally, after reaching its level and instituting reform, and will yet realize its best experience.

BEDS AND TABLES, STOOLS AND CANDLESTICKS. IX.

STILL HARPING ON THE BEDROOM.

WHAT pleasant places our mothers' bedrooms used to be! In the old-time American formal and pretentious ways of living,—with the dining-room in the basement and on the principal floor the grave-yard parlor, in which none of the ornaments could be touched nor the chairs and sofas sat upon,—it was good that there was one room in the house where domestic feeling was allowed a chance to root itself at ease; where the sun had leave to enter and stretch himself upon

the carpet; where the seats were comfortable, and lolling with a book delightful—a room where the soft-blooming fragrant flowers of the homely motherwort took the place of the testy "touch-me-not" that grew so prim and profuse in the handsome room below.

Up to this room that with its open fire and slipshod neatness seemed always sunny even on dull days, ran the children "home from school" and stormed the maternal citadel for luncheon. Then, out came the

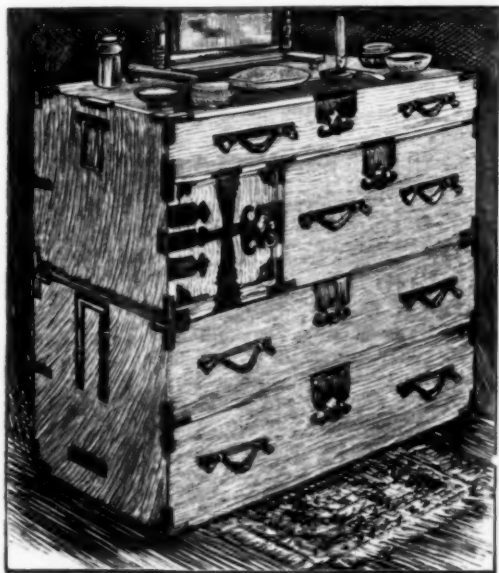
precious tin box, much dearer to the hungry children than any "safe" with its metaphorical tin, and whose crisp inscription, "CAKE," had been improved by a youthful adept at acrostics, into "Can a kitten eat?" and the mildly delicious seed-cake it contained having been dealt out in generous hunks (oh, expressive vocabulary of childhood!), the pleasant, do-nothing, noontday hour was slipped along the rosary of time. No parlor, however free to let its luxuries or simple elegances be enjoyed; no nursery, even, made to play in and sensibly kept rid of things that might be hurt; no living-room,

fire in it and look toward the sun. Its free-and-easiness, moreover, should keep within the bounds of elegance, which need never be divorced from fitness and comfortableness. For the children's eye is forever being educated, and ugly things ought not to be brought superfluously before them. I do not believe in surrounding children with luxuries; on the contrary, their lives ought to be made as simple as possible, and the fortunate ones are they whose youth makes them acquainted with some hardship; but, what they do see ought to be of a character to refine the taste, accustom the eye to

harmonies of color and form, and insensibly help it to form standards of judgment.

Nowadays, there is positively no excuse for having ugly things about. A few years ago, the carpets were almost all highly reprehensible. To say that they were barbarous would be to pay them a compliment, for no barbarous people ever made such crudities of line and color as the old "Brussels" and "ingrain" carpets showed us; though the "ingrain" designs were often better than those of the more expensive kinds. This was because fewer tricks were played with warp and woof in the cheap carpet, and the designs were more evidently structural. The objection to all the carpets of the former time, cheap and dear alike, was, that the patterns were too defined; whether "set" or "flowing," they could not be made to blend with what was placed upon them, but pushed themselves so impertinently to the fore, that the carpet became

the chief thing in the room, instead of being, as it should be, only a background for the rest. Of late years, there has been a great improvement in the designs of all carpets, from the most expensive Wilton to the cheapest ingrain. In the richer sorts, dark, soft tones with patterns—if patterns they can be called—of spots and stains, that now appear, now hide, but are never in the way, are to be bought in many of the shops. Some of the best English carpets are as thick and soft as the best of Persian make, and the designs, when they are not too daring, or when the makers are content with copying the quieter Eastern patterns, are a great improvement on the older manufactures. But one may as well spend his money for an



NO. 1. GRAND COMBINATION TRUNK LINE.

with its furniture and fittings meant to be used,—can take the place, I think, of the "mother's bedroom," which still exists, I hope, as of old, in many and many a home. It would be a pity such an "old shoe" of a room should ever be given up, for, in our undomestic American life, unless the mother consent to make an early Christian of herself, and have, for a few hours of the day at least, "all things in common," she will find herself knowing as little of her children as their father does; and in America, it is a common experience that it is a very wise child indeed who has more than a speaking acquaintance with his own father.

To be a really tempting place, however, the "mother's room" should have an open

Eastern carpet outright, as buy one of these English carpets. There would be the certainty of getting a design that had no taint of South Kensington in it, and that would be sure not to be the same through any square foot of its space. For one thing, Eastern art is valuable to us; it rebukes at every turn our scientific love of precision and symmetry, shows us the charm of irregularity, and teaches us how to make two sides of a thing alike, while keeping them quite different. Whether we shall ever get this into our blood, I don't know. It is an essential principle of all the best decorative art; and necessarily so, because all such design is as far removed as possible from mechanical assistance, and has no other rule or measure than the eye acting through the hand. No two Ionic capitals of Greek workmanship even in the same temple are alike in anything, except general size and character. No more are any two Doric caps alike, nor any two moldings of any style, nor any two successive feet of any Greek ornament. The notion instilled into our minds that the Greek architecture is all monotony and repetition is of English or German origin.

There needs to-day to be a protest made by some one against the mechanical character of our decoration, for, with an unexampled demand for decoration in our furniture, our furnishing, our jewelry, our porcelain, there has come an unexampled supply, and the manufacturers, of course, bring all the labor-saving appliances they can contrive to supply this demand. Immense furniture-mills are set up, and to such perfection has machinery attained, that the logs go in at one door, and come out at another fashioned in that remarkable style known here as "Eastlake," and which has become so much the fashion that grace and elegance are in danger of being *taboo* before long. Then "rugs" being all the rage, and the beautiful ones being, as they always must be, expensive, the manufacturers are turning out cheap rugs by the acre, which are no whit better—nay, are much worse—than the carpets of thirty or forty years ago. So with pottery and porcelain,—our china-shops are filled with things whose only recommendation to our novelty-loving people is their novelty and their loudness. And all these things—the furniture, the rugs, the pottery—are so cheap, that everybody gets them, and of the smaller, decorative things gets so many that our homes are overrun with things, encumbered with useless ugliness, and made to look more

like museums or warerooms than like homes of thinking people and people of taste.

I dare say, however, that all this superabundance—superabundance in the supply and superabundance in the buying—is necessary, and that not only good to trade and to manufacture, but good to art and taste, will come out of it. The way of it will be something like this: Exclusiveness being natural to human beings (it comes simply and excusably enough from our dislike of monotony and of repetition), people will demand more than they do now things that show some individuality in design, that are not made "in quantities to suit purchasers,"—that are not even to be had in pairs. Then we shall find the makers of furniture producing single pieces or single sets, into which the workman has put some special design which he does not copy in the next piece, even if he keep the general form. Design, and finish, and serviceableness, will be most considered, and cheap display—the bane of almost all our fashionable furniture nowadays—will be avoided. When a few rich people, who have an educated taste besides, will encourage the production of furniture that is worth admiring and keeping for its own sake, not merely because it is in the fashion, we shall see the turn of the tide. At present, there is hardly anything at all of this done even by the richest people (I mean, little that I hear of); and as for the general run of us, we don't so much as think of doing it. People naturally and reasonably count the cost, and when they find that it not only costs a good deal of money but a good deal of time and study to get a piece of furniture well designed, they just wont try to do it, and fare as well as they can without.

At present, then, we are in this strait. The things we see for sale in the shops are all either good or bad or indifferent copies of old-fashioned things, or of Oriental things of to-day. Hardly anything with the stamp of our own time and country is to be had. What, then, are the young people to do who want to furnish their houses, and have comparatively little, or really little, money to do it with? I say in the first place that there is no excuse nowadays for anybody having ugly things. If they have them, they are themselves to blame, for they must have chosen ugliness and rejected, if not beauty and elegance, then simplicity. "Wedding presents," I hear some reader whisper. Yes, I know. But wedding presents are almost always of silver, or ornaments, or

small things that after a year's display where they can catch the giver's eye on reception days and "calls," can be stowed away. Few people are cruel enough to send in furniture; for that the young housekeepers are responsible, and if they will take the advice of those who have been through the mill, they would begin with only what is absolutely necessary, and make up their minds that, though they want but little here below, yet they want that little long; they want to grow up with it, to use it, enjoy it, and make it a part of their domestic history. The main reason why people cannot go to an architect or a designer and get their furniture made for them in special, is that they think they want much more furniture than they do, and there is not money enough to supply all their needs. At least, one or two things might be so procured, and, for the rest, a steady search kept up, until the needful pieces are found, at once useful and handsome. Here in New York, people go to the houses which supply the needs and cater to the whims of the rich—houses where you are told plainly that they cannot afford, and do not propose, to sell cheap things. Then there is complaint and disgust, and those who have proffered their advice on the subject of furnishing are taxed with ministering to luxury and expense. But it may safely be said that many more people might become the owners of the things they admire, and justly too, at Herter's or Cottier's, if they would be content with one thing or two; but they want all, or want everything "in keeping," as the phrase is,—a thing not necessary at all. If people will have anything, let them be content to earn it. I am not writing, nor ever have been, for people who can go to Cottier's, Marcotte's, or Herter's, and buy what they want. Nor, do I see why anybody should think it necessary to spend a cent of money or a minute of time on furnishing his house with chairs and tables if he doesn't wish to. Here's an angry gentleman writes from Texas to complain that the prettily designed, delicately made sofa, of which a cut was given in SCRIBNER for November (page 92), is not suited to his needs. "Where would such a sofa be," he cries, "after four or five romp-

ing boys had played circus on it some rainy day?" Where, to be sure? But my Texan critic must reflect that he cannot have his cake and eat it, too. If he has four or five romping boys who have no barn or nursery or shed to play circus in on rainy days, he must be content with furniture that will stand being run over rough-shod. And I, for one, should never think of insisting that, such being his plight, he should make mis-



NO. 2. FRENCH BUREAU, WITH FINE BRASS MOUNTS.

ery for himself by having everything handsome about him.* It is not for such as this gentleman I am writing, nor for the rich who can do as they will; but for those who have a desire to make their homes agreeable to the eye as well as comfortable, and yet who have to consider the cost at every step.

* As this gentleman's note was intended for publication, I make no excuse for quoting a sentence of it. "The furniture of 1776 is nice for those who like odd things, and have a mania for such collections; but, for actual use, I don't like them. Most of them are square, angular, and 'spindling,' looking as if they would not last—not solid enough." Now, considering that this furniture of 1776 has been in constant use since it was made, and is in these times of revival of old fashions starting on a new lease of life,—what becomes of the doubts as to its solidity? The truth is, it is almost all of it first-rate furniture; well designed for use and good looks, and it is no mania for collecting that makes people snap it up wherever they see it for sale, but good sense and good taste.

If carpets are not desirable in the living-rooms of the house, much less are they desirable in the bedrooms. The French lay a strip of carpet or a rug at the bedside, which they call a "*descent du lit*," and in many houses this is all the concession made to comfort, but in our climate this is insufficient; we must have more than this for



NO 3 A LOVE OF A BONNET-BOX.

"looks," even if we do not need it for "comfort." A good rug at either side the bed, and one of the long narrow rugs stretched at the foot of the bed between it and the fire-place, and reaching from one side of the room to the other, will cover the floor generously, and will not hinder the thorough sweeping and cleaning of the room.

The dearness and scarcity of handsome rugs have set our American wits to work to provide a substitute for them, and of course we have succeeded. In Boston, Philadelphia, and, I believe, in Providence, rugs are made of the ravelings of shawls and tapestry carpets, and they are soft and pleasant to foot, and at the same time very nice to look at. They have no pattern, of course, but they generally have a prevailing tint, and this is not a no-color, but has a good deal of life and freshness in it. A prime merit these rugs have in being of pure wool; they come in breadths like common carpeting and can be made into rugs of any size. They have no "right" side, but can be

turned at pleasure, and the edges do not curl up, as rugs made of carpet are too apt to do.*

If we like, we can lay a large square of this material down over nearly the whole floor and over it put our Eastern rugs, if we have them; but, though I have seen this done, it seems to me superfluous, and for a bedroom the raveling-rugs alone are far more manageable than the thicker and heavier sort.

I give this month two more drawings of "bureaus" or "chests of drawers," as our ancestors used to call them.

Cut No. 1 is a Japanese affair, and in ten years' use has proved itself a good friend. It would be at home, I suppose, a common enough thing; but that has nothing to do with its substantial merits. In its own land it was at once traveling-trunk and bureau; and it is a good type of the article which in Japan serves both these needs, and which is, I believe, in effect, the only piece of furniture they can be said to have. Sometimes the affair is modified, and enriched with lacquer inlays and enamels until it becomes a splendid cabinet; but it almost always retains,

"In all its weal and in its moeste pride,"

the symbols of its vagabond nature in the poles by which, when need is, it is borne from place to place on the shoulders of coolies. In the richer cabinets, these poles are elegantly made and richly ornamented, to sort with the rest of the piece; but I suppose that when these humbler bureau-trunks are to be carried about, the coolies use poles of their own for the purpose.

The present example is in two parts, one of which stands on the other; though there is no reason for their being placed so, except the convenience of the owner. The arrangement of the irons at the ends indicates that the lower one rightly belongs above. For while either can be lifted and carried off separately, yet it may sometimes be desirable to carry both off together. In this case, put the upper of the two boxes below the lower, and turning up the end handle, suspend it from the two projecting knobs; then pull up the other handles,

* William Pollock, carpet manufacturer, 937 Market street, Philadelphia, second door below Tenth street, makes good rugs out of ravelings, either of carpet or of shawl. One of his make was the first of these rugs I saw. 'Twas in the pretty house of a new-fledged pair of lovers who were sending admiring thrills through their staid society by not asking their neighbors how they should furnish their house.

one at each end, and slip the pole through, hoist to shoulder, and away! The adjustment of these handles is an illustration of simple common-sense Japanese contrivance. The handle of the box that is to go on top, when the two are to be carried off together, is pulled up vertically, slipping up and down in its iron staples. But the handle of the lower one turns out, and then up, because only so can it be passed over the two iron knobs. When its American owner has occasion to move, each part is easily lifted by its handles like a trunk. Everybody knows how unmanageable a monster a well-filled four-story bureau is.

My friend's reason for putting the lower part of his bureau above, was to get the shallow drawer, where handkerchiefs and collars, gloves, etc., are most easily kept, nearest the hand, and also to have the closet and the deep drawer for shirts, where they can be most easily reached. No one but a man knows what a blessing this shirt-drawer is. It will hold the week's wash of shirts without tumbling or crowding, and nothing else need be allowed to usurp a place in it. In these four drawers is room for all one man's linen; and in the little closet, which contains three drawers and a hiding-place for money besides (which the owner did not discover until after a year's possession), there is room for all his trinkets and valuables. When the two boxes are placed together, the whole measures three feet one inch in length by three feet four high, and one foot five deep.

This chest of drawers is made of a very soft and light wood, and it is, I think, only for protection against rough usage that it is so bound about with iron. This iron, however, is thin, and adds but little to the weight of the boxes. The handles are much heavier than they need be, but they are well shaped for the hand. Each drawer is provided with a lock, and one key opens all but the closet, which has its own.

Taking only the body of this Japanese contrivance, and rejecting all the iron-work, why does not some one of my readers who wants a good bureau have one made on this model, either of walnut, mahogany, or oak, and furnished with brass handles and key-plates, the door hung by brass strap hinges? These brass handles and key-plates are made now in England very commonly, and the Household Art Company of Boston used to keep them on sale; but there are plenty of ways of getting them. It is to be noticed that the boxes are made

with absolute plainness; there is not a molding nor a chamfer to be seen, much less any tiles let in, or any rosettes stuck on. When it is done, and set up in its polished plainness (oiled and rubbed, not varnished), with its mild-shining brasses, my lady shall devise for the top a covering of plush or velvet hanging over a little at each end, and over this a strip of linen with fringed or embroidered ends; and then, with the swing-glass in its place and the needful nothings of the toilet in theirs,—the result ought to commend itself alike to the mind and the eye.

The French piece (Cut No. 2) is redeemed from commonplace by the fine brasses with which it is ornamented; the general form is good, and many years' use has proved the bureau a comfortable one; not too high nor taking up too much room on the floor. The ornaments are of that fine brass in which the French of the early part of this century worked with so much elegance of taste and fineness of finish, and which we see very coarsely imitated in our own time. The handles of the drawers of this bureau are designed as the necks and heads of swans issuing from a wreath of leaves. They are good, serviceable handles that cannot break nor come off, and they are besides elegant in form.



NO 4. SOUTH AMERICAN WATER-PITCHER.

Very little of this early nineteenth century French furniture is met with in this country, nor is it often offered for sale even in Paris. But it is occasionally seen, and as it only gets to our second-hand shops after much domestic tribulation,—the ruin and decay of families,

or a forty years' wandering in the boarding-house desert, in places where neither quails nor manners are to be had,—it often presents a doubtful appearance to the rummaging eye. But if it prove to be a genuine piece, and if on close inspection the brass is seen to be as purely chased and sculptured as if it were gold or silver—buy it, by all means ('tis sure to cost but little), and when it has been polished up and set in its place, "I will warrant it to give satisfaction." For, all the French furniture of the old time was well made, and their cheap furniture of to-day is much better made than ours, so long as it is

three drawers on the lower half, which is furnished, as every such piece of furniture ought to be, with strong handles by which it can be drawn out from the wall on sweeping-days; and the upper half has a flap which closes its whole front, and which opens down, stopped at the right angle by a horse-hinge, or some one of the common contrivances for that purpose. A lady would find this a good place for her hats and furs (if there were not too many of them); or, if she were of a literary or financial turn of mind, here is the place for her account-books and her paper.



NO 5. A HALF-WAY HOUSE.

kept at home. When it is brought to this country, however, it does not stand fire at all. Nor, for that matter, does even the foreign furniture that has been made a hundred years resist the furnace heat of our houses. No sooner does winter come than the French furniture—and the English too—begins to gape and yawn and stretch out its arms for home.

Cut No. 3 is another combination lock-up; an antique this time, but with some serviceable modern points about it. It has

Our people do not generally believe in pine, but I think that either of these chests (Nos. 2 and 3) would look very pretty made of pine and stained a good red, or a good black, or simply left the self-color of the pine, and shellacked. I was, the other day, in one of Mr. McKim's houses in which all the interior fittings were designed by him to be executed in common pine, and it is long since I have been in so cheerful and comfortable looking a house. The wood-

work was not skimped, there was enough of it to make you aware of its presence, and to aid the liberally welcomed sunshine in giving a warm and hospitable look to the rooms. I think of this house just now because the owner had employed the village carpenter to make some pieces of furniture of pine-wood, and they had proved more fortunate than such ventures often do. But it is greatly to be wished that more people would risk the experiment. It is the only way I see to get cheap furniture that shall be well made. In this case some picture in a book or journal was shown to the carpenter, and he was asked to come as near it as he could, and, being a workman with some taste and sense of proportion, he managed to solve his problem with considerable success. The work is often in these cases done with thoroughness: the trouble begins when the thing is to be ornamented. Then the fatal facility of machine work, scroll sawing, knobs and rosettes stuck on, comes in to spoil what might otherwise have proved a sensible piece.

Why would it not be a good plan for three or four or half a dozen people living in a country place, to club together, and, taking some one of the pictures in these SCRIBNER articles which they all agree to think well of, to ask some architect,—Mr. McKim, Mr. Babb, or any other man of taste and sense,—to make the necessary working-drawings for the village carpenter? Each contributor could then order his piece made of the wood he might prefer, and no two of the pieces need be exactly alike. This plan, I think, would give better results in most cases than trusting to any carpenter, however clever, to translate one of these drawings into *his* vernacular.

Cut No. 4 is a South American pitcher, members of whose family may be seen at china shops in this city, and which ought to find a readier sale than they do. They are made of red clay like that used for flower-pots; the cover is removable and can be used or not, and for once I am able to say with a cheerful heart and a clear conscience, that here is something that may fairly be called cheap. "Cheap, call I it, for to define true cheapness, what is it but to be nothing else but your money's worth?" This pitcher cost a dollar and a half, there or there-about, "a little more than one, and less than two," but it may be that no one of my readers who shall go to look for one will like it when he finds it. The ware is too coarse to suit many; ladies especially

will object that it is not as agreeable to handle as the smooth French porcelain.

I recommended this particular pitcher the other day to a lady who wanted a water-holder to go with one of the painted and lacquered wooden bowls of which there was mention and a picture in the January SCRIBNER. There is a good deal of South American and Spanish, Italian and Portuguese peasant-pottery, that would be very useful to us in this country where nothing but French and English wares are to be had. I wonder some traveler with time and money (not much of the latter is needed), and wanting employment, does not go about Europe and collect a ship-load of the jolly water-vessels that are made by the hundred thousand in all the Mediterranean lands, and which we know would have a great popularity here, because every scrap that was sent to Philadelphia was caught up before the distracted owners had learned to translate *maravedis* into dollars.

The wooden bowls just spoken of were mistakenly called by me Siamese, whereas I am assured that they are Russian. I find, too, that they are by no means as uncommon as I fancied them, and I am glad to be able to add them, too, to my small but hopeful list of cheap utilities and prettinesses. They are so handsome and so useful that I think many of my readers will thank me for letting them know about them. They come in sets of four, and sometimes more. The sets of four cost two dollars and a half, or if the most ornamented ones are chosen, three dollars. They are to be had in New York and Boston.*

As for the rest of the toilet furniture, there need be no difficulty, surely, in supplying one's needs nowadays, for pretty and useful trays and small dishes may be found anywhere,—at Collamore's, at Vantine's, at Drake's, at Hawkins's, at Cook's,—that is, provided the searcher does not insist upon

* The address of the Boston dealer who has the Russian bowls for sale is Frank B. Norris, successor to E. C. Dyer, 56 Summer street, corner of Arch street, Room No. 8. The bowls I have lately seen were purchased of a New York dealer, and ranged smaller and larger than those bought in Boston. The smallest of the Boston bowls is six inches in diameter; the largest is about a foot in diameter. The largest of the New York bowls, I should think, must be thirteen or fourteen inches across, and this makes a comfortable bowl for washing. Their decoration is in red and black on a dull gold ground. No two are alike in design; the work is coarse but effective. These bowls will stand boiling water, and they are very light to handle.

having his soap-dish, his brush-tray, his bowl and pitcher all blood relations.

Cut No. 5 will be recognized by many of the readers of this article as an indispensable part of the furniture of the bedroom in old-time days. These bedside

thing made nowadays. It is not elegant enough. But there are plenty of them to be bought out of old houses in New England; and once restuffed and covered with a flowered chintz, they are ready to serve a new generation as they served the last. It



NO 6. FRENCH WASH-STAND.—JAPANESE TOWEL-RACK.

chairs, with their great ears, and their ample breadth, and depth, and height, were a sort of half-way house between the bed just left, or just about to be entered, and the world of active work. You slid out of bed into this hospitable lap, and having just put Satan behind you, with his multiform and multitudinous arguments against getting up in general, you now proceeded to meet a second series of objections to putting on your stockings. If my readers shall object to this chair as an encourager of laziness, I will change my commendation and speak of it as an excellent resting-place when one is tired, or convalescent. Having persuaded them to let me smuggle it into their rooms on this plea, I am sure they will end by agreeing with me as to the desirableness of having such a chair in the house. As for the making of it,—I doubt if one could get such a

is worth while having a slight attack of the measles just for the pleasure of getting well and eating a baked apple out of an "old blue" saucer in front of a sea-coal fire, sitting in this chair.

"For wash-stands," as Lord Bacon would say, "they are better open than closed." I think cupboards and shut-up places are to be avoided. The best for a wash-stand is a table, of a size appropriate to your room, with a drawer and a shelf below. Cut No. 6 is a good type of wash-stand,—a French example,—with perhaps more of a look of English comfortableness and enjoyment of the water-privilege than one associates with the French. In Paris, a large wash-basin is called an English basin, and certainly the basins provided for the French market by the manufacturers are of singular smallness. But I am not intending to join

the sniffers at French cleanliness. I found them every whit as neat as ourselves, or as their neighbors, the English, with their enormous appliances for "cleaning themselves," and "tubbing,"—two odious phrases which they are fond of, and with which they make washing and bathing seem very vulgar employment. Paris is abundantly provided with baths, none of them free, I believe, but all very cheap, and they are much frequented. A French lady was once asked why the wash-basins in general use in Paris are so small. Her explanation was, that French ladies are always washed before they get up by their maids, and that little bowls are more handy than big ones, and can be often emptied and filled.

At the time when this French wash-stand was made, English fashions were the fashion in Paris, and ever since they have rather gained than lost in favor. This wash-stand is an example more elegant than is commonly met with, of a style much used in Paris, and very little known here. In Paris they have great furniture establishments, on the same principle as our "Stewart's," where one can go with whatever purse and find what he needs. Here are the most modest outfits, and, in the fashion of the day, the most expensive; and here one can order made what he fancies. We have one vast establishment for the manufacture of furniture in this city, but it is only for the making of costly (or seeming costly) articles. No poor student, no young couple starting off in life with a purse that has a bottom, no people settling in the great city for a winter's social enjoyment, need go to this place to get their wants supplied. It is a pity there were not such a place; but in New York at least, if not in America, you are well enough off if you are miserably poor, and well enough off if you are comfortably rich; but if you are neither one nor the other, Heaven help you! Agar was not a New-Yorker; had he

been, he never would have prayed as he did. He would have said: "Give me *either* poverty or riches"; and pert Nerissa, had she been born in Gotham instead of in Venice, would never have uttered her lady-in-waiting wisdom: "It is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean."

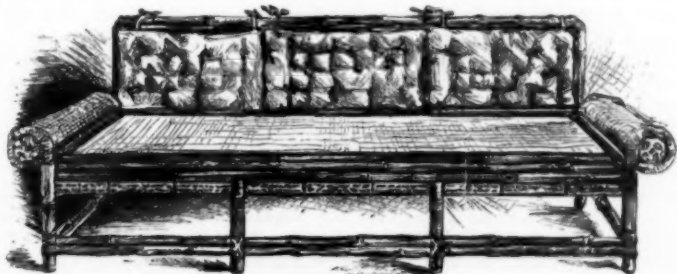
In New York, alas, it is very mean happiness indeed.

In these great warehouses of the Faubourg St. Antoine, then, you find the jolliest little wash-stands,—the lower half a chest of drawers, and on top, a marble slab with holes cut in it for the different vessels: the basin, the watercarafe, the tumblers, the soap-cup, and brush-tray, over

all which apparatus shuts down a cover, that when opened and standing upright, bears a mirror, of no particular use that I could ever see, since it is not, of course, high enough to reflect one's face; but the French are plainly of the mind that a mirror can never come amiss. In order to allow of this cover shutting down over the whole apparatus of the wash-stand, the pitcher is made of the most amusing *flatness*. It often looks as if it had been sat upon before it was baked! But it does its duty like a man for all that! Another Yankee contrivance in these wash-stands is to have the top slide out bodily,



NO. 8. A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING.



NO. 7. CHINESE SOFA, MADE OF BAMBOO.



No. 9. SHELVES FOR A CORNER.

Such a wash-stand as this was once brought home to America and had its marble slab broken (of course) in being carried a short distance from New York on the railroad. To do the company justice, they paid damages; but instead of attempting to replace the pretty French marble, its owner made a slab of tiles take its place. The tiles were small, an inch and a half square, and were laid in putty. The slab, when finished, was thicker than the marble one had been, for the French can cut their marble very thin, and I think the tiles alone were thicker than the original top. The wooden flooring on which

so that it will project two or three inches from the face of the drawers below. This is in order to prevent the front of the piece from being spattered when we are washing our face o' mornings. The towel-rack at the side of this stand is a Japanese affair made of wood stained black and lacquered, and mounted with brass.

from necessity they were placed, and the putty on which they were laid, made the whole thicker and heavier. But it cost a little less than to have replaced the marble, and the look of it when done was more attractive; and then, the tiles will not stain with water, and are far less liable than marble to resent the bangs that patient furniture of the unwary servant takes.

I have encouraged my little bamboo sofa, Cut No. 7, to believe that she will make many friends in society, and that all those who know how to value modest merit will invite her to visit them. She does not make the least pretense in the world,—her only claim upon our hearts is, that she will do her best to make us comfortable. The cushions do not belong to her by birth-right; and in order to show that the seat is of bamboo also, Mr. Lathrop has taken off the cushion that covers the seat from end to end. There are three cushions that rest against the back, to which they are further tied by pieces of the stuff with which they are bound. This sofa came from Mr. Vantine's.

Cuts 8 and 9 are only hints of simple picturesqueness. The three corner shelves,—the longest at the top instead of at the bottom,—and the corner stand, with its rounded top shelf supporting a water-cistern and its rectangular lower stories, may please some people by their unexpectedness as well as by their usefulness. Mr. Lathrop devised as well as drew them.

ELEGY ON A. G. L.

(DEC. 15th, 1876.)

I.

I STOOD at morn, amid tempestuous strife
Of wintry winds, and saw or seemed to see
All like a dim and cruel pageantry,
Thy gentle presence pass from out my life.
And voices wild and strange rose to the skies,—
The sounds of dolorous greetings, tear-choked sighs
Rang like a quivering echo through my soul,
And back into my solitude I stole;
For then the measure of my grief was rife.
They say, sweet friend, that in that realm enchanted
Where thou hast fled,—upon that unknown shore,
Amid unfading day thy life is planted
To bloom in health and joy forevermore.
But ah, the very thought is fraught with dread;
To me, sweet friend, to me thou still art dead!

II.

At thy deserted chamber long I stood,
 What time the wintry daylight westward waned.
 There desolation chill relentless reigned,
 And thronging memories the pang renewed.
 For all bore here the impress of thy thought,—
 A subtle fragrance from thy being caught.
 For evermore some essence fugitive
 Of thy young voice will linger here and live
 About this frame,—these sprigs of briar-wood.
 Ah, tell me not then, other friends are left!
 It gives but keenness to the sting of grief;
 For sadder than all else to hearts bereft
 Is the cold vision of time's sure relief.
 To-day, O friend, I rather would foresee
 A life of sorrow consecrate to thee!

III.

Thine was a spirit, tender, rich and rare,
 And purer than the stainless Northland snow;
 Still womanly, whose sympathetic glow
 Ennobled all that breathed its finer air.
 To me—alas! what thou hast been to me
 I cannot tell thee now, though mournfully
 I ponder on the riddles dark that meet
 My gaze where'er I turn. Thy presence sweet
 Still through long years of vigil I may share.
 For if from that enchanted spirit-land
 Thy healthful thought into my soul may shine,
 (E'en though thy voice be still, and cold thy hand)
 To lift my life and make it pure as thine;
 Then, though thy place on earth a void must be,
 Beloved friend, thou art not dead to me!

CLAUDIAN.

THE curricula of our universities and colleges, in the classical department, leave the graduates in ignorance of some of the most beautiful productions of ancient literature. This observation is made not as a matter of unfriendly criticism, but as a subject of regret. No preliminary course of study—and for a scholar the university or college furnishes nothing else—can be expected to embrace more than is needed to render the subsequent steps in the literary career a labor of love and not of compulsion. It is reserved to the Burtons, the Felthams, the Vincent Bournes and the Gladstones to gather the flowers which bloom beyond the range of the academic workshops. I remember, in reading one of Thackeray's works, which abounds in Latin quotations, to have found that, with two or three exceptions, they were taken from Horace and Virgil, indicating that his class-

ical researches did not probably go much beyond the academic epoch; and yet there are few other of the Latin poets who furnish more passages worthy of being remembered than Ovid and Claudian. The latter, except to scholars, is nearly unknown among us; and it is with a view to reclaim him from this *quasi* oblivion that this article is prepared.

Claudian (the last of the Latin poets) had the pre-eminent merit of reviving, when the literature of Rome had reached a deplorable state of decadence, the poetic vigor and grace of the Augustan era. He appeared as a writer near the close of the fourth century; and, though a native of Egypt and educated as a Greek, his mastery of the Latin language, in his earliest productions, seems to have been perfect.

Niebuhr, in his "Lectures on the History of Rome," says: "Claudian's language leaves nothing to be desired; we see that

his acquisition of the Latin language had been a task of love. He is a truly poetic genius, though after the fashion of the later Greek poets. He possesses an extraordinary command of mythological lore; his language has a beautiful flow and great elegance; we read his poems with almost the same pleasure as we derive from those of Ovid."

Schoell, in his "History of Roman Literature," styles Claudian a poet worthy of a more brilliant age, and after a reference to some of his writings he adds: "In spite of his faults, Claudian is perhaps, after Statius, the Latin epic poet who approaches nearest to Virgil, particularly in some of his descriptions and comparisons; and his genius appears still greater when we consider the epoch in which he lived."

Gibbon, in his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," renders him the following tribute: "He was endowed with the rare and precious talent of raising the meanest, of adorning the most barren, and of diversifying the most similar, topics; his coloring, more especially in descriptive poetry, is soft and splendid; and he seldom fails to display, and even to abuse, the advantages of a cultivated understanding, a copious fancy, an easy and sometimes forcible expression, and a perpetual flow of harmonious versification. To these commendations, independent of any actions of time and place, we must add the peculiar merit which Claudian derived from the unfavorable circumstances of his birth. In the decline of arts and of empire, a native of Egypt, who had received the education of a Greek, assumed in a mature age the familiar use and absolute command of the Latin language, soared above the heads of his feeble contemporaries, and placed himself, after an interval of three hundred years, among the poets of ancient Rome."

Famianus Strada, the author of the "War in Flanders" (*De Bello Belgico*), in his "Prousiones Academicæ," describes an imaginary pageant given to Leo the Tenth, in which Claudian is ranked with the most distinguished Latin poets, and is made to figure with Lucretius, Ovid, Lucan, Virgil and Statius, who recited compositions illustrative of their respective styles in the presence of the assembled multitude. The account of this fictitious literary exhibition is contained in the 115th, 119th and 122d numbers of the "Guardian." "Claudian," says the narrator, "had no sooner finished but the assembly rang with acclamations made in his praise. His finest beauty, as every one owned, was

the clearness and perspicuity which appeared in the plan of his poem. Others were wonderfully charmed with the smoothness of his verse and the flowing of his numbers, in which there were none of those elisions and cuttings off so frequent in the works of other poets."

There are few of the Latin poets who will be read with more pleasure. The following translation of one of his lighter productions affords a tolerable illustration of the ease and grace of his style,—at least as much so as is attainable from a transference of his thoughts into a language differing so widely in its structure from the original. I have endeavored to render line for line—a task of almost insuperable difficulty.

THE OLD MAN WHO NEVER LEFT THE SUBURB
OF VERONA.

Happy is he, who in paternal fields,
And in the self-same house his life has passed,
Whose sturdy hand, where once he crept, now
wields

The staff of age:—one home, his first and last.
No fickle Fortune drags him in her train,
He drains no unknown cup in foreign lands;
Nor war, nor commerce, gives him fear or pain;
He never in the brawling forum stands.
To business and to neighboring towns unknown,
He breathes the freer air as 'twere his own;
By crops, and not by Consuls, marks the year—
The spring by flowers, by fruits the autumn sere.
The same field greets the risen and setting sun;
Within its sphere his daily course is run.
He saw the lofty oak spring from the mold,
He sees the grove, with him once young, grown
old.

Far as dark Ind he near Verona deems,
Like the Red Sea, the Lake Benacus seems.
In limb and vigor firm he moves along,
At threescore years and ten, robust and strong.
Let others far Iberia's ways unravel—
He will have more of life, they more of travel.

DE SENE VERONENSI, QUI SUBURBIUM NUNQUAM
EGRESSUS EST.—CLAUD. LII.

Felix, qui patriis ævum transegit in agris;
Ipsa domus puerum quem videt, ipsa senem;
Qui baculo nitens, in qua reptavit arena,
Unius numeret sæcula longa caso.
Illum non vario traxit fortuna tumultu,
Nec bibit ignotas mobilis hospes aquas:
Non freta mercator tremuit, non classica miles;
Non rauci lites pertulit ille fori.
Indocilis rerum, vicinæ nescius urbis,
Adspectu fruitur liberiore poli.
Frugibus alternis, non Consule, computat annum;
Autumnum pomis, ver sibi flore notat.
Idem condit ager soles, idemque reducit,
Metiturque suo rusticus orbe diem.
Ingentem meminit parvo qui germine quercum,
Aequævumque videt consenuisse nemus.
Proxima cui nigris Verona remotior Indis
Benacumque putat litora rubra lacum.
Sed tamen indomitæ vires, firmisque laceratis
Aetas robustum tertia cernit avum.
Erret et extremos alter scrutetur Iberos:
Plus habet hic vite, lus habet pille viæ.

OF WILLIAM FRANCIS BARTLETT.

DEAD AT PITTSFIELD, MASS. 1876.

O POOR Romancer,—thou whose printed page,
 Filled with rude speech and ruder forms of strife,
 Was given to heroes in whose vulgar rage
 No trace appears of gentler ways and life!—

Thou, who wast wont of commoner clay to build
 Some rough Achilles or some Ajax tall;
 Thou, whose free brush too oft was wont to gild
 Some single virtue till it dazzled all;—

What right hast thou beside this laureled bier
 Whereon all manhood lies—whereon the wreath
 Of Harvard rests, the civic crown, and here
 The starry flag, and sword and jeweled sheath?

Seest thou these hatchments? Knowest thou this blood
 Nourished the heroes of Colonial days;—
 Sent to the dim and savage-haunted wood
 Those sad-eyed Puritans with hymns of praise?

Look round thee! Everywhere is classic ground.
 There Greylock rears. Beside yon silver "Bowl"
 Great Hawthorne dwelt, and in its mirror found
 Those quaint, strange shapes that filled his poet's soul.

Still silent, Stranger? Thou, who now and then
 Touched the too credulous ear with pathos, canst not speak?
 Hast lost thy ready skill of tongue and pen?
 What, Jester! Tears upon that painted cheek?

Pardon, good friends! I am not here to mar
 His laureled wreaths with this poor tinsel crown,—
 This man who taught me how 'twas better far
 To be the poem than to write it down.

I bring no lesson. Well have others preached
 This sword that dealt full many a gallant blow;
 I come once more to touch the hand that reached
 Its knightly gauntlet to the vanquished foe.

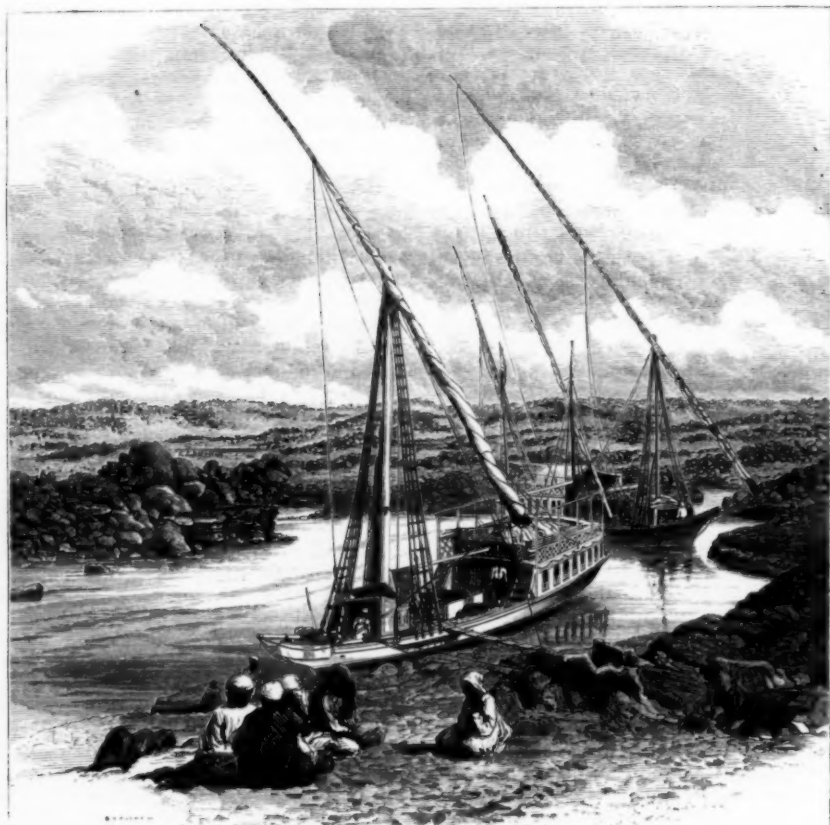
O pale Aristocrat, that liest there,
 So cold, so silent! Couldst thou not in grace
 Have borne with us still longer, and so spare
 The scorn we see in that proud, placid face?

"Hail and farewell!" So the proud Roman cried
 O'er his dead hero. "Hail," but not "farewell."
 With each high thought thou walkest side by side;
 We feel thee, touch thee, know who wrought the spell!

A WINTER ON THE NILE.

THIRD PAPER.

BY GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN.



THE DAHABEAHS "ALICE" AND "MIGNONNE" AT THE FIRST CATARACT.

WE now started on our homeward journey,—very different from that up the river. In descending, when the head-wind is light, the men row, with a long sweep; but if the breeze freshens, rowing is of no avail, and the dahabeah is allowed to float down with the current. If the wind becomes so violent as to counteract the effect of the current, there is no alternative but to seek the most attractive spot on the banks, and tie up until better times arrive. Should there be, by a most unusual chance, a favoring wind, the little sail that in ascending

did duty at the stern, is now hoisted on the foremast, and fair progress made. For instance, in passing the great bend from Derr to below Korosko, we traversed on our downward trip in about five and a half hours the distance that required three and a half days of steady tracking as we came up.

In the way of ruins, nothing on the Nile compares with the vicinity of Thebes in the variety and magnitude of the objects of interest. The great city, in the days of its glory, occupied both banks of the river with its temples and abodes for the living, while

its necropolis reached over the western desert into the high cliffs and far up the bleak ravines that intersect the desert hills. Egyptian chronology is still enveloped in great uncertainty, and, especially in regard to the earlier portions of its history, there are wide discrepancies between the dates assigned by different authorities. Quite recently, the well-known "Ebers Papyrus" has afforded the means of fixing the date of the reign of Mycerinus, a member of the Fourth Dynasty, and the builder of the Third Pyramid of Gheezeh. Based upon a statement made in this "Papyrus," independent calculations by two French astronomers have fixed the accession of Mycerinus at about 3000 B. C. If this be so (and there appears no reason to doubt it at present), the long chronology of Mariette Bey must be shortened by some 900 years from the close of the Fourth Dynasty, while that of Wilkinson must be lengthened more than 500 years. This new discovery tends to show that the First Theban Dynasty came into power somewhere from 2200 B. C. to 2500 B. C., while it does not necessarily affect the date of accession of the Tanite Dynasty that followed the last Theban. It may, then, pretty safely be assumed that for a period of from 1,100 to 1,400 years, Thebes was the capital of the Egyptian monarchy. This period embraces the most prosperous portion of its history, when its wealth was greatest, its area most extensive, and its foreign conquests were pushed to the furthest limits. Among the monarchs who rendered the Egyptian name illustrious, the greatest ruled while Thebes was the capital: the Osirtasens, the Amunophs, the Thotmes, Sethi, and the Rameses. It was probably

during the sway of the Theban Dynasties that Abraham and Joseph entered Egypt, and there is good reason to believe that not long before the scepter passed into other hands, Moses led out his people upon the most memorable of journeys.

Yet, with the exception of ruined temples and violated tombs, there is not now to be seen a vestige of the City of the Hundred Gates; not another indication that one of the greatest cities of the world ever extended its streets and houses over the green fields that stretch out on the banks of the Nile. The space once teeming with the busy haunts of men and resonant with countless cries is now silent and forsaken, save for the petty village of Luxor, on the eastern bank, covering not much more than the ruins of a single temple; while on the western bank one sees only a few laborers in the fields, and hears only the shrill clamor of a few scores of beggars persecuting the strangers from far-off lands. When there, one is almost tempted to ask why these splendid temples were erected so far from the abodes of men, and whence were brought the occupants of the vast necropolis! The ruins and tombs of the western bank are all remote from the river, so that a visit occupies the greater portion of a day. Were I to make the Nile trip again, I should arrange to camp near the Rameseum for three or four days, and at the Tombs of the Kings for at least one night.

The most celebrated, probably, of the ruins in this quarter are the two colossal statues of Amunoph III., one of which is known as the Vocal Memnon. They were doubtless very grand when perfect, but are now much defaced, and more impressive



A GLANCE AT LUXOR.

from a distance than upon close view, so that it needs all the effect of the association of ideas and some considerable effort of the imagination to make them very admirable. Not far from the Colossi is the ruined temple known as the Rameseum, erected by Ramesses the Great, that master builder to whom Aboo Simbel, much of Karnak, and so many other glorious structures are due. The Rameseum is sadly ruined, but still of great

has many interesting paintings representing processions in singular detail and perfection. On the whole, after Karnak, Medinet Haboo is one of the finest remains in Egypt. Turning northward from the Rameseum, one soon reaches the lower desert plateau, at the foot of the Lybian Hills. Proceeding for nearly a couple of miles over the waste, which is here a part of the ancient cemetery, every foot occupied by graves, one



GREAT PYLON OF PHILÆ AND APPROACHES.

interest. Scattered through its courts are the fragments of the granite Colossus of its builder, the largest statue in Egypt. On the walls of the Pylon are sculptures of great interest, explaining many of the details of Egyptian warfare. Battles, pursuits and sieges are so well depicted as to require no explanation, and one fortified camp is shown. On the Pylon, as well as in other battle scenes depicted on other portions of the building, the great king himself is shown, the bravest of the brave, a giant among pigmies, routing armies by his single arm. The extensive and better preserved temples of Medinet Haboo are in the same neighborhood. The larger temple contains the remains of a portion of the supposed palace of its builder, Rameses III., the last of the great conquerors. On the walls of these ruins, the king is represented as surrounded and attended by the ladies of his harem, and these sculptures are worthy of study as perhaps giving some insight into the interior life of the palace. The principal court of the temple is remarkably fine, and

enters a desolate valley of sand and rock, and, climbing to its head, reaches the temple of Dahr el Bahree. This, like Abydos, is of a white limestone, almost marble, and contains brilliant paintings in excellent preservation. Many of the chambers are filled with mummies. The cliffs above and around it are honeycombed with tombs; the valley is crowded with them; nowhere else in the world, probably, is one so completely in the midst of the abodes of the dead as here. No royal tombs are known in this vicinity, but there are private tombs of every degree, from the pits into which the mummies of the poor were indiscriminately thrown, through the tombs of wealthy citizens, up to such a vast series of excavations as the labyrinth of halls, chambers and stair-ways that led to the last resting-place of the Priest Petamunoph. In many of these tombs the sculptures and paintings are perfectly preserved; and as they represent the avocations of the deceased, and almost all the processes of agriculture, manufacture, the arts, the chase,

the daily work of private life and its amusements, they are the source from which the most valuable information about the life of the old Egyptian has been derived. They are worth long and careful study, and, with "Wilkinson" in hand, are easily understood. The Tombs of the Kings are approached most readily from Goonah, a little below Karnak. The path soon leaves the green fields, and enters a savage valley that forms a fit approach to the royal cemetery. For some three miles you follow the gorge. Not a blade of grass, not a particle of vegetation greets the eye, but the path winds among steep slopes of rock as bare, hot and desolate as anything can be in nature, passing over the same ground as that on which trod the solemn processions that bore Sethi and the Third Rameses to their last resting-places. When the end of the journey is reached there is nothing to be seen but some small door-ways, here and there, leading into the rock. Traversing the long, descending gallery, you reach the great halls and rooms, and all the glories of a royal tomb are revealed. Save where the hand of man has been stretched out to destroy, you see the luxurious furniture of the palace, the weapons of war, the dress and lineaments of the king, his actions in life, the judgment he was to meet when dead—as clearly depicted and in as brilliant colors as when, long centuries ago, the artists' work was finished and the doors closed, as they thought, until the final resurrection. All the ingenuity of the architects was brought to bear in devising concealed doors, covered pits, blinded galleries, to mislead the intruder, and preserve intact the body of the king until, when the last trumpet sounded, his soul might return to the gorgeous resting-place of his body, and again re-animate it after the lapse of thousands on thousands of years. But, alas for human expectations, you search in vain for the royal mummies! All have disappeared, no one knows whither.

I have never met with any description of Karnak that conveys a just impression of that most wonderful of the works of human hands. It is a vast mass, a congeries, a city of temples that defies description. Commenced by Osirtasen, probably 4,000 years ago, added to by the Amunophs, the Thotmes, Sethi, the Rameses, and even by the Ptolemies, its construction covers a period extending from the beginning of the Theban Dynasties almost to the time when Egypt became a Roman province. The

great temple is itself a series of temples of various ages; it is a vast mass of courts with gigantic columns, some standing erect in perfect condition, others prone on the earth; of shrines and chambers; of huge pylons; of obelisks, colossi, vast walls covered with historic sculptures, avenues of sphinxes, sacred lakes, detached temples,—in brief, of every construction that went toward the making up of Egyptian sacred edifices. On its walls are detailed the campaigns of some of the greatest of the conquerors. One finds there the names of many subject peoples, among whom are the Jews. Karnak requires many a visit;—by day, to examine the details; by the full moon, to enjoy the wonderful picture that presents itself, but which no pen nor pencil can describe. By the side of Karnak, the Colosseum, the Baths of Caracalla, the temples of Pæstum, sink into comparative nothingness, and are mere modern toys.

At Philæ we spent some eight days in all, and enjoyed every moment of the time, for in itself and its surroundings it is the most lovely spot on all the Nile. The photographic views give some faint idea of Philæ; but when so much depends upon coloring and atmospheric effects, no mere engraving, nor even a painting, can do full justice. It is a small island, a couple of miles above the First Cataract. Rising some thirty or forty feet above the water, covered with palm groves and massive structures, it is a beautiful object from any point of view, but particularly as approached from the Cataract. For some distance after leaving the head of the rapids, the view is limited on every side by sand and rock, until a sharp bend of the river in an instant brings Philæ into view. And what a picture! The framework, on either hand, is of lofty masses of dark granite, piled in such weird and fantastic forms that you cannot blame the simple Arabs for believing it the work of Titans or of devils. In the foreground flows Father Nile, swift, but shining and placid, in striking contrast with the roar and rush of tumbling waters just left behind. In the background, on the left, is the long line of rich palm-groves of Berbe, at the foot of the bare high hills bounding the Ababde desert; further to the right is the enchanting isle of Philæ, backed by the same desolate hills.

The island was once surrounded by a revetment wall, now perfect only in parts. The whole surface is covered by the ruins of temples, and the remains of an old Coptic village. The great temple skirts the western

side of the island, and is so well preserved as to afford an admirable study of the late Egyptian architecture, while in every regard it gratifies the taste for the picturesque. Irregular in the extreme, it quite defies description. From the southern end of the island a long colonnade leads to the main propylon. This colonnade was not entirely finished so far as the details of decoration are concerned, but presents the wonderful variety of ornament, so characteristic of the Egyptian taste; no two columns are precisely alike; in form, in details of decoration, a most fertile imagination presided over the planning of the work. The existing temple is on the site of an older one, and contains cartouches and inscriptions of the Ptolemies and the Roman emperors. Through the great propylon you pass into a large court, with corridors on either side; then through another propylon, into a corridor with lofty columns,—still preserving much of their brilliant coloring,—and thence into the adytum and its adjacent rooms. The mass of the temple is in excellent preservation, and the details of painting and sculpture in such condition that one can spend many days most pleasantly in careful study of the wonderful scene. Among the countless inscriptions upon the walls is one which tended to reconcile us with our own age. From the Pyramids to Abou Simbel, one is constantly shocked by the odious vulgarity and vanity of modern travelers, who have painted and carved their names in most conspicuous places, defacing objects of art, and proclaiming their own idiocy. But the inscription I allude to dates from the times of the Cæsars, and shows that human nature is much the same in all ages. It is as follows:

I TREBONIUS PORICULA HIC FUI
C NUMONTIUS VALA HIC FUI
CAESARI XIII C C VIII K' APRILES K

For Poricula read Smith, and for Vala read Jenkins, and no other change is needed to carry us at one leap over a score of centuries.

There is a modern inscription within the walls of the propylon which does not impress one as misplaced. It is that which records the passage of Desaix's Division of the conquering army of Bonaparte. At Edfoo, also, on the walls of some of the chambers of the propylon, are the names of soldiers of the "21^{me} Regiment," forming part of the same expedition. These men had good right to inscribe their names, but the

modern paint-pot of a cockney idiot is a very different thing. One of the most graceful objects on the island is a separate and unfinished temple overlooking the eastern bank. An arch of Roman times, in the midst of a little palm-grove, some detached chapels, and the crowded ruins of Coptic houses—with scarcely traces of a lane between them—complete the surface of the island. In the historical interest with which it is invested as the chief seat of the worship of Isis; crowned with imposing and beautiful ruins; lovely in itself and in its situation; far away from the common tracks of travel,—it is incomparable among the islets of the globe. Nothing can be more delightful than Philæ in the perfect repose and brilliancy of a full Egyptian moon, when one can wander from ruin to ruin, climb the lofty pylons, or rest on some fallen stone, without a sound or a living object to withdraw the mind from the exquisite beauty of the present, and the thought of the scenes enacted here in the past!

Nothing can be more pure, solemn, beautiful and grand, than a moonlight night in Egypt—whether upon the desert, or the sweeping Nile, or in some such mighty relic of the past as Philæ or Karnak; but it is more especially in the midst of the wreck of huge masses built by man, and intended for eternity, that the mind inevitably reverts to man himself, his power and his weakness, his mighty aspirations and weak performances, his self-sufficiency and utter helplessness.

But we did not devote our moonlight nights entirely to the ruins.

In our little boats, decked out with many bright-colored lanterns, we would row time and again around the lovely island, or down through the granite gates toward the Cataract,—the oarsmen singing their wild, almost unearthly, Arab songs, so weird that they accorded well with the hour and the moonlight scene. Talk of moonlight rides in gondolas on the Lagoon or the Grand Canal of Venice, in a caique on the Bosphorus, or on the waters of lovely Como! I have tried them all, and in the best of company; but they are all tame and commonplace in comparison with a sandal ride around Philæ! Now in mid-river, with the wonderfully brilliant moonlight glittering on the silent stream, and illuminating temple, palm-grove and hills; now passing into the dense shadow of the temple, close under its dark walls; now emerging again, and descending between the black granite gates,

until the roar of the Cataract becomes plainly audible, and the golden sands of the desert lend to the moonlight a warmer hue; the purest air around, and the stars shining with a brilliancy unknown in our climate. No other land, no other place, can show the like; and it was always with keen regret that we returned to our floating home, and bade adieu to the gorgeous spectacle. While we loitered at Philæ, many travelers arrived who, after a hot ride from Asswan over the scorching sands, spent a few hours among the ruins in the hottest part of the day; lunched wearily, and then returned as they came to their dahabeahs at Asswan. These good people doubtless thought they had "done" Philæ. So they had; but they left as they came, without the faintest idea of its beauty and its charms.

Murray devotes a couple of lines to El Esserad, saying that it is noted for its numerous turkeys; he might have said that it possesses the best horses and riders on the Nile. Close to it lives Sheik Achmet, the descendant and representative of the warlike sheiks of the Howara Arabs, who long possessed this region and ruled it well. He owns large landed estates, under good cultivation, and lives surrounded by his younger brothers, numerous sons, and I know not how many retainers, who seem to look up to him much as their ancestors did to his. The family inherit that skill in horsemanship and love for fine animals that have made the name a synonym, in Egypt, for horseman. Very rarely and under special circumstances, Sheik Achmet has given to travelers exhibitions of the Arab sport of the Gereed. Having letters to him, I sent my dragoman to say that, if quite convenient to him, it would afford us infinite pleasure to see the game played by such distinguished players. The prompt reply was a polite and cordial invitation to visit El Esserad; so, with some friends who happened to be with us at the time, we sailed for the home of the Sheik of the Howaras. Immediately upon our arrival, he called, accompanied by his brothers, sons, and a numerous retinue. He is a fine old man, very dignified and courteous, a true gentleman of the East. After the indispensable pipes, coffee and sherbet, he left, it being agreed that we should go to his home at eleven the next day. I observed that on his departure he was accompanied only by his brothers and the retinue; the sons, of whom there were half a dozen or so, and a few of their attendants, remaining on the upper deck. Pretty soon my drago-

man intimated to me that now the old people were out of the way, a little refreshment stronger than sherbet would be acceptable to the young gentlemen. They remained pretty late, and before departing managed, in a quiet way, to make so great an inroad into our stock of champagne, brandy, ale, etc. (for all seemed good fish that came into their net), that we had serious fears as to our ability to entertain future visitors, and were in no little doubt as to their ability to ride next day. But when they returned in the morning, they were fresh as larks; so I fear they had tried the same experiment before.

At the hour named we started in solemn procession for the house, not having, I confess, a very clear idea of what awaited us. Madame, who was not well enough to walk to the house, headed the procession, in the long sea-chair of bamboo that had been such a comfort on the trip, carried by the four strong men who had borne her on their shoulders on all our trips on shore; the rest of the party followed, and after us pretty much all the servants and crews, so that we must have counted more than fifty in all. I have spoken of the *house* of Sheik Achmet, but that does not describe his residence, which in fact consisted of a number of buildings, including even a mosque, built around the four sides of a square, leaving in the middle a large court,—the entrance being through a gate-way arched in the Moorish style. Most of the buildings were of stone, and some had no small pretensions to architectural effect. Before reaching the gate, we found ourselves in the midst of a crowd of the dependents of the sheik, assembled to see the games and the guests. At the gate, Sheik Achmet met us, and we were at once assailed by an indescribable din of Oriental drums that nearly deafened us. Escorted by the sheik and his family and accompanied by the music, we proceeded across the court to a loggia, where divans and carpets were arranged for our accommodation. Everything in the establishment seems just as it was some hundreds of years ago,—thoroughly Arab,—and I cannot doubt that for many generations back, the forefathers of those who were about to play for us had taken part in the same sport in the same courtyard, and that, too, when the game was something more than a mere amusement—a preparation for the combats then so frequent. When we had seen the Gereed, it was evident that in its origin it was an exercise designed to accustom rider and horse

to those rapid movements required in the single combats so frequent in Arab warfare.

Soon after our arrival, five horses were brought in, richly caparisoned in the Moorish style: powerful Moorish bits, with the ring encircling the lower jaw; short stirrups, serving also as spurs; the high saddle, covered with velvet housings, embroidered and fringed with gold; heavy gold fringes on the neck and breast of the horses. All the horses were good, some very fine. Five sons of Sheik Achmet, all clad in Oriental robes of brilliant silks, all wearing the turban, now mounted, and the sport began. It consisted mainly of dashing across the court at full speed, and suddenly bringing up the horses on their haunches, and of riding rapidly around one another in various circles, lunging and parrying with long, light lance-poles, one endeavoring to gain the unguarded flank of another. It was an admirable display of horsemanship, and with the fine carriage of the animals, the superb riding, the rich and graceful robes of the men, and the housings of the horses, formed a remarkable spectacle. It was a scene of another age and of another race, and the first thought that occurred to all of us was that at last we could realize the games that graced the festivals of the Alhambra. Among those who took part were two very marked men who happened to be the best and most daring riders; these were the oldest and the youngest of those who rode. The elder was a powerfully built man of about forty, perhaps five feet eight in height, with an intelligent and very determined countenance, though there was nothing unpleasant in it. The other could not have been more than twenty; light and graceful as possible, with a charming face full of intelligence and good-nature, yet strong and full of courage, he was the beau ideal of a noble young man, while the elder looked like a soldier hardened by many campaigns. The youngster's horse was trained to kneel and lie down and rise again to the sound of a drum, and this was the amusing part of the exhibition. A brace of wild Arabs danced frantically in front of the noble bay, wildly beating their drums until he knelt, and at last stretched himself at full length on the ground, the young sheik keeping his seat until the horse rolled over on his side. After this part of the show was over, dinner was served in the loggia in pure Arab style. Large trays of polished brass, around which six or eight could sit, were brought in and placed on low stools, and we seated our-

selves around them on the rugs. Then ewers and basins, with napkins none too clean, were passed around that we might cleanse our hands. The dinner was well cooked and very elaborate, consisting of soup, vegetables, various meats, sweet dishes, and at the end, rice. Of course there were neither spoons, knives, forks, nor plates. The soup was managed by dipping bread into the dish, the other viands with bread and the fingers as best we could. Unhappily, I occupied a place by the side of the master of the feast, and as, with his naked hand, he tore off huge shreds of flesh from the great joint before him, and handed them to me with a polite smile, I groaned at the oft-repeated, never-ending task. It was an excellent dinner, and we were very glad to partake of it, but I think none of us regretted that our ways were different. At last our eyes were gladdened by the re-appearance of the ewers and basins, and we rose from the floor richer in experience, and quite satiated with the Oriental table. The hospitable sheik entertained our followers as well, and none went away fasting. After dinner the ladies paid a very satisfactory visit to the harem, and exercised their medical skill, we hope with no ill effects to the patient. They saw here more beauty than anywhere else in Egypt, and were, I think, better pleased than with any of the numerous harem visits they made.

Then came more fine riding; this time accompanied by the throwing of javelins at each other when at full speed. The javelins were straight stems of the palm, and the skill consisted not only in the accuracy of throwing the weapon, but in the activity shown in avoiding the blow. At last we returned to our boats, attended by the Sheik and his sons. Such presents as we had to give—from a double-barreled breech-loader and cartridge, down to kid gloves, cravats, cologne, etc., were received with much pleasure, and I think we were well satisfied with one another. I regret to be obliged to state that the younger members of the sheik's family again outstayed their elders, and for the same reason as the day before. Toward sunset we bade our kind hosts good-bye, with many good wishes on both sides and kind invitations to repeat the visit. At length we floated down the river, with the feeling that the day just ended was the most satisfactory and enjoyable we had spent in Egypt. We stopped one day at Bedreshayn, and went through Memphis to Sakkara. From the landing, a very pretty

ride through green fields and superb palm-groves brings you to Mitrahenny, where are mounds covering the site of a portion of Memphis. The overturned colossus, a few granite blocks and fragments of columns, the foundations of some temples, and the mounds, are all that are left to show where Memphis stood. Continuing on through groves and fields, the pretty village of Sakkara is reached,—surrounded by palm-groves of great extent and exquisite beauty,—directly on the edge of the desert. The people of this village are quite white, and the women appear to be remarkably intelligent.

The path now ascends the desert plateau, passes close by the Pyramid of Oonofroon, supposed by some to be the oldest structure in the world, and by the house of Mariette Bey, to the mausoleum of Apis. This consists of great galleries cut in the solid rock, with large chambers on either side, in each of which is a huge sarcophagus of black granite, for the body of a sacred bull. Partially illuminated by our torches and Bengal lights, this was one of the most impressive objects in Egypt. From the mortuary tablets of the bulls, Mariette Bey has been enabled to supply many missing links in the old chronology, and has brought to light the names of several forgotten monarchs. Not far away is the tomb of Tih, a wealthy priest of the period of the Sixth Dynasty. This is excavated in a compact fine-grained limestone rock, and is in admirable preservation. The sculptures represent the pursuits of a wealthy land-owner of the time, and illustrate various phases of agriculture, the chase, commerce on the Nile, etc., with wonderful clearness. The beauty of design

and the extreme delicacy of the execution of these sculptures prove the great progress already made by Egyptian art in that early day, some 4,600 years ago. In fact the researches of Mariette Bey among the tombs of the Sakkara plateau have brought to light some of the finest works of Egyptian art. For example, there is in the Boolak Museum the wooden portrait statue of a priest of the time of the Fourth Dynasty, which in grace and truth to nature forms a striking contrast with the stiff conventional style of later ages. There is also in the same museum a wonderfully fine pair of sitting statues of a noble and his wife, from the same vicinity and of the same period. Thus far it would appear that in the earliest periods of Egyptian history the arts were in some regards much more perfect than subsequently; and certainly there is no comparison between the oldest sculptures and statues of the old empire and those of the later periods of the new empire. In the former, truth to nature prevails, with great delicacy of execution; in the latter, conventional forms rule and the work is coarser, until at last, under the Ptolemies, it altogether degenerates.

Just one hundred days from the time we went on board our boat, we reached Cairo. The parting from the crew was really a trial, for we had become much attached to them. We had had no trouble, no disagreeable occurrence. Thanks to Achmet, everything had passed most pleasantly. We only regretted that we could not have spent another month in Nubia, and that the delightful Nile trip was among the things of the past.

HARMONY.

HE who with bold and skillful hand sweeps o'er
The organ keys of some cathedral pile,
Flooding with music vault and nave and aisle,
While on his ear falls but a thunderous roar,—
In the composer's lofty motive free,
Knows well that all that temple vast and dim,
Thrills to its base with anthem, psalm or hymn,
True to the changeless laws of harmony.
So he who on these clanging chords of life,
With firm, sweet touch plays the Great Master's score
Of Truth and Love and Duty, evermore,
Knows too, that far beyond this roar and strife,
Though he may never hear, in the true time,
These notes must all accord in symphonies sublime.

THE PITCHER PLANTS.*

THERE are, besides the fungi, a number of plants which seem flatly to deny all the traditions of vegetable life; which do not live solely by the conversion, within their tissues, of the inorganic elements of earth, and air, and water, into organic matter; but which depend, in some measure, for their sustenance, on matter already organized. The distinction generally made by naturalists between the two great kingdoms of organic nature, as we have already seen, is, that while vegetables transmute inorganic, or mineral substances into organic, or those which possess the power of growth and reproduction, animals only reconvert the matter thus transmuted into new organisms. Though this is in a general sense true, yet it does not express the whole truth. Vegetables have, as we very well know, the power of appropriating for their support the

on the other hand, animals are absolutely dependent for existence upon two elements belonging to the realm of inorganic nature, —air and water.

The plants to which reference is now made have, however, a power of appropriating organized material and living upon it which is altogether different from anything common to vegetable life. The name carnivorous, or insectivorous plants, is given to them all alike; but it is possible to arrange them into a series which shall represent the gradual divergence from the ordinary vegetable mode of nutrition, till that peculiar to animal life is very nearly approached. This series has nothing whatever to do with botanical classification, but is merely made with reference to organic and functional development. The insectivorous plants may be, for convenience' sake, classified as of two

kinds,—those which really digest and assimilate food, and those that secure their prey within some leafy structure, retain it till it is decomposed (a process frequently hastened by some secretion of the organ), and then absorb the liquid compost. This latter class is best represented by our American pitcher plants; and, as its mode of nutrition is most like that of ordinary plant life, it comes first in our series.

In the study of nature, thousands of facts present themselves which must be accepted, and which have yet received no explanation; but besides and beyond this, there is constantly found some subtle link which binds these facts together without apparent reason, so that a development in one direction is invariably accompanied by a correlative development in another; though why this should be, no one has ever been able to guess.

The invariability of these relations in anatomical structure enabled Richard Owen to describe, from a single bone, an animal so utterly dissimilar to any living creature that even Murchison, one of the best geologists of his time, entreated him not to give the description of such an anomaly to the public. But Owen's knowledge of comparative anatomy was a sure guide, and did not lead him astray, for a



FIG. 1. *UTRICULARIA JAMISONIANA*.

A, Plant (natural size). B, leaf bearing utricles (20 diam.); C, single utricle (40 diam.); a, a, antennae. [After Oliver.]

results of organic life. The soil in which they grow, and from which they derive their nutriment, is largely made up of the decayed vegetation of a previous growth, and even of decomposing animal matter; while,

* The beautiful microscopic slides, from which the drawings for this article are made, were prepared for it by Mr. L. R. Peet, of Baltimore, to whom I would make grateful acknowledgment.

S. B. H.

living representative of the mighty dinosaurs of geologic times was subsequently found, which proved the truth of his conclusions.

This simultaneous development in different directions from the original form, or correlation, it is, which gives the fixity of relation that enables the naturalist to work

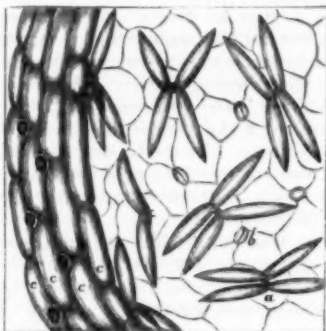


FIG. 2. CELLULAR SURFACE OF *UTRICULARIA VULGARIS*.
a, Quadrid processes; b, glands; c, c, cells of the walls of utricle with glands. [From nature.]

in his peculiar field of inquiry. It is the inflexibility of physical laws which alone enables man to use them in order to the carrying out of his purposes; it is the perfect certainty with which he can count upon their action which alone enables him to calculate results; it is the cleft in the rock and not the moving desert-sand that gives foothold to vigorous and upspringing life.

One of these singular correlations for which we can see no possible reason, is the contemporaneous development in plants of the true root and the fibro-vascular bundles of their stems. As the whole aerial portion of the plant becomes more highly organized, the subterranean portion also changes its character. In accommodation with this correlation we find that it is by means of special organs, performing the functions of roots, that plants are lifted one degree higher in the scale of being,—that they approach one step nearer to animal life. Before coming to our main subject,—the American pitcher plants,—there are a few very curious forms which are needed to complete the chain extending from vegetable to animal life, and so binding organic nature into one perfect and harmonious whole. These illustrate the gradual modifications of structure by which true plants gaining their nitrogen by means of roots are bound into unity with animals gaining theirs by means of a process of digestion.

A hasty recapitulation of a few points is

here essential, and will be pardoned. In ordinary plant life among the higher organisms, roots assimilate by extending themselves underground and sending out upon their branches multitudes of delicate fibrillæ, or root-hairs, which come into direct contact with the moistened particles of earth around them. The water which adheres to these minute particles of soil, Sachs tells us, is directly continuous with the cell sap of the roots. There is in vegetation a continual loss of water in consequence of evaporation and of the vital processes of the plants, and this must be made good by an equal absorption of moisture by the roots. Not only is the necessary water thus supplied to the organism, but also such matter as the water holds in solution. But there are many substances present in the soil in an undissolved condition which are yet necessary to the plant. The tiny root-hairs, by their innumerable ramifications, come into contact with multitudes of particles of earth containing chemicals in the condition called "fixed." Though insoluble in water, these substances are dissolved by the carbonic acid exhaled by the roots, and thus rendered fit for appropriation by the plant. The largest element in atmospheric air is nitrogen, and though it is essential to the life of vegetation, plants possess, singularly enough, no power of assimilating the free nitrogen of the air, as they do its oxygen and carbon-dioxide. This essential element must therefore be secured by some other means. In the higher plants it is taken up from the soil by means of their roots, where it exists in



FIG. 3. *UTRICULARIA VULGARIS* (5 DIAM.).
u, Utricle (10 diam.). [From nature.]

chemical combination with other substances. The insectivorous plants, which possess very minute roots, it will be seen, have an independent and novel mode of supplying them-

selves with the necessary nitrogen. They secure it in various ways; but in each case by means of some organ specially adapted

guarding the entrance from being choked up by earth or decaying vegetation. The utricles are colorless and transparent, and measure only about $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch in diameter. These walls are formed of two layers of cells of an angular shape, at whose junction small papillæ project. The entrance to the bladder is guarded by two prolongations of the cellular walls which dip sharply down into its cavity and form a perfectly fitting valve. [Fig. 4.] Of these two prolongations, the one nearest the stem, called the collar or peristome, is thick, stiff, and almost semicircular; against this the valve, which is thinner and more flexible, directly abuts.

Within the bladder and scattered along the borders of the valve are the organs which supply to the plant its necessary nitrogenous food. These are minute glands not more than $\frac{1}{1000}$ of an inch long, and a "serried mass of processes," called by Darwin, bifid, trifid, or quadrid processes, according to the number of arms they possess. Each one of these

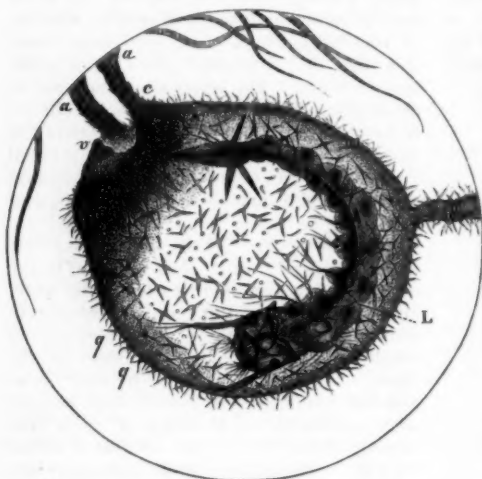


FIG. 4. UTRICLE WITH CAPTURED PREY.

v, Valve; c, collar; a, a, antennæ; q, quadrid processes; L, chironomid larva. [From nature.]

to the needs and circumstances of the species upon which it is found.

The insectivorous plant which most nearly resembles in its mode of nutrition ordinary plants, is an insignificant little epiphyte found in tropical South America. It is generally grown as an air-plant; though it has been successfully cultivated in green-houses in a very moist and peaty soil. Instead of roots the *Utricularia montana* produces colorless, thread-like rhizomes (creeping underground stems) which sometimes swell into tubers, and which bear upon them minute bladders or utricles of a very singular character. When grown in the soil, the rhizomes, with their bladders, penetrate it to the depth of two or more inches; but in its natural state as an epiphyte, they must creep in among the decayed bark and thick moss which cover the trees in the tropical forests of South America. Darwin mentions that some of the plants in his possession bore several hundred utricles. The bladders are, in form, compressed and rounded. The antennæ, as Darwin calls them, instead of spreading out and leaving a large opening to the cup-shaped utricle, as in *U. Jamisoniana* [Fig. 1, B, C], which is also an air-plant, curve around and downward on each side of the opening (or upward when the position of the utricle is reversed), thus

consists of several divergent arms, generally four, mounted upon a short pedicel. A glance at Fig. 2, which shows the like processes in *U. vulgaris*, will give an idea of their form and appearance, though in *U. montana* the arms lie side by side, in pairs more closely, and differ somewhat in length. A number of experiments made by Darwin proved that, whether these glands and processes possess the power of secretion or not, they certainly absorb organic matter from their captured prey. The observations of Mr. Darwin, and the earlier ones of Mrs. Treat, left it doubtful whether the minute animals which found their way into the bladders merely forced their way in through the valve, or whether the valve possessed some power of movement which captured them against their will. Darwin evidently inclines toward the former opinion, though he gives some experiments which point to the latter; but Mrs. Treat's observations made and recorded since the publication of Darwin's book, seem to prove conclusively that these tiny vegetable bladders open their valves and snap up their unwary prey. In the figure of *Utricularia Jamisoniana*, drawn after Professor Oliver, no collar or valve is to be seen, though from the scale upon which it is drawn, as well as the manner in which it is delineated,

they would probably be imperceptible. The figure is given, however, without reference to the functions of the bladders; but in order to show that the utricles, which occupy the position and perform the functions of roots, are yet, in reality, modifications of the foliage leaves. In this whole group (speaking of them generally and not scientifically, as belonging to one group), the organs which appropriate formed matter for the sustenance of the plant are modified leaves; and these, where there is sufficient approximation to the possession of a root to determine the matter, are, with one or two exceptions, all radical leaves.

Most of the utricularias are rootless aquatic plants which float about in the water; upon the submerged portion the utricles are borne; these utricles first received the name of bladders because it was supposed that they served the purpose of sustaining the plant in the water. From this delicate floating plant, which may be seen in Fig. 3, at certain seasons, springs an aerial axis, bearing delicate flowers, very like some of the orchids. A writer in the "*Annales des Science Naturelle*" says with reference to one of these curious plants: "Each of these beings [the aerial and aquatic portion of the same plant] not only accomplishes a special function in a particular mode, but each possesses an intimate structure appropriate to this function, and to this mode; and the difference in this regard is so great between the two, that where any anatomist has isolated fragments of the two axes submitted to him, he does not hesitate to assign them to distinct and widely separated vegetable types."

The utricularias are the only family of those carnivorous plants which absorb decomposed matter rather than digest animal food, which have been carefully studied with reference to their functional peculiarities. The anatomy of the pitcher plants is very well known, but their physiology has yet to be learned. Darwin has subjected the glands and quadrifid processes of the utricles in this group of plants to the closest scrutiny; he has looked at them with an eye trained by a long study of other plants allied to them by their mode of life, and has shown that the glands do absorb organic matter which becomes changed within its tissues into protoplasm. The contrivances and cellular structure of our various pitcher plants leave no doubt that their mode of absorption is similar, but it is inference rather than observation upon which we have to depend in this matter.

In 1815, Dr. McBride, a physician of South Carolina, devoted some attention to a species of very remarkable plants which grew in a marsh near his residence: this was the *Sarracenia variolaris*, popularly called the American pitcher plant or side-saddle flower. A cluster of leaves spring from the ground: some of these are ordinary foliage leaves, while the others have enormously developed petioles, which curving around laterally and becoming adherent throughout their whole length, form a trumpet or pitcher shaped vessel, above which the leaf proper is developed.

The *Heliamphora* [Fig. 5], and the *Sarracenia purpurea* [Fig. 6], show this with perfect clearness. *S. variolaris* has a curved lid, formed by the bending of the leaf around and over into a dome-like roof to the pitcher [Fig. 7]. There are eight known species of the *sarracenia* family, which do not differ very greatly from each other; but as *S. variolaris* has been most closely studied, it will be best to confine ourselves to that, in order to illustrate the structure. In favorable situations, with plenty of air, moisture, and sunshine, these plants spring

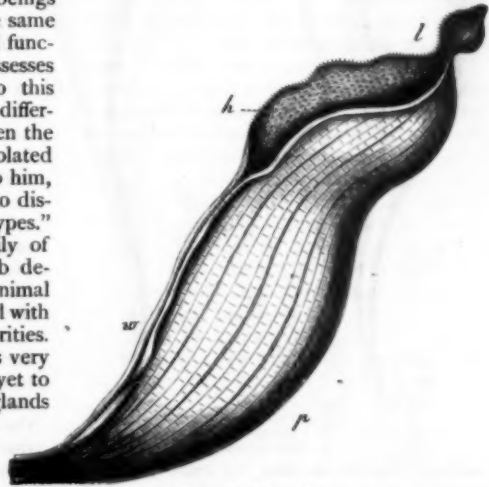


FIG. 5. HELIAMPHORA.

p, Petiole doubled to form pitcher; l, leaf, rudimentary lid; w, wing, formed by non-adherent edges of petiole. (After Bentham.)

up in great clusters, their trumpet-shaped leaves growing from a foot to eighteen inches in height. The lid or hood, as well as a portion of the pitcher down the back, or part adjacent to the midrib, *a, a*, is curiously marked with white translucent spots, *s, s*; between these may be seen green or red

reticulations, *r*. About the mouth, *m*, over the inner surface of the hood, *h*, and down the outer edge of the wing, there are seated glands which secrete honey. [Fig. 8.] Hooker, in describing the inner surface of the tube, divides it into four portions. The spotted and reticulated portion, including the hood and pitcher for about an inch below the cord, *c*, he calls the attractive surface; it is covered with hairs, and possesses some breathing pores and many honey-secreting glands. [Fig. 8.] The second

now and then drawn out into an enormously elongated sac, which form the detentive hairs. [Fig. 10.]

In April, the plants bloom freely, the pitchers are still tender and immature, and their lids are quite closed. Dr. Mellichamp—to whom we owe most of our information in regard to this species—examined many pitchers which had not yet lifted their lids, and into which no moisture could have penetrated. He found in each a small amount of fluid which was sticky and somewhat astringent, closely resembling the taste of the roots whose functions the tubes help to fulfill. No remains of insects were found in the unopened pitchers, but in the old ones, a mass of insect remains filled the small end of the tube to the height sometimes of six inches. In 1874, Dr. Mellichamp made a number of close observations on the *sarracenia* leaves [Fig. 7]; he found that the secretion of honey—up the front of the wing, *w*, from the ground—formed a trail along which ants and other small creatures crawled. On reaching the mouth, *m*, they crawled over the cord, *c*, into the tube itself. There seems to be some question as to the nature of the secretions. Dr. Mellichamp's observations led him to think that there was no intoxicating property either in the fumes of the secretion or in the honey itself. To test this point, insects were suspended by him in a gauze net above the liquor which fills the tube below; they were also allowed to feed freely upon the honey outside the pitcher, and in neither case was any peculiar effect observed. Mrs. Treat, however, in some late investigations made upon these plants, considers the honeyed secretion to be intoxicating. When an insect,—a fly, for instance,—which walks with such ease and security upon the smoothest surface, enters the tube, he slips and tumbles about in the most drunken way; this, Professor Riley says, is due, not to the intoxicating fumes of the liquor, or the effects of the honey, but to the nature of the pubescence upon which he has to walk. Just below the entrance, as has been said, are the delicate, overlapping, downward-pointing processes of the conductive surface. Flies walk upon smooth surfaces by means of a very complicated apparatus; the popular idea of each foot possessing a sucker is long ago exploded. Upon a surface presenting slight roughness, the foot clings by means of claws; on perfectly smooth surfaces, by means of a slight



FIG. 6. *SARRACENIA PURPUREA*.

A, front; B, side view; *c*, petiole; *w*, wing; *l*, leaf forming lid.
[From nature.]

surface, just below this, he calls the conductive surface; it is formed of glassy cells elongated into short conical processes which overlap each other like shingles upon a roof, and forms a very insecure foothold for insects. [Figs. 9, 11.] The third or glandular surface is also very insecure ground, and is covered with glands; this occupies a large portion of the tube. At the bottom is the fourth or detentive surface, formed of curiously shaped cells whose outer wall is every

viscous secretion, probably aided by atmospheric pressure. The surface of the conducting portion in the *sarracenia* tube affords



FIG. 7. *SARRACENIA VARIIGATA*.

m, Mouth; w, wing; h, hood or lid formed by leaf; a, petiole forming pitcher; c, cord; r, r, reticulations; d, diaphanous spots; b, stem. [From nature.]

neither a smooth surface for the use of these pulvilli, nor one so formed as to admit of the claws taking hold. The delicate, downward-pointing hairs give under the weight of the insect. Even when the tube is laid horizontally the insect is seen continually to slip backward; and this effect would, of course, be much more marked if the tube was erect.

An insect which has once entered the fatal trap finds escape impossible; he slips on the glassy pubescence, and struggles to regain foothold, each effort only sending him farther into the abyss. Finally he is plunged into the pool below, and soon becomes insensible from its anæsthetic quality. The white translucent spots, s, appear to serve a purpose in this marvelous trap. The mouth of the pitcher is so completely

overhung by the arched lid, that an insect once fairly in the tube cannot possibly see any opening above it, and would naturally direct its flight toward the shining white spots in hopes of escape; in this case it would, of course, fall back after striking these skylights,—as helpless as before, and often hopelessly lost. This is not a mere matter of conjecture; it is an observed fact, that flies are seen continually striking against these diaphanous spots, in their struggles to escape from the snare in which they had been caught.

There are, however, several insects which live, in safety, within this miniature charnel house. These are each supplied with some peculiar, though not exceptional, form of structure which enable them to brave the dangers of the pit. One of them, the *Xanthoptera semicrocea*, a beautiful and glossy moth, possesses upon its feet very long spines which penetrate the pubescence, and take firm hold upon the cellular surface below; the female deposits the eggs late in April, and when the larva hatches, it spins a delicate web over the surface of the hairs which enables it to move securely about. Then the larva begins to "nip" a little at the inner surface of the pitcher; and when it grows older and stronger it spins a web securely across the opening of the tube. Our larva having defined the limits of his preserve, sets himself to the work of retaliation in earnest, eating away the leaf till only the outer epidermal layer of cells is left. In

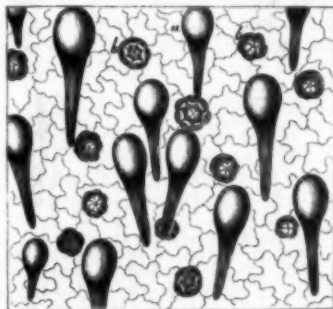


FIG. 8.

Hairs a and honey glands h just inside of mouth of pitcher; the different cell arrangements of the honey glands represent different layers of glands seen at a different focus of the glass.

small leaves, almost the whole tube is thus destroyed; but in larger ones only the upper third, which contains the honey glands, is devoured. The pitchers look blasted and burnt, the upper portions of the leaves generally collapsing and falling down, after the

work of the larva is done, the lower portions being held in place by the mass of packed insect remains that fills them.

The *Sarracenia purpurea* [Fig. 6], which is found in many parts of our country, and as far north as Canada, Hooker thinks, has no especial secretion of its own, or at all events does not secrete until it has been partially filled with rain. The upper portion is not guarded, as many others of the *sarraceniaceae* are, from the entrance of rain-water [Fig. 6]; the hood, or leaf, as may be seen, stands at such an angle as to admit it freely. It possesses three instead of four surfaces, and is the only one of the family which has an especial glandular surface.

There is an obscure species of pitcher plant found only in British Guiana and in the Roruma mountains of Venezuela, at a height of six thousand feet above the level of the sea. Whether it is an insectivorous plant or not has not been determined; but it has a value as one of this family, in that it supplies to the eye an unanswerable argument in favor of the accepted theory in regard to the development of the pitcher. We are told by the botanists that these tubes are modified petioles, or leaf-stalks, while their lids are the modified leaves. A glance at the *heliampora* [Fig. 5] shows this to be the case. The broad petiole curves around and meets, and becomes adherent at a line a little within the lateral edges, allowing them to fold back. That which in the more perfect pitchers of the *darlingtonia* and *sarracenia* would otherwise be difficult of comprehension, is thus made clear by a single look at the intermediate form. The

ent throughout, and in others are separated in some portion. The hood finds its representation in the curious little curved leaf which crowns the tube. The presence of

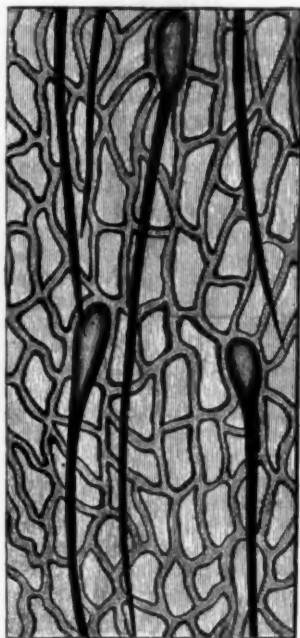


FIG. 10. *SARRACENIA VARIOLARIS*.

Full-grown hairs on detentive surface (250 diam.). [From nature.]

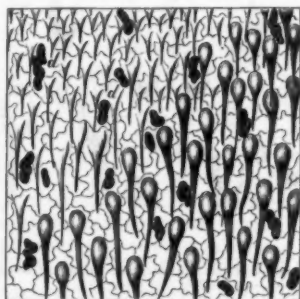


FIG. 9.

Development of detentive hairs on lower part of pitcher *S. Variolaris*; d, d, cells especially colored owing to some unknown peculiarity.

turned-back edges of the leaf represent the wing, which in some species is single,—in other words, the edges of the leaf are adher-

ent throughout, and in others are separated in some portion. The hood finds its representation in the curious little curved leaf which crowns the tube. The presence of

an internal pubescence affords a strong presumption in favor of its being insectivorous.

The last of this singular family of plants which will be noticed is the *Darlingtonia Californica*, called, as the *heliampora* might also be termed, "an insignificant geographical outlier" of the *Sarraceniaceae*; for it is found only in the boggy morasses close under Mount Shasta,—one of the peaks of the Sierra Nevada,—and at a height of from five to seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. This is the most beautiful, both in form and color, of the pitcher plants. It rises, as they all do, out of the soil, as a cluster of radical leaves, from the midst of which spring the flower-bearing stems, with their nodding scapes. [Fig. 12.] It is cultivated with the utmost difficulty. A year ago there was a fine specimen in the green-houses of the Agricultural Department in Washington, from which the leaf showing the glandular sur-

faces [Fig. 13] was taken; but it died long ago.*

From the figure, it will be seen, that while the *darlingtonia* tubes present some resemblances to those of the *sarracenia*s, they also present differences. In every description and figure of the plant which I have been able to find, all the leaves are pitcher-shaped; as is also the case with certain varieties in the *Sarraceniaceae*. Each

show a uniform twist to the right, and others to the left. The arched lid, instead of being formed of the leaf, as in all the other species of this family, except *Sarracenia psittacina*, is a prolongation of the tubular petiole, which itself curves over into a dome-shaped lid, *h*, that projects far enough over the mouth to make the opening, *m*, fall directly beneath the apex of the dome. The dome continues to curve around and inward till



FIG. 12. *DARLINGTONIA CALIFORNICA*.

p, Petiole; *w*, wing; *m*, mouth; *h*, hood; *l*, swallow-tailed appendage; *c*, pitcher cut off; *f*, flower; *a*, opening for admission of insects; *b*, bud. [After Curtis.]

tube is twisted upon its axis about half a turn. All the leaves upon a single plant twist in the same direction, but some plants

only a small orifice is left between its lower edges and the inner wall of the tube, *m*. Still further is this orifice guarded by the leaf proper, *l*, which springs from the outer edge of the opening, diverging rapidly into two long narrow wings. The tube itself is green in its lower portion; toward the upper, the spaces between the green veining of the leaf are of a translucent yellow, something like the white spots in the bright network of *sarracenia*. This makes the dome-shaped portion of the pitcher look, to the casual observer, "like a ripe jargonelle pear." The flap which flares out from the mouth is brilliantly colored,—of a dusky orange veined with red, like the petal of a

* The leaf from which these surfaces [Fig. 13] were drawn was a very small one, measuring not more than two inches. It was perfectly formed, but it is possible that the curious openings, *a*, and glands (or possibly stomata), *a*, *a*, are not fair representations of the surface of a larger leaf. Continually renewed efforts to obtain leaves of this plant were at last crowned by success, and this small leaf, which Professor Seaman, of the Agricultural Department, had reserved for his own examination, was kindly given to me. I would here make grateful acknowledgment not only to him, but to Dr. Melli-champ, Mr. Wilber, and Professor Asa Gray, for their extreme courtesy in this matter.

tulip, or arbutilon. On the inner surface of this appendage are multitudes of short, stiff hairs pointing toward the mouth. Down

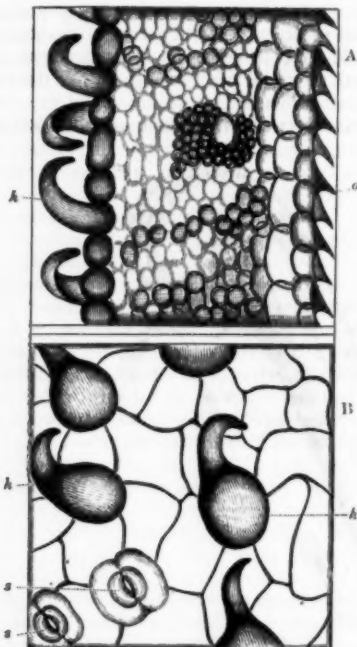


FIG. 12.

A, *S. Variolaris* vertical section of hood; h, hairs of external portion; a, conical downward-pointing processes on internal surface, like those on conductive surface (100 diam.). [From nature.] B, same tissue, seen from above; h, hairs; s, stomata (250 diam.).

the outer surface, opposite the midrib, *a*, runs a longitudinal wing, *w*, like that of *sarracenia*; this wing separates into two at its base, which is another clue to the fact that it is morphologically the doubling back of the two otherwise adherent lateral edges of the petiole, as we have seen it to be in *heliophora*. There is some evidence to prove that this wing is supplied with honey glands, and serves as a lure. The swallow-tailed appendage is, however, in the case of *darlingtonia*, the real lure. Its inner surface is found to possess honey-secreting glands, which are still more frequent upon the inner surface of the hood; but this, of course, could attract and secure only flying insects. An examination of the insect remains in *darlingtonia* proves that it catches almost entirely flying insects, while *sarracenia* lives principally upon ants and other prey, which crawl up by the way of the wing and into the orifice.

The most singular fact in regard to the

darlingtonia is that in its own person, at different stages of its development, it bears pitcher-shaped leaves, representing both the open and the close-mouthed tubes found in the two kinds of *sarracenia*. [Fig. 12, *d*, open-mouthed; *a*, close-mouthed pitchers.] These small tubes, as may be seen in the figure, have very oblique open mouths, the upper lip of which is drawn out into a long, slender scarlet hood, that does not close the mouth. The slight twist in the tubes causes them to face in every direction; these tubes, which correspond to the open-mouthed pitchers of *Sarracenia purpurea*, catch only small insects. As the plant grows older, however, it bears much larger sub-erect pitchers, A, of which the description and figure have been given. The flower of the *darlingtonia* is solitary, growing upon a tall stem about four or five feet high. In

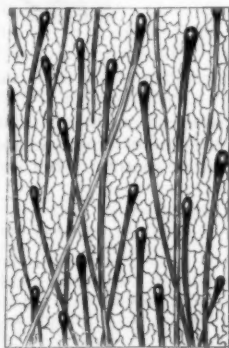
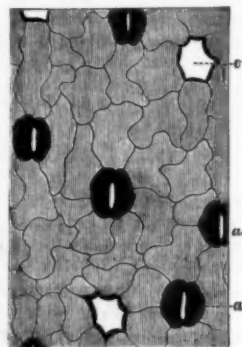


FIG. 13. DARLINGTONIA CALIFORNICA.

A, glandular surface; B, hairs of detective portion. [From nature.]

the figure, the flower [Fig. 12, *f*] will be seen with a curious opening, *o*, between its adjacent petals. From the position of the pistil,

which hangs in the center of a dependent bell-shaped ovary, like its clapper, and of the stamens around and above it, it is impossible that the flower should fertilize itself; the pollen could, by no possibility, fall upon its own stigma; and Hooker, in his address before the British Association, in 1874, suggests a close connection between the floral and foliar arrangement of the plant. "Looking at a flowering specimen of *darlingtonia*," he says, "I was struck with a remarkable analogy between the arrangement and coloring of the leaf and of the flower. The petals are as highly colored as the flap of the pitcher, and between each pair of petals is a hole [Fig. 12, *c*] leading to the stamens and the stigma. Turning to the pitcher, the relation of its flap to its entrance is somewhat similar. Now, we know that colored petals are especially attractive organs, and that the object of their color is to bring insects to feed on their pollen or nectar, and in this case, by means of the hole, to fertilize the flower; that the object of the

flap and its sugar is also to attract insects, but with a very different result, cannot be doubted. It is hence conceivable that this marvelous plant lures insects to its flowers for one object, and feeds them while it uses them to fertilize itself, and that, when this is accomplished, some of its benefactors are thereafter lured to its pitchers, for the sake of feeding itself."

Besides their intrinsic interest, these wonderful plants possess a special value, as a new link in the chain of physical truth, which now in our ignorance we may fear will lead us into darkness and doubt, but which, when it is perfected, can do no other than bind the frailest and meanest life with the omnipotent and glorious Life-giver; which, however meaningless it may seem now, will assuredly—when we come to know as we are known—prove to be the marvelous chain, whose every link has been forged by infinite patience and love, for the binding together of things material with things spiritual,—of earth with heaven.

"AN ASIATIC INVASION."

A PAPER on the Chinese in San Francisco, which appeared in SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for last October, marked the introduction into magazine literature of a discussion which has seemed important enough to enter into the debates of the two great political parties, and to have its momentary result embodied in their platforms;—its momentary result only, for the discussion has only just begun in earnest; and though the matter is thrust aside for the time from all our minds by questions of much greater moment to the country, it is as certain to come back again as is every other of those political problems which demagoguery is quick to turn to petty uses, but certain never to solve correctly.

It is fortunate when such a subject gains the more thoughtful attention it is sure to find in the cooler field of magazine debate; and Mr. Vivian's paper on "John Chinaman" was taken up with a different interest from that attaching to a newspaper article written in the heat of a "campaign." It was read by many students of political matters with unusual care, in the hope to learn something of a question the Eastern press has treated too little; yet it was laid down by many with regret both at its spirit and at

its arguments. Without unfairness to its author, and without the least imputation upon his desire to write dispassionately and accurately, it must be said that Mr. Vivian's paper is of less value as a discussion than as a text; less important as a repetition of the customary Californian opinion, than as an illustration of the prevailing misunderstanding as to what the "Chinese Question" really is.

Taking the article, then, merely as a text for comment on a large number of similar expressions, it is evident that the Californians complain chiefly of three things with regard to the Chinese. First, that their emigration to California is not really voluntary, and therefore that their labor is "servile"—approximating to slave labor in a sense, at least. Second, that this labor is brought into unfair competition with white labor, not only to the great disadvantage of the latter, but so greatly to the advantage of the former, that Chinese will probably come to this country in overwhelming numbers, and "California will be bereft of white labor" altogether. Third, that the Chinese are in themselves a vile class, largely made up of criminals, and a terribly demoralizing, nay, destructive element to introduce into

the community. In support of these three complaints they bring forward what they consider to be sufficient facts; and as a remedy for the state of things they believe the alleged facts to indicate, they have thought themselves justified in going to the Federal government for aid. Let us look first at the facts.

Mr. Vivian makes the statement, rather surprising in the light of the attention attracted to Mr. Burlingame's undertaking the Chinese embassy, that the American-Chinese treaty of 1868 was agreed to by "Anson Burlingame, on the part of the United States." A little further on he refers to an interview with Mr. De Long (who was some time minister to Japan), as "an interview with the Hon. C. E. De Long, late minister to China." These statements do not predispose one, certainly, to think that Mr. Vivian, however skilled an expert in this matter, can ever have read very carefully the treaty which he quotes, or the "Diplomatic Correspondence," which contains so much of the literature of his subject. Should he do so, however, he would gain information from both those sources as to the voluntary character of the Chinese emigration to this country. The fifth article of the treaty is an agreement of the two nations to make it a penal offense "for a citizen of the United States or Chinese subjects to take Chinese subjects either to the United States or to any other foreign country * * * without their free and voluntary consent." In the *Diplomatic Correspondence* for 1866 (part 1, pages 498 *et seq.*, where is printed the British and French agreement with China as to emigration), appear the laws which have prevailed for more than sixteen years in China itself upon this subject; punishing with extreme rigor all who induce Chinese to emigrate except as the humane regulations provide, and with death all who kidnap or compel them. That these laws are really sternly enforced, and that the most earnest efforts of the Chinese government to break up anything like a coolie trade in their own ports have been successful, any one familiar with China will bear witness. For years the seat of the coolie trade has been Macao, and not a Chinese sea-port.

All this, of course, the Californians concede,—that coerced emigration is forbidden by the treaty which they wish to see abrogated, and that both countries have laws to which they can appeal to have such emigration stopped. What they claim is that coercion is practiced by Chinese emigration

agents in such a way as to escape punishment, since it forces its victims into declaring that they go willingly; whereas they have actually signed "a contract which is absolutely frightful in its conditions." The result is, says Mr. De Long in the quoted interview, "that the coolie is bound body and soul, and hence, when the inspector asks, 'Are you leaving China of your own free will?' the answer is, 'I am;' and when here called upon to testify he knows just how to answer to please his master." And yet the gentleman whose words are thus reported speaks of the "absolutely frightful" contract in the following comparatively mild terms: "The men we see drudging here are paying a debt contracted to keep their fathers and mothers from starving." It is generally said by those who compare the Chinese emigrant to a slave, that he has sold himself for a term of years to a contractor, leaving fearful penalties hanging over the heads of his relatives at home, should the contractor not gain the expected return from the profits of his labor.

Is it supposable that a system really involving a close approach to slavery could possibly exist for years, and continue in the midst of the prevailing excitement concerning it, without exposure in a single case? Carried on under the eyes of consuls, not a few of whom go to China under the belief that such abuse exists; under the eyes of inspectors and native officials whose prejudices are against emigration; would it be continued under government authorization and government arrangement, if it were actually a coolie trade, yearly reducing multitudes of Chinese to servitude? But there is ample evidence, outside the inherent improbability of the case, that no approach to such a state of things exists in regard to emigration to the United States. Mr. George Seward, who is now our minister to China, and who was for more than ten years consul and consul-general, and one of the most careful students living of all that relates to the Chinese, in a recent article, gives his opinion on this point in a single sentence: "This emigration has been entirely voluntary in its character."* This testimony has been confirmed by every official who, like him, has had actual opportunity to see the working of the emigration agencies in Chinese ports; it is confirmed by dispatches in which the contrast is especially drawn between the actual coolie trade and the authorized meth-

* In his article "China," in "Appleton's American Cyclopaedia," new edition.

od of assisting emigrants. "It is well understood in all that region," wrote Dr. Williams, secretary of legation in China, "that *emigrants* go from Hong Kong, and *coolies* from Macao." In one of the last attempts made to entrap coolies wrongfully into an American ship, far back before 1861, Mr. Ward, who was then American minister, ascertained the design, and had the poor fellows taken from the vessel and examined at the Chinese magistrate's office in Canton. There all of them—more than 330—deposed that they were unwilling to emigrate; and all were released to return to their homes. If the same thing is now done openly that was then done secretly, why, it may fairly be asked, does no Chinaman now dare to follow the example of those three hundred, and tell the facts? Why do not Chinese in San Francisco do it? They are too shrewd people not to know that whoever did it now would gain not only protection, but favor. And how comes it—to ask a question, by the way—that those Chinese who are said to come here practically slaves, their earnings due to the men to whom they have sold themselves, can still keep up the reprehensible practice of sending back their wages to their relatives at home? That they do so is not only a point strongly urged against them by the anti-Chinese party in California, but it is also a fact for which any one will vouch who knows the arrangement of banks and companies in San Francisco for facilitating such remittances.

The labor of the Chinese in California, then, is in no sense servile. It is servile in Peru and the West Indies,—regions supplied through the real coolie trade of Macao or other places; that emigration, it is worth while to note, "has been promoted by foreigners, and attended with horrors scarcely second to those of the African slave-trade."* Some of the horrors of that traffic have been transferred by the excited imaginations of Pacific coast residents (largely aided by clamorous demagogues whom their better judgment would reject) to an organized plan for assisting poor emigrants from an overpopulated country to one where they may be self-supporting. That the emigrant does agree to repay expenses from the cost of his labor is as true as it often is in emigration schemes of other nationalities; that the emigrant's family give security of property, or substitute, in such case, is also true in its

right sense; it is not true that there is anything in the arrangement that makes the emigrant approximate to a slave, or anything in which he sees injustice.

But, to take up the second point of Californian complaint—the fear for the safety of white labor, and the dread of an "Asiatic invasion" before which the "Caucasian" will be driven helplessly. This part of the subject has afforded so rich a field for the demagogues that it is almost necessary to put aside from the mind what they have said before one can get even an unobstructed glance at the real question. The less intelligent among the white laborers of California naturally enough lend a willing ear to denunciations of men who are underbidding them in the market; naturally enough help to elect the political leaders whose talk accords with that which comes of their own restricted knowledge. In justice to the intelligent and thoughtful people of California, the bluster of unscrupulous politicians who speak to such a sympathizing audience should not be taken into serious discussion; it should be sent to the limbo of other truculent generalities, "spoken for buncombe" in the heat of a mass-meeting.

What, however, do the Californians who should form the really liberal and thoughtful class say to this aspect of the matter? Even they do not speak with quite the care or moderation one might expect. At the great meeting held in San Francisco last April to consider this question, words were spoken which excite considerable surprise in the mind of the reader. Perhaps, some day, they may produce like effects in the minds of their authors; for did not the extravagance of the "Know-nothings" sometimes come home inconveniently, in later years?

At this meeting, Governor Irwin, of California, presided. In the opening of his speech is this passage: "You will accord me sincerity,—your minds will recognize in what I say a fundamental truth,—when I declare that in the continued emigration of the Chinese to this country, is involved a suppression of everything that characterizes distinctly Anglo-Saxon—aye, more, everything that characterizes distinctly European—civilization."* Ex-Senator Casserly wrote: "We should all rejoice that the cry of 'cheap labor,'—

* The quotations from speeches, letters, etc., are from the "San Francisco Bulletin's" reports of the proceedings of this meeting, which was held April 5, 1876.

* Minister Seward, in the article before quoted.
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equally senseless and mischievous,—which has misled so many, has had its day among us. Who does not know that cheap labor means degraded labor?" There were many speeches of men whose positions should have made them conservative and thoughtful in weighing words, yet whose phrases sound like the talk of the old battles of races let loose again.

The address drawn up at this meeting certainly should have embodied the ideas of California upon this matter; and we are justified in turning to it for a full explanation of the Californian case. "West of the Sierras," it says, "there are, in round numbers, one million of white people. In California our population is, say, eight hundred thousand; in San Francisco, say, two hundred and fifty thousand. It is estimated that in California there are something over two hundred thousand Chinese. In San Francisco, about seventy-five thousand. So that, at the present time, the Chinese number the one-fourth part of our people." Hence, the address goes on, the people "feel justified in calling the nation's attention to an evil of vast proportion, which is now threatening to outnumber our Pacific coast population, and imperil the best interests of this side of our continent." * * * "Without wives or houses, and by reason of their ability to live upon rice, tea, dried fish, and desiccated vegetables, they [the Chinese] can subsist more cheaply than white laborers who have families to support, children to educate, houses to maintain, taxes to pay, and public duties to perform. Hence in the labor market the Chinese can underbid the white man or woman. The contest is altogether unequal, and wherever it has been waged, the Chinese have conquered and the whites have been driven from employment." Parts referring to other than the labor question, and that of the "overwhelming" immigration, have been omitted here, to be taken up farther on; but for the moment consider the sentences above quoted. On what are these confident assertions based, that the outnumbering of the Pacific coast's white population is threatened, and that white labor is driven from the field?

First, of course, on statistics. Where those used in the address came from can be only a matter of conjecture. Yet it is the customary estimate on the Pacific coast, that there are in California something over 200,000 Chinese. Cooler and more candid observers, like Mr. Vivian, admit that these

figures are too large by half:—107,000, Mr. Vivian says; and this is, perhaps, the smallest estimate by a Californian writer. Let us look, however, at figures based on a better estimate than these,—on records and facts. In the Diplomatic Correspondence for 1868, part I, page 532, will be found the following table, covering the returns up to July of that year, according to the records of the San Francisco Custom-house (it will not be pretended that the Chinese first landed elsewhere on the coast).

Year.	Immigration			Emigration.		Remain- ing.
	Males.	Fe- males.	Total.	Total.	Excess over Im- migrat'n	Excess of Immi- gration.
1848	2	1	3			3
1849	323		323			323
1850	447		447			447
1851	2,716		2,716	261		2,455
1852	18,384	50	18,434	2,056		16,378
1853	3,917	399	4,316	4,405	89	
1854	14,450	513	15,063	2,386		12,677
1855	3,188	24	3,212	3,328	116	
1856	4,935	95	5,030	2,675		2,355
1857	5,383	423	5,806	2,675		3,131
1858	5,358	323	5,681	2,675		3,006
1859	3,100	427	3,527	2,907		620
1860	7,312	308	7,620	2,079		5,441
1861	5,997	510	6,507	2,151		4,356
1862	5,583	442	6,025	3,001		3,024
1863	7,149	32	7,181	2,510		4,671
1864	2,756	175	2,931	3,086	157	
1865	2,375		2,375	1,945		420
1866	2,350	1	2,351	3,015	664	
1867	3,779	27	3,806	4,167	361	
1868*	5,101	16	5,117	565		4,552
Total	104,605	3,766	108,471	45,887	1,387	63,859

* To July 1st.

It will thus be seen that up to July, 1868, nearly 64,000 of the emigrants had remained here, nearly three-eighths of the original number having gone back, or at all events gone away from California. Since 1868, according to reports of the bureau of statistics, and up to July 1, 1873, the following are the immigration figures:

1869	14,902
1870	11,943
1871	6,030
1872	10,642
1873	14,769
58,286	

Let us suppose that a less number than before, say one-fourth, had returned during these years (though considering the anti-Chinese excitement, a greater emigration was probable), and we have

Remained before 1868	64,000
" from '68 to '73	43,715

giving a total of 107,715 remaining in the country, July, 1873; and showing that if Mr. Vivian's figures had been for the whole coast instead of California alone (he could not well have calculated from trustworthy figures for any later period) they would have been a correct or even moderate estimate—a result corresponding with what the general candor of his article would lead us to expect. He has forgotten, however, that in 1868, 21,000 of the Chinese then on the Pacific coast were in Oregon, Nevada, and elsewhere outside of California; and that a ratio nearly like this must have been kept up since; yet waiving this question, we may certainly claim that the excitement of the California mass-meeting nearly doubled the authorized estimate of Chinese population, and made the threatening terror twice as great as a cool observer should have drawn it.

"An examination of this table," says Mr. Daniel Cleveland, a California writer, commenting in an official letter upon the first exhibit given above, "will show several interesting and important facts. During five years the emigration exceeded the immigration, and among these years are the two last. This taken in connection with the really moderate immigration, the great number who have returned to China, and who are constantly doing so, and the fact that all Chinese hope and expect to spend their last days in the 'flowery kingdom,' ought to be sufficient to dispel the fears of some of our public men who, in our legislature and elsewhere, have expressed their apprehension that the 400,000,000 inhabitants of the Chinese empire were about to be poured into our State."

Observing, therefore, that the majority of Californians have greatly exaggerated the number that have already come, the question comes up, Are they right in expecting an enormous immigration that may come hereafter? If analogy, the nature of the immigrating race, and the lessons of political experience, are worth anything, the Californians are certainly wrong. The Chinese immigration, as Mr. Vivian fairly admits, and as careful students will certainly declare, has been as sensitive as possible to the public opinion of the country toward which it tends. Two messages from the Chinese companies of San Francisco, that the immigration was unpopular, have, Mr. Vivian says, sufficed to check it. "The history of the race and their timid character," says Mr. Seward in his article, "indi-

cate that there is no occasion for the fear that they will come to this country in great numbers." "The great fluctuations in the immigration," says Mr. Cleveland, "**** have been owing to the action of our people and government." They are not an invading race, encroaching where they are not wanted, aggressive, driving out the possessors of the soil as the Englishman drove out the Indian. The laws of supply and demand are too well settled in our day for this. They will fill the places they can best fill, work at the work they can do better than others, in accordance with political and natural laws that are older than their own old nation; and then they will cease to come. With demand, the immigration will end. As long as demand continues, their coming is proper; as long as they can do work which no other offers to do more skillfully and with less expenditure of force and money, their coming will be advantageous.

Do they "drive out" white labor, in any proper sense—or indeed in any sense at all? The student of a broader political economy than that deduced from the appearance of a moment, knows that free trade in labor, so to speak, is as certain to become the law of the world some day as free trade in anything else. That the attempt artificially to keep one man at a branch of work for which another is better fitted, must in the end fail as certainly as the attempt to force upon a country a branch of industry or production for which nature has not made it. But, this general law aside, do the Chinese really threaten any important branch of white-man's industry? Mr. Vivian's figures tell us that in San Francisco there are of the Chinese 4,000 boot-makers, 2,200 wash-men; 3,500 cigar-makers; 2,300 clothiers and wool-workers; 1,400 domestic servants. Taking these figures as they are given (though other tables make it possible some of them are incorrect), it might have been pointed out, first, that the "boot-makers" are nearly all slipper-makers, or men engaged in the simplest mechanical processes of shoe-making, and that it would probably puzzle a San Franciscan to point out a white boot-maker, in the ordinary sense of the word, who had ever been refused work because of Chinese laborers' "monopolizing" his occupation; secondly, that the wash-men have taken up an industry which did not employ many males before their coming, and which does not to this day interfere with the existence of the white laundress, if

any person, as Mr. Vivian intimates, prefers to avoid a "few drawbacks" by sending them to her; thirdly, that the clothiers do in a large measure the work of their own people, and do not enter into active competition with the whites; and, fourthly, that the domestics least of all interfere with any legitimate labor-getting, but have acted as a highly salutary check to rates of wages that were making San Francisco fairly celebrated for the extortions of its household servants. These things might have been pointed out, and might show over how very small a mole-hill this outcry is raised; but they may easily be allowed to pass. Take the matter at the San Franciscans' own estimate; grant that some white men have been driven out of work; and one finds himself asked to join in a condemnation which is on its face both childish and imprudent—and which works both ways. Are we to condemn a class which has come into competition in trade and industry, and has gained possession of certain branches because it obviously carries on their simple work at a less cost to the community than another class? Will any capitalist or intelligent laborer be willing to make a general application of this theory?

Whether the Californians seriously believe that the rural Chinese population, working on farms and ranches, and doing well the merest mechanical labor, is "driving out" white industry; whether they seriously mean to fold their hands and wail instead of enforcing proper fishing laws when the Chinese fish their bays destructively (if they do) remain to be seen. Of these two points they have as yet said little. Farming by white men is not yet on the decline on the Pacific coast; and fish still abound in the streams and bays of China itself, though the Chinese have fished there for centuries.

"But," say the San Francisco writers of this part of the subject, "the Chinaman sends his money out of the country; he does us no good by using it here." He works for too little money in the first place; he defrauds the white laborer by the heinous crime of being "able to live on rice, dried fish, and desiccated vegetables;" and then he sends his ill-gotten gains out of the country or into the coffers of his own countrymen. "His industrial triumphs" (it seems he has them) "enrich another land, not ours," says the "San Francisco Bulletin" of March 27, 1876. "He is simply here on a foraging expedition. The bread which he takes out

of the mouths of our laborers goes to China." But here some farther facts confront us.

In 1861, a Californian legislative committee examined a table of moneys paid into America by the Chinese population of the State. They paid \$500,000 of duties at the San Francisco Custom-house; \$562,683 for freight and passages in ships from China; \$370,000 for rents and storage; \$2,164,273 in State taxes and licenses; more than \$5,000,000 for American products in the State (including San Francisco expenditures); more than \$3,000,000 for water-rates and mining claims; and a great number of smaller items which swelled the total to \$13,974,909.* This table is pronounced by a leading authority "substantially correct;" its leading items, from official sources, are so beyond question. For 1867, a careful estimate of the same matter placed the total at \$18,000,000 in gold; that is, the Chinese contributed at the rate of nearly \$45 gold for every white inhabitant then in California. In the meantime, too, their aid had rendered possible the building of the Pacific railroad. But these statements were for ten years ago; the ratio of this contribution has been kept up since; can any one show proof that it has ever failed to keep accurate pace with the immigration and Chinese industry? Do the Chinese send out of the country any equivalent for these amounts plus the value of their labor?

To take up finally and briefly the third California complaint: that the Chinese are in themselves a vicious class, and a vile and corrupting element to introduce into a community. It is well for us here in the East to remember how this point was stated by the San Francisco mass-meeting's address; it gives a clear idea of the spirit, both of justice and accuracy, that animates much of the anti-Chinese movement. "They fill our prisons, asylums and hospitals; are a grievous burden to our tax-payers; * * * they will not conform in their habits of life to our sanitary and police regulations. Their diseases are infectious and horrible; their vices are the result of four thousand years of practice. They buy and sell women for prostitution; they import peons and hold them to service, against the spirit of our laws, by the enforcement of their secret tribunals. * * * In the city of San Francisco there are not less than ten thousand Chinese belonging to the criminal classes, and [they]

* Tables in Diplomatic Correspondence for 1868, part 1, 538, 539.

number among them the most abandoned and dangerous of criminals. * * *

"Resolved, that the presence of these people in our midst has a tendency to demoralize society and minister to its worst vices; it aids to corrupt and debauch our youth; and the labor of this servile class comes in direct competition with the labor of American citizens. It degrades industrial occupation, drives white labor from the market, multiplies idlers and paupers, and is a menace to Christian civilization."

Thus far the address and resolutions; perhaps they carry so much of their character upon their face that the fewest words of all will be necessary here. In 1862, a joint select committee of the California legislature made a report to that body, in which occurred the following passages:

"It is charged that the Chinese demoralize the whites. We cannot find any ground for the allegation. We adopt none of their habits, form no social relations with them, but keep them separate and apart, a distinct inferior race. They work for us; they help us build up our State by contributing largely to our taxes, to our shipping, farming, and mechanical interests, without to any extent entering the departments as competitors; they are denied privileges equal with other foreigners; they cannot vote nor testify in courts of justice, nor have any voice in making our laws, nor mingle with us in social life. Certainly we have nothing to fear from a race so condemned and restricted; on the contrary, those Chinamen who remain here are educated to our standard. * * * The practice of Chinese prostitution by their women is as abhorrent to their respectable merchants as it is to us. They have made several efforts to send these women home to China, but their efforts have been frustrated, under the plea that this is a free country, and these women can do as they please. * * * The convictions in the police court, San Francisco, for the year 1861, were: Whites, 2,783; Chinese, 168. Average of Chinese about 1 in 16. The 24 hour sentences as above stated average about 13 per month. About three-fourths of the Chinese convictions are women (prostitutes) arrested from the alleys about Jackson and Pacific streets. Your committee were furnished with a list of 88 Chinese who are known to have been murdered by white people; 11 of which number are known to have been murdered by collectors of foreign miners' license tax, sworn officers of the law. But two of the murderers have been convicted and hanged. Generally they have been allowed to escape without the slightest punishment. The above number of Chinese who have been robbed and murdered compose probably a very small proportion of those which have been murdered, but they are all which the records of the different societies or companies in this city show. It is a well-known fact that there has been a wholesale system of wrong and outrage practiced upon the Chinese population of this State, which would disgrace the most barbarous nation upon earth."

What thoughtful observer who knows California will venture to say or hope to prove that since this report was made

the state of things indicated has not increased and become intensified? And yet upon whom rests the burden of proof when an accusation like this is made against a whole race? Every intelligent witness who is not led by a demagogue knows that the idea that the San Francisco population—"society," as the address calls it—is in danger of corruption from the Chinese element is too childish to deserve a thought. San Francisco, like all great cities,—especially like all cities filled with life, energy, and speculation,—has a large criminal class which its pure and honest citizens must control by stringent laws, vigorously executed. This applies as well to the small Chinese element of the criminal class as to the large elements that other sources may contribute. To hold a meeting and seek the interference of the Federal Government because a class of immigrants "will not conform in their habits of life to our sanitary and police regulations," is a somewhat puerile attitude, to our American thinking, for the metropolis of the Pacific coast to assume before the nation.

But the California Chinese themselves have had something to say upon their moral relations to the community they live in; and even beside the eloquence of the mass-meeting, their statement may be found to have a certain force and dignity. In a memorial addressed to the President by the six companies and other Chinese of San Francisco, the following passages occur:

"The Chinese have neither attempted nor desired to interfere with the established order of things in this country, either of politics or religion. They have opened no whisky saloons, for the purpose of dealing out poison and degrading their fellow-men. They have promptly paid their duties, their taxes, their rents, and their debts."

And again, concerning one of the elements complained of:

"A few years ago our Chinese merchants tried to send these prostitutes back to China, and succeeded in getting a large number on board the out-going steamer; but a certain lawyer of your honorable nation (said to be the author and bearer of these resolutions against our people), in the employ of unprincipled Chinamen, procured a writ of *habeas corpus*, and brought all those women on shore again; and the courts decided that they had a right to stay in this country if they so desired. Those women are still here, and the only remedy for this evil, and also for the evil of Chinese gambling, lies, so far as we can see, in an honest and impartial administration of the municipal government in all its details, even including the police department. If officers would refuse bribes, then unprincipled Chinamen could no longer purchase immunity from the punishment of their crimes."

"The burdened city of the West looks loyally to the Congress of the nation for helping action," says Mr. Vivian, "and is willing to wait awhile for relief, provided that action is not persistently delayed." Shall we, then, abrogate a national treaty and make a precedent in utter contrast to all our previous course and the spirit of our laws, in order that a city, however great, may be saved the trouble of seeing its regulations enforced—may be saved this trouble by the easy, though somewhat mediaeval, method of shutting itself up in an exclusive policy which the Chinese themselves have abandoned? To save it this trouble, shall we discriminate still further against a people whom State laws yet exclude from the witness-box, and against whom exactions and outrages are tolerated which we should not permit to be practiced against any other race?

Mr. Anson Burlingame (and of his opinions the writer does not speak without full knowledge) was no sentimentalist in this matter. He did not idealize the Chinese; and he knew their faults, ignorances and weaknesses as well as any of the men to whom it now seems so easy to magnify this side of the Chinese character. It was no part of his wish to foist the Chinaman into a position with regard to this country which he neither sought nor could ever fill. The treaty which Mr. Burlingame negotiated places no factitious aids within the reach of the Chinese immigrant into America; a clause of it expressly declares that its provisions shall not be construed as effecting the naturalization of any Chinaman; thus cre-

ating the same probability that the Chinese will not secure the suffrage till they are able to fully appreciate, ask and use it, that exists in the case of any other foreigner. Mr. Burlingame knew them too well to fear that they could ever form a massed and easily led ignorant vote.

He looked upon this whole subject through no deceptive atmosphere. But what he sought to gain for the Chinese—what the California committees now wish to take away from them—was "the inspiration of fair opportunity;" the right to take what place they found themselves fitted to hold without factitious aid, both among this and other peoples. He desired for them the international justice which had already been shown by us to every other known country. He knew that the status of a race is made by eternal laws to depend on what a race can do for itself and by itself, and he desired not to uphold the Chinese contrary to such laws, but simply to give them fair play, knowing that no agency could go farther. Should his treaty be abrogated, those laws will not cease; should it be sustained, they will still be in force.

In the same spirit this article is written. It is in no sense meant for a finished argument—its space is too short for the writer to do anything but choose a few facts from a great number. But it is meant as the expression of an earnest belief that there is another side to the complaints from the Pacific coast,—as the expression of an earnest hope that Congress will think well before it takes away from one nation the justice which it accords to every other.

STELLA GRAYLAND.

"So Miss Brainard's father's gone, Doctor." It was the minister's clear, hearty voice that spoke. "I feel very sorry for Miss Brainard, very sorry indeed. He has been a great care to her, and it's a release to both, no doubt; but it leaves a great void. She's very good and useful, and she has been a faithful daughter. She's very much overcome; it seems to her as if she were alone in the world."

Dr. Enfield's heart smote him. He knew Cora Brainard much better than the minister, but his thought of her had not been gentle of late. The picture of her in such trouble affected him with a remorseful ten-

derness. He turned his horse and drove to her door. He found her alone; she had been crying, and looked tremulous and downcast, but was trim and pretty, as always. She called him Lawrence and asked him in, then nestled herself childishly in the corner of the sofa and dried her eyes. Enfield stood before her, remembering many things.

"I am very sorry, Cora," he said. "Can I do anything for you?"

He spoke low and with something like contrition.

"You're long in showing it," she complained. "You've been very unkind."

"I used to come quick enough and often

enough," he rejoined in the subdued tone.

"Yes, and then you stayed away of a sudden, and when I asked you the reason, you laughed at me and deserted me altogether, when you knew I looked to you for advice and assistance and had most need of them."

Her reproach stung him. The charge of unfaithfulness to a friend was one he took keenly. There was a mingled sternness and entreaty in his voice when he replied:

"Wont you let that go now? This is no time for bandying reproaches. I think I was your faithful friend for a long while. If I failed in my duty to you, I am sure I did not know it. And if I changed, it was because I thought I had been mistaken. I thought I had been going for years with my eyes shut, and had not seen you as you were. I thought I had been a fool and it was time—but that's of no account now. I am your friend still; let me prove it."

But she persisted in her high, child-like complaint.

"Was it my fault, then, you had not seen me, truly? I never tried to deceive you. I always put confidence in you and talked frankly to you, as I never did to any one else. And you know I've had a hard time. I was never meant for the tiresome, lonely life I've had. I never wanted to be a pattern and model of usefulness and self-forgetfulness, but they would have me so, and I couldn't go out in the streets and tell them I was not. I've had to play the part till I'm tired. I've had to walk demurely, and talk and smile to people I despised, and do all sorts of miserable things. But I never pretended to you. You knew I was not satisfied or happy. I used to tell you all my troubles and ask your advice about everything. And you know you said harsh things to me sometimes. You knew me better than any one else, and I did not think you would ever treat me so. Did you think only of what was due to yourself, and that our long friendship and the reliance you had encouraged me to place in you, gave me no claim upon you?"

Her words hurt and agitated him greatly. Was she right? and had he been doubly blind? In this grieved, reproachful, petulant humor, she seemed a different being from the Cora Brainard he had had in his thought these last months; she was the little girl that the big boy, Lawrence Enfield, had protected and drawn on his sled, the maiden he had cherished in his heart for many a day; and he had been purer and

braver for the thought of her. Did he owe her nothing for that? He was very sensitive to people's claims upon him. His heart bled and was afraid for her. He could not see her way. He knew she had had a hard time,—harder than people dreamed. They thought her long service and support of her invalid father were made easy by a love of duty and by exceptional ability. Enfield knew that, though she had rare tact and succeeded admirably, all sordid care and labor were extremely repugnant to her. She had said she never had anything she liked; he would have expressed it, that she never liked anything she had. He thought that a very melancholy case. That she liked the society of spirited young men, he had learned to his sorrow more than once or twice; or, at least, that they were very apt to like her; but they were all sent (or went) about their business one after another. Enfield had a friend named Loramer, who had been one of the spirited fellows at one time, and the episode had been a severe strain upon their friendship. It was a summer vacation of Loramer's, when he made Miss Brainard's acquaintance, and he found her bright, piquant face, and light, laughing chatter very appetizing. He met her upon riding and sailing parties, sat and walked and drove with her. Enfield avoided them both awhile, then spoke offensively to Loramer, and got scornful laughter in reply. They did not meet again for some time. One evening Loramer brought Cora home from a drive. He lifted her out, and they stood talking there together under the trees. He made an appointment to go rowing with her the next day, and they parted, with some reluctance on his part, and low laughter on her's. He scratched a match and lighted a cigar, as he drove down the street. As he passed through the town, he saw some one walking before him on the foot-path. He let his horse walk and watched the man till he turned a corner. He turned the horse after him, overtook him, and stopped opposite and said:

"Enfield, come and ride."

He stood by a tree a minute or two, looking, then came and got in.

They rode along, each in his corner.

"Have a cigar?" said Loramer.

"No," answered Enfield.

Loramer took his own from his mouth and flung it away. He struck the horse with the whip, Enfield put his hand on the reins, and said steadily:

"Don't do that, the mare's willing enough; she's tired."

Loramer pulled her up, and let her walk a mile or more, up among the hills; then he turned her and rattled back toward the village, and stopped before his own lodging. He asked Enfield to hold the horse and went in. In a little while he came out and put a valise in the wagon.

"What time does the night train pass?"

"12.05."

He drove to the station, gave Enfield the reins and put the valise on the platform, then stood on the step of the wagon.

"Drive the horse to Mitchell's for me and tell him to send me his bill."

He lingered a moment, then offered his hand.

"Good-night, Lawrence!"

"Good-night!" and they held each other's hands firmly but gravely.

"Will you take a cigar now, Lawrence?"

"Yes!"

Loramer thrust his cigar-case into his hand, wheeled round and marched into the waiting-room, holding the valise with a strong grasp and putting his head a little on one side.

That affair was a part of the long, slow process of Enfield's alienation from Cora, but only one of many steps. He was tenacious and slow to change, and she held him by cords of memory and dependence as well as affection. But by degrees he came to see clearly that he had been willfully blind, that he had always known but would not regard that she was not at all the girl he had enshrined. The end was but a trifle—the proverbial last straw. And though he laughed when she took him to task and felt a barbarous enjoyment in their reversed relations, and in her show of something like consternation, he more than once afterward felt the yearning of the converted heathen toward his broken gods. Loramer and Enfield spent a week together on Cape Cod the same summer and took refuge in a storm in one of the huts provided for shipwrecked people. Listening to the deafening roar of the wind and the surf, they spoke of Cora Brainard. Loramer congratulated Lawrence upon his freedom. And he went on:

"I don't know what there is in the little minx. All the old ladies in Elmtree think her a kind of saint, but she didn't strike me in that light. She came near making a fool of me, but I can't remember anything she said, only how she laughed and her eyes sparkled."

"I can't laugh at her," Enfield answered.

"She hasn't made herself and she hasn't had a good time. She doesn't know anything and doesn't care for anything. She has a wonderful tact, an eye for color and an instinct for the current fashion in what goes for literature and art. But she has no appreciation of anything permanent and no lasting enjoyment of anything. I think that is terrible. I can't think of anything much more pitiable."

Enfield lounged against the wall; Loramer watched him awhile, listening to the storm booming without, as he lay stretched on the straw. Then he went on:

"Do you think she's a good girl, Lawrence? It wouldn't be quite safe for her to run on with some fellows as she did with me."

He caught Enfield's eye.

"No, it wasn't quite safe for her to run on so with me. She's either very innocent, or very artful, or very reckless, I don't know which. If she is good, she's very, very good."

He laughed, but Lawrence smoked soberly and silent.

"Young Harlow, the ensign, was her last capture, wasn't he?"

Enfield nodded gravely.

"They say he was over his head, and would have given up the navy and flouted his people and everything, if she would have taken him, but she wouldn't let him sacrifice himself. That was a strange affair of theirs—being lost on a sleigh-ride and snowed up two days across the mountain. I never could understand it; both of them knew the country, and none of the rest of the party found much trouble."

"I don't know," Enfield answered slowly. "I wasn't taking as much stock in her just then as I had been. I cut adrift about the time she took Harlow in tow; I suppose she thought I was jealous. I don't know how they managed it, but he left very suddenly and she was sick about that time,—a mere coincidence, probably."

All these things, and many more, surged through Enfield's mind now, as he stood before her and was swayed by her unrestrained upbraiding. She said that he had stood in her way, that she had put her trust in him and given him such a near place that others had been kept from her. He found that hard to swallow. He turned from her and threw himself into an arm-chair, with his back to her, and chewed the bitter accusation.

Finally she came slowly and stood beside

him a minute or two, then said sadly, laying her hand on his arm:

"Forgive me Lawrence, if I have said too much; I am in trouble; you will help me, will you not?"

"Yes, I will do anything I can for you," he answered. "Have you made any plans?"

She shook her head slowly.

"No; I don't know what I am to do. I can't live alone, and there's no one here I can live with. They don't know me and yet think they do, and they expect me to be always playing the character they have invented for me. I'm tired to death, and I want you to tell me what to do."

He sat with her awhile longer, then went away, and thought of her all night, and went back to her in the morning.

Loramer made him a visit soon after that. They sat up late together. When they were separating at Loramer's door, he laid his arm across Enfield's shoulder, and they looked into each other's eyes.

"Are you going to marry Cora Brainard, Lawrence?" he asked.

"Yes."

They continued to look at each other for a long breath.

"Are my eyes sound?" asked Enfield, but neither smiled.

"Yes, sound and true," answered Loramer, "but too deep for me."

The wedding came off a month later. Enfield had insisted upon Loramer standing up with him. "This must make no difference between you and me, Harry," he had said. And Loramer had consented with some hesitation. Cora looked very pretty, and bore herself with a demure dignity which he could not but admire. He got an idea of her then which he found hard to reconcile with his recollections. Enfield himself discovered an unsuspected capacity for enjoyment in her. They came back from the wedding-journey, and she took command of his house. And as they settled into the routine of home life and occupations, Enfield began to think of carrying out certain plans which he had had in mind.

Two or three months before his marriage, he had met a young lady whom he had known slightly for some years, named Stella Grayland. She was not strikingly beautiful, but of very pleasing appearance, fresh, rosy, and intelligent. But the charm Enfield found in her was her manner and what it suggested. Though entirely simple, her walking, standing, sitting, speaking, were

perfectly poised. In all her motions and attitudes she made you think of some smooth and balanced mechanism which, however it turned, or went, or stood still, was in no danger of toppling over. She could stand still and sit still, and to see her do either was good for the eyes. She was not fluent in speech, but when she began you might be sure she would get to the end of what she set out to say and stop when she got to the end. The simplest things took a rhythmic quality in her mouth and clung to the memory with an agreeable tenacity.

Happy, thoughtful, modest, steadfast, Stella Grayland struck Enfield as the reverse of Cora Brainard, and he found the secret of the salient difference in the fact that Stella had had a thorough training in one direction. Her father was a musician, and his daughter had inherited his faculty and cultivated it by assiduous study at home and abroad. Coming away from her, Enfield had reflected how any ennobling pursuit broadens and deepens the whole character, as a journey up the latitudes on any side of the world, gives one the main features of all, and makes the rest intelligible.

If Cora had had the guidance of some strong, wise hand to set her right at the start, and lead her along the arduous beginning of some such path, until her feet found their strength and the growing joy of walking, and her eyes learned the delight of the ever widening and brightening prospect!—the thought of what might have been filled him with strong regret and pity. She had only had the training of sordid care and uncongenial tasks and associations. He was estranged from her then, and had been thinking hardly of her; but when he heard of her in trouble at her father's death, the pitiful yearning swept away all unkindness, and brought him back to her side. And that night, after she had appealed to him in such an abandoned humor, she seemed to him quite the child still and fit to learn of one who understood her, and had her confidence and the right to be with her a great deal. Who was there that knew her or could help her but he? It was in no proud spirit that he had answered: "He wandered under the stars and was humble enough and lonely enough, God knew. He went back through the years, and gathered all the forgotten tenderness and trust between them. He felt again the purifying stimulus of his thought of her, and perceived how it had fostered all of him that was brave and of good report. Whether or not

he had deceived himself; whether she were truly the girl he had seen or not, the fact remained that he owed her, or his thought of her, a great deal. What was truth? Are there not as many worlds as eyes that see them? Are we sure there is any world outside the eye? Does not truth consist in standing by what one's eyes report? What better proof could there be of a thing's reality than that it had held you long, shaped and lifted and led you? Cora Brainard had been the most powerful modifying circumstance of his life.

It seemed to him that night that God had set before him a solemn trust, and that there was every reason why he should assume it. And slowly and reverently he took it up.

And now that she was his wife, he was anxious to begin the course he had determined to pursue. Cora had received the ordinary schooling of girls, but had somehow missed the true education. Her acquirements were a surface gloss merely, Enfield knew. She had never been touched by the sacred fire. She could not tell a good book from a poor one, he had said to Loramer. But he had taken her, and his heart yearned toward the companion of his choice. Yet there could be no true companionship where there was no common view or interest. It seemed to him that she had never learned the right use of her eyes, that the few and little things close to her shut out the sight of the great and innumerable company beyond, as if one reared among city streets should never see either the earth or the sky. He would teach her to use them, would show her the awe and beauty of the world. They would read together; he would find a new charm and inspiration in his loved books; she would catch his enthusiasm and insensibly learn the delight and true cultivation of all that is great and good.

He found no chance to begin for a long time. She was very busy and seemed very happy. There was the house to set in order, his friends and hers to entertain; she was learning to ride. But by and by came winter and shut them in more alone. He got out his books and proposed their reading together, and was pleased to find she welcomed the plan. She read with a clear intonation and a careful regard for pointing and pronunciation; but somehow as he listened to her the strength and flavor of his favorite authors escaped between the words. Her idea of reading poetry seemed to be

that it should sound exactly like prose. She had apparently no conception of anything like rhythm, and seemed to think it a special grace to avoid any slightest pause at the end of a line when it could be done; so that the mind was kept on a strain to catch at the rhyme and measure. He said nothing, but one night took the book himself. He read things to her that had made his heart throb and dimmed his eyes, or filled him with delightful laughter, and they wearied or puzzled her and seemed cold and sterile to himself. He began to lose courage, but he persevered. One night he read to her in Ruskin's eloquent prose, and came to that powerful and impassioned, if somewhat mystical, interpretation of the Laureate's noble song:

"Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the rose is blown."

He read on to the end. When he stopped he hoped she would not speak; he felt by anticipation the jar of her clear cold voice. But she did not speak. Her face was in the shadow, but he could see without turning his head that her bosom heaved and heaved. She was touched,—she understood. With a rush came a thought that the splendid song symbolized their relation. It was he who stood at the gate, alone, and called her out from "the dancers dancing in tune." He had almost wearied of calling, but she heard,—at last she heard!

"There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate;
The red rose cries, 'She is near, She is near,'
And the white rose weeps, 'She is late;'
The larkspur listens, 'I hear, I hear;'
And the lily whispers, 'I wait!'"

There was silence a while in the room; then he moved very gently and looked in her face. There was a smile on her lips, and her eyes were closed. She was asleep.

He left her there and went out. It was cold and still; the stars glittered, the earth was white. He walked far on the frozen snow, with a feeling as hard and cold as the bitter air. Some impish sprite seemed to mock him with the closing strain of the song:

"She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed;

My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red."

All the charm had gone out of the words. Were such passionate yearnings actual, or at best more than empty delusions? He had yearned so toward her; she had been "his life, his fate." His fate, truly, but was she not rather his death? What kind of creature was it that words like those could not move? She cast a blight upon the noblest things, made him doubt and disbelieve where before he had walked with firm feet. And she was his fate; he was bound to her by his own hand. She sat there now by his table, and there she would sit and sit. The picture made his house seem a prison. He must go back there by and by. The thought of living at variance was very bitter to him, yet how could they prevent it who had nothing in common, whose instincts drew opposite ways. He was unequally yoked with an unbeliever.

The village clock recalled him from that dismal reverie. He had a call to make at the Marlakes'; the children were all three sick. Kate Marlake had been a Grayland, and her sister Stella was recently come to stay with her through that trying time. Lawrence gave one of the children a soothing potion, and said he would wait to see the effect. He went down-stairs, and Kate sent Stella to keep him company. She asked him about the children, and he explained to her the "self-limited" character of the disease and the necessity that they should grow worse before they could be better, but assured her there was no present cause for alarm. And while he thus re-assured her, she was unconsciously exerting fully as powerful a counter-influence upon him. Her steady, balanced carriage, her quiet, straight, brief questions, her direct glance, her strong but controlled interest, the simple, graceful motion with which she sat afterward, and her easy, restful attitude, altogether affected him with a great tenderness, mingled with despair. Why could not Cora be like that? Was it so hard to be simple, gracious, modestly satisfied? It seemed very easy in Stella's presence. She did not say much; her words were fit and sincere, to be sure, but simple and few, and as like as not to end with a depreciating, low, lapsing laugh. But somehow she made all brave and gentle and generous things seem easy and very desirable. Lawrence looked up from his abstraction and found her watching him.

"Don't you miss your music?" he asked. "Well," she answered with her low laugh, "it would hardly be gracious to say I do, when Kate needs me so badly,—and hardly true to say no."

Lawrence recalled a remark of Dr. Kane's;—how when, on one of his voyages, in their ice-girt winter quarters, the whole ship's company, save himself, were prostrate below decks, and he with incredible strength and fortitude was literally doing everything, not even omitting to register regular observations of the instruments;—in the midst of that unsurpassable heroism among the polar solitudes, he felt at night a dissatisfaction with the day as having been spent to little purpose worthy of his powers.

Stella listened and was still a moment before she answered:

"Yes, I can understand that."

That was it. She could understand. She knew what he was talking about; she knew and cared. He had always remarked her peculiarly melodious, low voice; he thought now he had never heard one so expressive. It was never either loud or faint, but exquisitely modulated, like all her motions. He could say things to her; when he began to talk to Cora, his words came back upon him as in an echoing hall, and smothered him with the sound of his own voice. Stella Grayland, sitting composedly, saying little, stirred him like noble music,—made him strong and fervid.

They talked of many things, the dark background of his thought giving a somber undertone to his part. They came back to music.

"You enjoy it as much as ever?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she answered; "I think it grows constantly upon you. One's deficiencies become painfully clearer and bad music seems to increase and become more of a trial. But it is a satisfaction to feel that one grows a little, taking the years together; and it is very pleasant to know that there will always be plenty to learn and enjoy."

She ended with a little sigh.

He was looking at her, but he only said:

"Yes."

Her words exactly expressed his feeling for literature. He felt as if they two had been climbing the same hill by different paths, and stood side by side for a moment looking up to the heights beyond that rose one above another,—where over the dark pine forests the glittering snow-peaks pierced the sky and the rivers of ice shone gloriously.

Kate came to tell them that Jenny was asleep, and they went up softly. Lawrence wrote out his directions for the night and came down, Stella accompanying him. At the door he paused a moment abstractedly.

"Don't you think it's a great loss for a person to miss the pleasure and appreciation of a noble art?" he asked, seriously.

She looked at him questioningly, but replied:

"Yes, it makes me very sorry sometimes; it is a great loss. But I reflect that there are a great many people who get on without it, and they seem quite contented and happy. I think those who have the advantage of the finer influences and delights should be very good and try to prevent the younger ones from growing up without caring for such things."

"Yes, that is true," he replied, and he went on with suppressed agitation: "But suppose one should grow up blind to all art and yet not contented or happy, without any true knowledge, or faith, or cultivation but the outward seeming, unsettled, unsatisfied, hungering for one knows not what, despising all that one has?"

He leaned back, and neither spoke for a moment. She turned either way with a shuddering movement.

"That would be terrible," she answered. "But do you think there are any so unfortunate?"

"Yes, there are some," he returned; "I hope indeed not many."

"And can nothing be done for them?"

"I don't know. I am afraid not."

"Oh, I think you should not say that," she continued warmly; "their friends should not despair. It would be like saving a soul from death!"

"Thank you," he said. "Good-night!" He offered his hand and she gave him hers frankly.

He came away softened and warmed; the night was not so hard and cold now. All that was compassionate and unselfish in him was re-enforced, and the view of his better nature confirmed. His feeling toward Cora was only gentle and pitiful. But there was a difference between them thenceforth that he could not equalize. He saw that the novelty and excitement of her altered position were going from her and that the quiet of the early winter was growing irksome. She said nothing, but he got the feeling of having a child in the house whose playthings were worn out and whom he felt bound to entertain. It unsettled and fretted him. He

was necessarily at the Marlakes' a great deal for some time and his admiration for Stella grew with the sight of her unwearied and skillful care of the little ones; through the most trying scenes she was steadfast, though deeply concerned; she executed his directions with exactness. She was never taken at a disadvantage; under all circumstances she was the same simple, friendly, self-respectful, admirable person. He was always the better for seeing her; however confused and wrong-sided the world might seem, at sight or sound of her all things fell into order and marched to unheard music. He did not disguise from himself that he went to see the Marlake children oftener than he would have gone to others; he knew he was glad to go there and knew the reason. He knew that he sometimes thirsted to see her, to hear her speak. Why should he not? He did not know how he should get on if she were away. His wife soon wore out his better feelings; sometimes he was in a rage with her, sometimes affected with a great melancholy; she could not rest at home unless there were people there; she wanted to be at all meetings, fairs, parties, lectures, concerts. She would talk with most people glibly enough, catching the cue of each with wonderful adroitness and echoing each after his kind. Most people thought her charming when she cared to charm; to be confirmed in one's opinions by such pretty, vivacious eyes and lips few men would find distasteful. To Lawrence she had nothing to say. She knew that he knew that she had nothing worth saying. She resented his penetration; she resented his pity; and pity was the only light in which he found the thought of her tolerable. He had thought to show her through his eyes widening vistas of beauty and grandeur; and instead he caught glimpses through hers of awful heights and depths of vacancy, peopled only by thinly veiled phantoms of darkness and horror. But she could not look with his eyes, and if she caught sight of such dismal prospects now and then she could not be expected to want to look that way; it was as if she sailed with a strong swimmer to whom she instinctively looked for help and succor when storms came, but who could do nothing in fair weather but steer the boat. A cloud or a breaking wave might remind her of tempest and dark depths full of cruel creatures, but while the sun shone and the sea was smooth she could hardly be blamed for preferring merrier company than one who was forever

on the lookout for foul weather, and whose gravity and very reserve power of succor were suggestive of distasteful things. They came to no open rupture; what was there to say? His prevailing mood toward her was compassion as for a lost soul. But many times that mood broke down by its own weight. Her light, child-like laugh, her high, clear voice talking so glibly and cheerily to people whom, as like as not, he knew she despised, came to him with a hollow, heartless ring that was maddening. He could not study; he could think of nothing worthy. He would rush away from the sound that he was frightened to perceive was becoming hateful. Should he not go to Stella then? He must go. He believed he should never have married Cora but for the stimulus to his compassion that he got from Stella. He did not know what he should do now but for her stimulus of his forbearance, his tenderness, his whole better nature. He put confidence in her. He spoke to her again and again with increasing frankness when he found her alone. And she took his confidence with concern and respect, kept him steadfast, and by her refined and restrained sympathy made up to him part of what he lost at home. But the children got well after many weeks and Stella went away. When she was gone he missed her very much.

Some time afterward Lawrence had a letter from a friend: "I have an opening here for a young surgeon of parts and character. It will be the making of some one. Can you send me the name of some young fellow you can recommend?"

Now, Lawrence happened to know that Stella had a cousin, a young surgeon; in fact, she had asked him about his chance of success in that part of the country. He now invited young Winlock to come down and make him a visit with a view to recommending him. He was a handsome, lively young fellow, and Lawrence liked him from the first. He and Cora got on well together, and Lawrence found the house pleasanter than he had for a long time. Stella came back to Elmtree two or three weeks later. Kate had felt the long strain after it was over, and had stumbled and broken-down. When Winlock came to see his cousin, the morning after her arrival, she was struck with the change in him. He was a frank fellow, and he and Stella were good friends. She made him come and sit with her. She talked to him and watched him. He took out his watch and rose to go. She stood up before him.

"Eugene," she said, "where are you going, now?"

The tall fellow looked down at her and changed color.

"I am going to ride."

"With Mrs. Enfield?"

"Yes," he answered, doggedly.

She looked away slowly and then back, till their eyes met again. She spoke in a lower voice than usual, but steadily.

"What do you think of Mrs. Enfield?"

He did not turn away his eyes, but his face grew haggard.

"I think she's an angel," he said.

She threw herself into the chair beside her without moving her feet, and sat with her hands together in her lap, and her face bent out of his sight. He turned back, shaken and helpless. Her attitude affected him more than any words. Presently he came round and took her head between his trembling hands.

"Don't fret about me, Stel," he said. "I'm not worth it."

She sat up straight.

"Eugene, you must go away directly."

He turned away his head.

"I can't," he said.

She stood up.

"Come here a moment."

She led him to Kate's sick-room.

"Awake, Katy? You slept nicely. You feel better now. Here's Eugene come to see you. I have to go out and Lizzie's busy, so Eugene will sit in the next room and call her if you want anything. Good-bye, dear!"

She was gone before he could say a word. In fifteen minutes she was in Dr. Enfield's parlor. A riding whip and hat lay on a table. She walked from them to the back of the room. Cora came down in her habit. She had a cheerful greeting on her lips and advanced toward Stella, but stopped half way; and Stella backed a step.

"Will you take a seat, Miss Grayland?" Cora said, with cold politeness.

"No," she answered, only half conscious of her words, a burning shame and aversion enveloping her like a cloud and shutting out sight and sound. "I have come to speak to you about my cousin, Eugene Winlock. He's not coming to ride."

Cora was staring with a horrified expression past Stella's head. She answered hoarsely:

"That will do, Miss Grayland. Lawrence, you had better come in."

Stella turned. The door behind her into Lawrence's office stood open; he had come

in unheard and was leaning against the door-post, white in the face. Stella was startled, but she only bowed distantly and came out of the house. This was not altogether new to Lawrence; he had felt vaguely fearful before. Cora turned her back to him and looked out of the window; the prospect was sunny and bright with spring's promise, but it did not look so to her. He came forward and stood beside her.

"You cannot deny this," he said. "What do you suppose will be the end if you keep on?"

She answered without turning or lifting her head, and in a hard bitter voice:

"I neither deny nor admit anything. You are both jealous. And it does not become you who wore such a long face because she went away. I suppose you can see now that she cares more for some one else."

She caught sight of his face and would have slipped past him, but he stood before her. Then she was afraid. He was afraid of himself; he had to keep back his hands from taking hold of her.

"If you ever speak to me like that again," he said slowly, after a little, "I cannot hold myself responsible for the consequences. You are not fit to take her name between your lips."

Stella sent Eugene away the same evening. After that she avoided Lawrence; there was something abhorrent to all her instincts in meeting him now with that repulsive understanding between them. And, for his part, Lawrence found that detestable suggestion of Cora's coming between him and Stella at a time when he stood more in need of help than ever. But the effect was to throw him the farther from Cora, and in the end the more strongly toward Stella. Sitting down one night to write directions for her care of her sister, a great longing came over him to say something to her from himself. He wrote on another slip, "I want Winlock to have the place. Can you help me to do it?"

The next day she followed him downstairs and asked him into the parlor. A new timidity had sprung up between them; they spoke only of the one subject he had suggested. She had already written to her cousin. In a day or two there was an answer, part of which she read to him. Then Lawrence wrote; they were a week arranging it. He could not but admire her conduct of the affair. She read him a grateful letter from her cousin and expressed her

own thankfulness; they were both silent a little while.

"I have decided on a very serious step in another matter," he said then. "May I tell you?"

"Certainly," was all she replied.

Then he told her that he had resolved upon a separation, that he would give Cora everything he had and begin life anew.

She turned away her face and sat still.

"Don't you think it would be best?" he asked.

"Not for both," she answered.

"And must I never think of myself? Have I not suffered enough? What can I do?"

"Have you counted the cost?—the scandal, the whispering, the looks askance?"

"Yes, I am not afraid. I will face it all."

"Still, there is one thing you seem not to have thought of," she added slowly. "You would have to go away from here."

A shadow passed over his face; his eyes and thoughts wandered, and it was a minute before he said, "Why?"

Her eyes were turned away, and they came back with a peculiar, slow, smooth motion of the head; and she answered:

"For my sake."

If he had needed any explanation, Cora's hateful insinuation leaped to his mind. Was the world bad enough to take up that construction? A heavy blackness fell upon everything. He sat looking down, then got up and came away as if carrying a load.

Her words had changed the whole outlook; where had seemed the way to the light was only a will-o'-the-wisp among deeper darkness and uncertain footing. A night or two later, he sat looking over his directions by Kate's bedside. Stella could not help noticing how suffering seemed only to bring out the finer lines of his face, yet it made her very sorry. He looked up and met her eyes, frank and serious. He wrote on the bottom of the paper, and when he was gone she read:

"I think you were right. I am going to keep on. You will help me, will you not?"

Watching late that night, she thought long and soberly of Lawrence's hard lot. She questioned her feeling sharply, but could find no reason for withholding such aid and comfort as she could give him. There seemed to be every reason for giving it. She met him with frank kindness in the morning.

They said no more of Cora, but by every word, and look, and touch of the hand, she helped him to be patient and forbearing. His frequent meetings with her became the green places in a thirsty land. So months passed by. Kate got up, but was a long while gaining her strength. They ceased to need a doctor at the Marlakes; he could see Stella but seldom. Then she went away south again. He found life hard to endure. One day, when it seemed quite intolerable and he was casting vainly about, his heart went out to his old friend Loramer. He went to see him. The grip and smile of the fellow warmed him like wine. They spent the day together. He brought Loramer home with him. They sat, walked, rode, talked together by day and by night, and were happy. They said nothing about Cora, but thought many things. The little that Loramer saw of her, he chafed and made merry. One day, looking for Lawrence, he found him out, and Cora alone. She bade him come and sit down, and began a chat, but he would only laugh and answer quizzingly, working cat's cradles with her worsted and big needles. She grew silent under his banter, eying him furtively and stitching away with her head bent. After a while he held a comical figure before her face. She could not help joining in his laugh, but she stopped short and began to sob and cry. She stood up, letting her work go where it would.

"You've no business to laugh at me, Harry Loramer," she complained. "You and Lawrence are chatting and laughing all day and all night, and have no more regard for my feelings than if I were wood or stone."

She hid her face and went out sobbing. Loramer laughed less after that. Lawrence had to take a long ride and Loramer proposed they should all go together. He and Cora rode on a little way while Lawrence made his call. They rode together every day after that, but Lawrence could not always be one of the party.

Naturally, Lawrence and Loramer found less to talk about, and sat less together. When his time came, Lawrence did not press Loramer to stay, but he did not go. Three days later Lawrence came home and met Loramer coming out of the house. Their greeting was brief and cold. Lawrence went in and found Cora.

He could not speak at first.

"What devilry are you at now?" he demanded.

She tried to pass out, but he took hold of her by the shoulders, and made her hear.

"Listen to me," he said. "Do you know what you are doing? If you have no shame or pity, have you no fear? Don't try me too far, I tell you it's not safe."

His grasp hurt her cruelly, but she kept her head away and made no sound.

Two hours later, Lawrence came home again and found no one in the house. He had a call to make to the west. Three miles out he turned into a bridle-path that led up to a height. Presently he came in sight of the top. The shadows were thick about him, but above the sunset flushed splendidly. On the crest sat two riders, close together. He bowed his head and rode away.

"Harry, you are a coward!" Cora was saying. "Oh, I wish I were a man!" She raised her arm with a passionate gesture. "We loved each other from the first, and he drove you away. I never cared for him; I had to marry him. And I tell you we live in misery. We are nothing but a torment to each other. And you do not know him. He is in love with another woman, and he is cruel. Look here!"

She threw back her mantle and slid her supple shoulder out of her dress.

"Those are the marks of his fingers!"

His gaze was bent upon her, his eyes seemed drawn beyond his control; he trembled, and caught his breath. But he broke the spell. He sat up. He found his voice, thick and low:

"Don't tempt me. I am his friend; you are his wife."

She looked to right and left, then turned and took hold of his arm.

"Listen to me!" she commanded. "Bend down your head,—lower, lower!" She looked in his face intently; she put her own close and said, "I am not his wife!"

A dumb, incredulous stare was his reply. He frowned and shook his head.

"You don't believe me?" she cried. "Come home, I will show you."

She turned her horse, struck him with the whip and plunged recklessly down the steep path. He could not overtake her till she reined up and walked through the village street.

"Go into the parlor," she said, "and wait till I come."

She ran upstairs. She asked for Lawrence. He was out,—would not be back till eight. She looked at her watch. Not quite seven. From a locked drawer she took a

locked jewel-box and from under the lining a written paper with a printed slip pinned to it.

She came down and into the parlor with her hand in her pocket, walked up to Loramer where he stood before the fire, gave him the paper and sat down to watch him. It was a certificate of marriage between Cora Brainard and Clarence A. Harlow, dated three years back and signed by an eccentric clergyman, across the mountain. A feeling of sickness came over Loramer.

"Then you are Harlow's wife," he said.

"No, I am no man's wife," she answered impatiently. "Read on; read the newspaper slip."

He read: "On board U. S. S. 'Tuscaloosa,' off Cherbourg, Oct. 20, Ensign Clarence A. Harlow, aged twenty-four, by the bursting of a gun."

As Loramer lifted his eyes the door opened and Lawrence came in. Cora uttered a low cry and reached for the paper, but Lawrence's look frightened her so that she fell back into her chair. He kept his eyes upon her, but went toward Loramer and reached out a cigar-case which he brought in his hand.

"Here's your cigar-case," he said. "You'd better take it back."

Loramer swore at the case and flung it into the fire.

"Look here!" he cried. "Read that." He thrust it before his face. "Go on! Do you see? She was his wife when she married you. You're a free man!"

A brutal exultation seized Lawrence. He shouted and laughed,—*"Ha ha ha, ha ha! She's made fools of us both. You can have her, Harry, and welcome. I wish you joy. Ha ha ha, ha ha! She's the devil! she's the devil!"*

Loramer answered with a scornful mention of where she might go for him. Neither took any other notice of her sitting there, sunken together, crushed, hiding her face with her hands. Loramer turned away and ran tramping up the stairs, crammed his things into his valise and came tramping down. Lawrence was backed against the post at the stair-foot. Loramer grasped his hand in passing. "Good-bye! Come and see us," he called. He went out and banged the door, and they heard his hoarse laughter far down the quiet street.

To Cora that laughter sounded like the knell at the end of all things. She sat as they had left her and did not move for a long while after Lawrence too had gone out.

Lawrence's mirthful humor passed very quickly. He grew full of a most delectable sense of freedom. It seemed as if a suffocating net-work had been tightening about his heart and, now that it had burst, the joy of the great and unexpected deliverance seemed more than his breast could hold. He could not breathe in-doors,—he wanted all the air he could get on the windy hills.

And his heart, like a bird set free,
That tarries not early or late,
But flies, over land, over sea,
Straight, straight to its home, to its mate!

All the night seemed to break out and sing. All the world yearned one way; the stars leaned out of their courses and looked, not at him, but south; the north wind went by him, crooning, hurrying, and the moon sailed southward past the ragged clouds. All his soul went out with them, and his body sickened to follow.

He came home and changed his dress. It was late. His eyes and ears were full of one steadfast face, one low, flute-like voice and lapsing laugh. He lighted no lamp; the ghostly moonlight streamed through the window, and a figure as still and ghost-like stood at the door.

"Lawrence! Lawrence!" she called despairingly. But he did not seem to hear. He felt no hardness toward her; she had brought him the great deliverance as well as the grievous bondage. But he could no more heed her now than turn back if he were drawn by unbridled horses and some one cried behind. But when at last he came to go out, he almost stumbled upon her lying across the door. He stooped and picked her up; she was as cold as stone. She clung about his neck. The tempest had come; her ship was a wreck, the dark waves tumbling about her and dashing her with their cold spray. She clung to the strong swimmer she had flouted when winds were sweet, but was afraid she came too late.

"I could not help it; he deserted me basely. Oh, Lawrence, do not cast me off!" she implored, "Do not go away. Pity me; I am very miserable. I should not have done that if you had not forsaken me. No one ever helped me but you, and I have not been happy, you know I have not. I do not know what will become of me if you put me away. I won't vex you any more; before God I will not! You have me at your mercy: will you not be merciful?"

He laid her on the bed and wrapped her up. He spoke in a deep, solemn voice:

"Be still. I cannot hear you to-night. I have been merciful. I will try to do what is right. I am going away now; wait till I come back."

He took the midnight train south. Stella was out of town. He followed her. He felt that he could not meet her before strangers with self-control, or go through formalities. He wrote a brief note at the hotel asking to see her alone. Then he shrank from the thought of meeting her with detestable things to explain, and he added:

"I should like you to know my altered position before we meet. I shrink from shocking you by a personal explanation painful to us both. Forgive me, then, for inclosing papers which will inform you."

The messenger brought back a note which showed marks of agitation:

"Please excuse me to-night. I will walk on the beach early in the morning."

As the sun came up out of the sea the next morning, and he turned away from watching the splendid vision, he saw one that affected him more. She stood a little way off, looking intently seaward; and he thought the morning took a new grace from the flush on her cheek and the light in her clear, calm eyes. His eyes grew dim as he looked at her. If she had felt any agitation, it was gone when she turned and waited for him to approach. She gave him her hand.

"Is it not a beautiful morning?" she said. "Don't you think it should make us very gentle and unselfish?"

The falling cadence of her voice was more musical than the waves that babbled at her feet. They walked side by side along the sands.

"Yes," he answered, "yes. If all mornings were like this——" he broke off and looked out to sea.

They came among scattered boulders and stood still. With diffidence she took out of his letter the paper with the printed slip attached, and gave it to him.

"You were not offended at my sending them?"

"No, I was glad you sent them. It was thoughtful of you." She spoke low and seriously. "But do I quite understand?"

She asked him several questions, modest but straightforward, with her grave eyes on his face. While he answered he was thinking, "To the pure, all things are pure."

She dropped her eyes and sighed.

"It is a dreadful story; it makes me very sad."

Then after a minute she looked up again and asked:

"What are you going to do?"

He shook with vague apprehension, and leaned sidewise on the rock.

"With her?" he asked. "I hardly know. I thought you would advise me. You cannot think I am under any obligation to keep her any longer? I am not bound to her by any law."

She did not answer for a minute or look at him. When she did, there was a strong fervor in her voice:

"We are all bound; we are all under obligation to help, to guard, to rescue, to seek and to save them that are lost."

She stood before him. Her face was like the face of the angel of pity, her tones full of passionate pleading.

"Did you take her ignorantly? Have you kept her only because the law made you? I know you better. What will become of her if you cast her off? She might be worse than she is."

She turned away and shuddered. Her words pierced him the deeper because they were the same Cora had used, because they were his own smothered thoughts.

He was silent, leaning against a great rock as he stood before her, and she went on, with rising passion:

"And beware for your own sake. If you throw her off, she will draw you down with her, you and all——" she caught her breath—"all connected with you. You cannot punish her as a criminal. What could you say to justify your action? Think of the position you would stand in before the world, with your tongue tied. You could not bear it. In your heat you may think you could, but you might as well think to resist the sea. Beware lest in your haste you throw away the good you have gained. For you have gained. Your power over her is multiplied ten-fold. Your freedom is your power. She must know she is in your hands now; the fences are all down; you are held by no bond. She will know she can no longer presume; her instincts of self-preservation will weigh on your side, and your forbearance be a perpetual restraint upon her. I think you have no good alternative, and that your duty is plain. Don't think I am hard: we have all our tasks that seem too heavy at times. We can't understand; 'His ways are past finding out.'"

Her voice grew tremulous and she held her face away a minute or two, but then looked up and smiled faintly:

"'Theirs not to make reply; theirs not to reason why,' you know. Who knows what great things you may accomplish yet?"

All his sense went with her, down in some unseen depth; but above that rolled a stream whose waves bore him past all resistance. And now the billows swept over him and were bitter in his eyes and throat. He bent backward and rested his head upon the high rock, and stretched up his arms above him. The freshness of the morning turned to ashy pallor; the land and the sea sickened with pain.

Slowly he bent forward again:

"All that is true, I have no doubt. You have clear eyes, and some day I may see it so myself. But I can't see, I can't hear that now. There is only one thing I can see or hear. I disowned it, I put it away, I crushed it down; I was faithful to the galling bond; I did my duty!"

He raised his arms again; his voice was like a cry to heaven:

"She made my love her plaything; she wore it out with base uses. She has used me despitefully; she has been the curse of my life!"

And the low answer came back steadfastly:

"'Bless them that curse you; do good to them that despitefully use you!' You say you have done your duty; I know you have. Cleave fast to that. Take care, lest you have not that to say by and by."

Her voice faltered; there was a look of repressed tears about her drooped eyes. She had plainly been over the first part of this path before, but she was getting on untrodden ground.

"Duty is the principal thing; there is always some sweetness sooner or later with that; but without it, the best things will turn to ashes and dust."

"I know, I know," he cried. "But I can't feel that now. I can only feel one thing; I can only care for one thing. I only know that there is but one person in all the world for me, and that duty, and reason, and heaven itself, mean nothing beside her. And it is like death to hear her say these things to me, and to know that she could not say them if she cared for me as I do for her."

He thought her as steady as the rocks, and to her the solid earth seemed to heave

round her more than the unstable sea. But she steadied herself and replied:

"Ought you not to be glad if it is not so? It would not alter your duty. Would it not make it the harder for you? Would it not make your way darker than it is?"

"Glad!" he called out despairingly. "Glad that the sun is put out in the sky; that the earth is a desert and my heart an intolerable ache; that there is no more purpose, or spring, or desire in my life! Oh, yes, I am glad, glad, glad!"

She clasped her hands; she laid her shoulder and face against the rock; she spoke eagerly:

"Would it help you if I could feel so? Would it make your duty easier?"

"Yes," he cried, "yes! If I knew *that*, I could scale the mountains and swim the seas, I could do anything, and endure anything!"

A light leaped into her eyes and her low voice rose like a trumpet-call:

"Then I could! I do!"

He bent toward her, but a horrible doubt seized him. He clasped his hands behind his head; he swung from side to side.

"For another? Not for me?" he demanded hoarsely.

She stood unsteadily; she lifted her joined hands; her upturned face was aflame but she could not speak. Then her self-repression broke down. She sank upon the rock and covered her face and wept uncontrollably. He threw himself down beside her.

"Oh, is it true?" he besought her. "Can it be true?"

"Yes!—yes!" she cried, sobbing vehemently. "I tried to keep it down; I would not hear it. I tried to do right. But I can't help it."

He turned his face up to the sky and groaned. "O God!" It was as if heaven came within his reach, and resistless hands stretched out and held him back. But it was too much. Fierce joy rushed upon him and swept away everything else. He stretched out his arms; he bowed over her; he caught her and held her fast. The sun leaped up in the sky. The waves and the winds sang together. There was a new heaven and a new earth!

"O Stella!" was all he said.

She lay still; she had no strength. But soon she found faint voice:

"O Lawrence, I am so weak! You must help me to do right."

"Help you!" he cried, piteously. "Help

the angels of light! O Stella, Stella! Don't trust in me. I have no goodness but yours, no right but you. I had rather the tide would rise over us here, than have to go away from you."

She sobbed, then turned her head with a long, long breath, and slowly, steadily, with weak, limp fingers began to loosen his clasp and raise herself up. He let her go. The world seemed slipping from him; the shadows of night fell about him. They sat side by side and looked at each other.

"Is there no way?" he asked.

"No,—no way but one."

She tried to stanch her tears, but they would flow.

"Don't cry, don't cry!" he besought. "I can't bear that."

"Oh, never mind," she replied. "It's a relief to cry; I am not altogether unhappy. It is very bitter at first and chokes me."

She bowed her face a moment, then lifted it and went on, with the tears in her eyes and voice:

"No; there is only one way. Even if it were easier, I could not thrust her out, I should hate myself if I did; you yourself would despise me. If we could enter heaven by shutting the door upon her, could we be happy walking together in the golden streets? Would not the thought of her wandering in outer darkness come in and torment us and make us afraid. I do not grudge her,—at least, at least——" Her voice faltered, but rose again. "I ought

not; has not her folly been my great gain? I do pity her with all my heart. If I should take away the only good she has, would it not turn to my curse?"

They had risen and stood on the sand. His eyes were bent upon her; her words played upon him like the winds on a harp.

"Do right; do right?" he exclaimed. "Whatever you do or say is right to me."

Her head dropped. She lifted her hands; she spoke brokenly.

"Do not speak so; help me; I am weak too."

He caught her hands,

"Forgive me,—I will, I will, I know I could die for you. Can I not live and endure for your sake? Look up! look up."

She looked up and smiled through tears. He held her hands fast, she stepped upon the low rock and stood upon his level.

"Why should we mourn?" she cried. "Have we not the best things?"

Her eyes turned from him and looked out across the sea. And her thoughts went on beyond sea, and land, and sun. But he could only look at her.

And presently her eyes came back to his. They looked in each other's faces long, but did not speak.

Then slowly, slowly and bitterly they drew their eyes away and set their unwilling faces toward the north; and lingering, step by step, they came side by side along the sands again, parted and went their allotted, divided ways.

THAT LASS O' LOWRIE'S.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

CHAPTER XXV.

IT had been some time since Derrick on his nightly walks homeward had been conscious of the presence of the silent figure; but the very night after the occurrence narrated in the last chapter, he was startled at his first turning into the Knoll Road by recognizing Joan.

There was a pang to him in the discovery. Her silent presence seemed only to widen the distance Fate had placed between them. She was ready to shield him from danger, but she held herself apart from him even in

doing so. She followed her own path as if she were a creature of a different world,—a world so separated from his own that nothing could ever bridge the gulf between them.

To-night, Derrick was seized with an intense longing to speak to the girl. He had forborne for her sake before, but to-night he was in one of those frames of mind in which a man is selfish, and is apt to let his course be regulated by his impulses. Why should he not speak, after all? If there was danger for him there was danger for

her, and it was absurd that he should not show her that he was not afraid. Why should she interpose her single strength between himself and the vengeance of a man of whom he had had the best in their only encounter? As soon as they had reached the more unfrequented part of the road, he wheeled round suddenly, and spoke.

"Joan," he said.

He saw that she paused and hesitated, and he made up his mind the more strongly. He took a few impetuous steps toward her, and seeing this, she addressed him hurriedly.

"Dunnot stop," she said. "If—if yo' want to speak to me, I'll go along wi' yo'."

"You think I'm in danger?"

He could not see her face, but her voice told him that her usual steady composure was shaken—it was almost like the voice of another woman.

"Yo' nivver wur i' more danger i' yore loife."

"The old danger?"

"Th' old danger, as is worse to be feared now than iver."

"And you!" he broke out. "You interpose yourself between that danger and me!"

His fire seemed to communicate itself to her.

"Th' harm as is meant to be done, is coward's harm," she said, "an' will be done i' coward's fashion—it is na a harm as will be done yo' wi' fair warnin', i' dayleet, an' face to face. If it wur, I should na fear—but th' way it is, I say it shanna be done—it shanna, if I dee fur it!" Then her manner altered again, and her voice returned to its first tremor. "It is na wi' me as it is wi' other women. Yo' munnot judge o' me as yo' judge o' other lasses. What mowtn't be reet fur other lasses to do, is reet enow fur me. It has na been left to me to be lass loike, an' feart, an'—an' modest," and she drew her breath hard, as if she was forced to check herself.

"It has been left to you," he burst forth, "it has been left to you to stand higher in my eyes than any other woman God ever made."

He could not have controlled himself. And yet, when he had said this, his heart leaped for fear he might have wounded her or given her a false impression. But strange to say, it proved this time that he had no need for fear. There was a moment's silence, and then she answered low and soft.

"Thank yo'!"

They had gone some yards together,

before he recovered himself sufficiently to remember what he had meant to say to her.

"I wanted to tell you," he said, "that I do not think any—enemy I have, can take me at any very great disadvantage. I am—I have prepared myself."

She shuddered.

"Yo' carry—summat?"

"Don't misunderstand me," he said quickly. "I shall not use any weapon rashly. It is to be employed more as a means of warning and alarm than anything else. Rigganites do not like fire-arms, and they are not used to them. I only tell you this, because I cannot bear that you should expose yourself unnecessarily."

There was that in his manner which moved her as his light touch had done that first night of their meeting, when he had bound up her wounded temple with his handkerchief. It was that her womanhood—her hardly used womanhood, of which she had herself thought with such pathetic scorn—was always before him, and was even a stronger power with him than her marvelous beauty.

She remembered the fresh bruise upon her brow, and felt its throb with less of shame, because she bore it for his sake.

"Promise me one thing," he went on.

"And do not think me ungracious in asking it of you—promise me that you will not come out again through any fear of danger for me, unless it is a greater one than threatens me now, and one I am unprepared to meet."

"I canna," she answered firmly. "I canna promise yo'. Yo' mun let me do as I ha' done fur th' sake o' my own peace."

She made no further explanation, and he could not persuade her to alter her determination. In fact, he was led to see at last, that there was more behind than she had the will or power to reveal to him; something in her reticence silenced him.

"Yo' dunnot know what I do," she said before they parted. "An' happen yo' would na quoite understand it if yo' did. I dunnot do things lightly,—I ha' no reason to,—an' I ha' set my mind on seein' that th' harm as has been brewin' fur long enow, shanna reach wheer it's aimed. I mun ha' my way. Dunnot ask me to gi'e it up. Let me do as I ha' been doin', fur th' sake of mysen, if fur no one else."

The truth which he could not reach, and would not have reached if he had talked to her till doomsday, was that she was right in saying that she could not give it up. This

woman had made no inconsequent boast when she told her father that if deadly blows fell, they must fall first upon herself. She was used to blows,—she could bear them,—she was fearless before them, but she could not have borne to sit at home, under any possibility of wrong being done to this man. God knows what heavy sadness had worn her soul, through the months in which she had never for a moment flinched from the knowledge that a whole world lay between herself and him. God knows how she had struggled against the unconquerable tide of feeling as it crept slowly upon her, refusing to be stemmed and threatening to overwhelm her in its remorseless waves. She was only left endurance—yet even in this there was a gladness which she had in nothing else. She could never meet him, as a happier woman might, but she could do for him what other women could not do—she could brave darkness and danger, she could watch over him, if need be; if the worst came to the worst, she could interpose herself between him and violence, or death itself.

But of all this, Fergus Derrick suspected nothing. He only knew that while she had not misinterpreted his appeal, some reasons of her own held her firm.

As she turned the corner of a lane leading to the high road, she found herself awkwardly trying to pass a man who confronted her—a fine young fellow far too elegant and well-dressed to be a Rigganite.

"Beg pardon!" he said abruptly, as if he were not in the best of humors. And then she recognized him.

"It's Mester Ralph Landsell," she said to herself as she went on. "What is he doin' here?"

But before she had finished speaking, she started at the sight of a figure hurrying on before her,—Liz herself, who had evidently just parted from her lover, and was walking rapidly homeward.

It was a shock to Joan, though she did not suspect the whole truth. She had trusted the girl completely; she had never interfered with her outgoing or incoming; she had been generously lenient toward her on every point, and her pang at finding herself deceived was keen. Her sudden discovery of the subterfuge filled her with alarm. What was the meaning of it? Surely it could not mean that this man was digging fresh pitfalls for the poor straying feet. She could not believe this,—she could only shudder as the ominous thought suggested

itself. And Liz—nay, even Liz could not be weak enough to trifle with danger again.

But it was Liz who was hurrying on before her, and who was walking so fast that both were breathless when Joan reached her side and laid a detaining hand upon her shoulder.

"Liz," she said, "are yo' afeard o' me?"

Liz turned her face around, colorless and frightened. There was a tone in the voice she had never heard before, a reproach in Joan's eyes before which she faltered.

"I—did na know it wur yo'," she said, almost peevishly. "What fur should I be afeard o' yo'?"

Joan's hand dropped.

"Yo' know best," she answered. "I did na say yo' wur."

Liz pulled her shawl closer about her shoulders, as if in a nervous protest.

"I dunnot see why I should be, though to be sure it's enow to fear one to be followed i' this way. Canna I go out fur a minnit wi'out—wi'out——"

"Nay, lass," Joan interfered; "that's wild talk."

Liz began to whimper.

"Th' choild wur asleep," she said, "an' it wur so lonesome i' th' house. Their wur no harm i' comin' out."

"I hope to God their wur na," exclaimed Joan. "I'd rayther see thy dead face lying by th' little un's on th' pillow than think as their wur. Yo' know what I mean, Liz. Yo' know I could na ha' caught up wi' yo' wi'out passin' thot mon theer,—th' mon as yo' ha' been meetin' on th' sly,—God knows why, lass, fur I canna see, unless yo' want to fa' back to shame an' ruin."

They were at home by this time, and she opened the door to let the girl walk in before her.

"Get thee inside, Liz," she said. "I mun hear what tha has to say, fur I canna rest i' fear fur thee. I am na angered, fur I pity thee too much. Tha art naught but a choild at th' best, an' th' world is fu' o' traps an' snares."

Liz took off her hat and shawl and sat down. She covered her face with her hands, and sobbed appealingly.

"I ha' na done no harm," she protested. "I nivver meant none. It wur his fault. He wunnot let me a-be, an'—an' he said he wanted to hear summat about th' choild, an' gi'e me summat to help me along. He said as he wur ashamed o' hissen to ha' left me wi'out money, but he wur hard run at

the toime, an' now he wanted to gi'e me some."

"Money!" said Joan. "Did he offer yo' money?"

"Aye, he said ——"

"Wait!" said Joan. "Did yo' tak' it?"

"What would yo' ha' me do?" restlessly. "Theer wur no harm ——"

"Ha' yo' gotten it on yo'?" interrupting her again.

"Aye," stopping to look up questioningly.

Joan held out her hand.

"Gi'e it to me," she said, steadily.

Mr. Ralph Landsell, who was sitting in his comfortable private parlor at the principal hotel of the little town, was disturbed, in the enjoyment of his nightly cigar, by the abrupt announcement of a visitor,—a young woman, who surprised him by walking into the room and straight up to the table near which he sat.

She was such a very handsome young woman, with her large eyes and finely cut face, and heavy nut-brown hair, and, despite her common dress, so very imposing a young woman, that the young man was quite startled,—especially when she laid upon the table-cloth a little package, which he knew had only left his hands half an hour before.

"I ha' browt it back to yo'," she said, calmly.

He glanced down at the package and then up at her, irritated and embarrassed.

"You have brought it back to me," he said. "May I ask what it is?"

"I dunnot think yo' need ask; but sin' yo' do so, I con answer. It's th' money, Mester Landsell.—th' money yo' give to poor Lizzie."

"And may I ask again, what the money I gave to poor Lizzie has to do with you?"

"Yo' may ask again, an' I con answer. I am th' poor lass's friend,—happen th' only friend she has i' th' world. Because God has made me the stronger o' the two, I ha' stood by her; an' because I am th' stronger o' the two, I stond by her now, an' tell yo' as I will na see yo' play her false again."

"The devil!" he broke forth, angrily. "You speak as—as if you thought I meant her harm."

He colored and faltered, even as he spoke. Joan fronted him with bright and scornful eyes.

"If yo' dunnot mean her harm, dunnot

lead her to underhand ways o' deceivin' them as means her well. If yo' dunnot mean her harm, tak' yore belongings and leave Riggan to-morrow morning."

He answered her by a short, uneasy laugh.

"By Jove!" he said. "You are a cool hand, young woman—but you can set your mind at rest. I shall not leave Riggan to-morrow morning, as you modestly demand—not only because I have further business to transact, but because I choose to remain. I shall not make any absurd promises about not seeing Lizzie, which, it seems to me, is more my business than yours, under the circumstances—and I shall not take the money back."

"Yo' will na?"

"No, I will not."

"Very well. I ha' no more to say," and she went out of the room, leaving the package lying upon the table.

When she reached home, Liz was still sitting as she had left her, and she looked up tearful and impatient.

"Well?" she said.

"He has th' money," was Joan's answer, "An' he ha' shown me as he is a villain."

She came and stood near the girl, a strong emotion in her half pitying, half appealing look.

"Lizzie, lass!" she said. "Tha mun listen to me,—tha mun. Tha mun mak' me a promise before tha tak's thy choile upo' thy breast to-neet."

"I dunnot care," protested Liz, weeping fretfully. "I dunnot care what I do. It's aw as bad as ivver now. I dunnot care for nowt. Ivverybody's at me—noan on yo' will let me a-be. What wi' first one an' then another, I'm a'most drove wild."

"God help thee!" said Joan, with a heavy sigh. "I dunnot mean to be hard, lass, but yo' mun promise me. It is na mich, Lizzie, if— if things is na worse wi' yo' than I would ivver believe. Yo're safe so far: promise me as yo' will na run i' danger—promise me as yo' will na see that man again, that yo'll keep out o' his way till he leaves Riggan."

"I'll promise owt," cried Liz. "I dunnot care, I tell yo'. I'll promise owt yo'll ax, if yo'll let me a-be," and she hid her face upon her arms and wept aloud.

CHAPTER XXVI.

At least twice a week Jud Bates made a pilgrimage to Haviland Park. Having been enlightened to the extent of two or three

chapters of "Robinson Crusoe," Sammy Craddock was athirst for more. He regarded the adventures of the hero as valuable information from foreign shores, as information that might be used in political debates, and brought forth on state occasions to floor a presumptuous antagonist. Accordingly, he held out inducements to Jud such as the boy was not likely to think lightly of. A penny a night, and a good supper for himself and Nib, held solid attractions for Jud, and at this salary he found himself engaged in the character of what "Owd Sammy" called "a many-ensis."

"What's that thee?" inquired Mrs. Craddock on first hearing this imposing title. "A many—what?"

"A many-ensis, owd lass," said Sammy, chuckling. "Did tha iver hear o' a private gentleman as had na a many-ensis?"

"Nay. I know nowt about thy many-ensisses, an' I'll warrant tha does na know what such loike is thysen."

"It means a power o' things," answered Sammy; "a power o' things. It's a word as is comprehensive, as they ca' it, an' it's one as will do as well as any fur th' lad. A many-ensis!" and many-ensis it remained.

Surely the adventures of the island solitary had never given such satisfaction as they gave in the cheery house-room of the lodge. Sammy listened to them over numerous pipes, with a respect for literature such as had never before been engendered in his mind by the most imposing display of bindings.

"I've allus thowt as t' newspaper wur enow fur a mon to tackle," he would say reflectively; "but thee's summat outside o' th' newspapers. I niver seed a paper as had owt in it about desert islands, let alone cannibles."

"Cannibles, indeed!" replied Mrs. Craddock, who was occasionally one of the audience. "I conna mak' no sense out o' thee an' thy cannibles. I wonder they are na shamt o' theirsens, goin' about wi'out so mich as a hat on, an' eatin' each other, as if there wur na a bit o' good victual i' th' place. I wonder th' Queen dunnot put a stop to it hersen if th' parlyment ha' not gotten the sense to do it. It's noan respectable, let alone Christian."

"Eh!" said Sammy; "but tha'rt i' a muddle. Th'dst allus be i' a muddle if I'd let thee mak' things out thysen an' noan explain 'em to thee. Does tha think aw this here happent i' England? It wur i' furin lands,

owd wench, i' a desert island i' th' midst o' th' sea."

"Well, I wur hopin' it wur na i' Lancashire, I mun say!"

"Lancashire! Why, it happent further off nor Lunnon, i' a place as it's loike th' Queen has niver seed nor heerd tell on."

The old woman looked dubious, if not disapproving. A place that was not in Lancashire, and that the Queen had nothing to do with, was, to her, a place quite "off color."

"Well! well!" she resumed with the manner of an unbeliever, "thee go on thy way readin' if tha con tak' comfort i' it. But I mun say again as it does na sound Christian to me. That's the least I con say on't."

"Tha'rt slow i' understandin', owd lass," was her husband's tolerant comment. "Tha does na know enow o' litterytoor to appreciate. Th' female intellect is na strong at th' best, an' tha niver wur more than ordinary. Get into it, Manyensis. It's gotten late, an' I'm fain to hear more about th' mon Friday, an' how th' poor chap managed."

Both reader and audience were so full of interest that Jud's story was prolonged beyond the usual hour. But to the boy, this was a matter of small consequence. He had tramped the woods too often with Nib for a companion to feel fear at any time. He had slept under a hedge many a night from choice, and had enjoyed his slumber like a young vagabond, as he was.

He set out on this occasion in high good humor. There were no clouds to hide the stars; he had had an excellent supper, and he had enjoyed his evening. He trudged along cheerily, his enjoyment as yet unabated. The trees and hedges, half stripped of their leaves, were so suggestive of birds' nests, that now and then he stepped aside to examine them more closely. The nests might be there yet, though the birds had flown. Where throstles had built this year, it was just possible others might build again, and, at any rate, it was as well to know where their haunts had been. So, having objects enough to attract his attention, the boy did not find the way long. He was close upon the mine before he had time to feel fatigue possible, and, nearing the mine, he was drawn from his path again by a sudden remembrance brought up by the sight of a hedge surrounding a field near it.

"Theer wur a bird as built i' that hedge i' th' spring," he said. "She wur a new kind. I'd forgotten her. I meant to ha'

watched her. I wonder if any other felly fun her. I'll go an' see if th' nest is theer."

He crossed the road to the place where he fancied he had seen this treasure; but not being quite certain as to the exact spot, he found his search lengthened by this uncertainty.

"It wur here," he said to himself; "at least I thowt it wur. Some chap mun ha' fun it an' tuk it."

At this moment he paused, as if listening.

"What's that theer?" he said. "Theer's some one on th' other side o' th' hedge."

He had been attracted by the sound of voices—men's voices—the voices of men who were evidently crouching under the shadow of the hedge on the other side, and whose tones in a moment more reached him distinctly, and were recognized.

The first was Dan Lowrie's, and before he had heard him utter a dozen words, Jud dropped upon his knees and laid his hand warningly upon Nib's neck. The dog pricked his pointed ears and looked up at him restlessly. All the self-control of his nature could scarcely help him to suppress a whine.

"Them as is feared to stand by Dan Lowrie," said the voice, with an oath, "let 'em say so."

"Theer's not a mon here as is feart," was the gruff answer.

"Then theer's no need to gab no more," returned Lowrie. "Yo' know what yo' ha' getten to do. Yo' ha' th' vitriol an' th' sticks. Wait yo' fur him at th' second corner an' I'll wait at th' first. If he does na tak' one turn into th' road he'll tak' th' other, an' so which turn he tak's we'll be ready fur him. Blast him! he'll be done wi' engineerin' fur a while if he fa's into my hands, an' he'll mak' no more rows about th' Davvies."

Impatient for the word of command, Nib stirred uneasily among the dead leaves, and the men heard him. Not a moment's space was given to the two listeners, or they would have saved themselves. There was a smothered exclamation from three voices at once, a burst of profanity, and Dan Lowrie had leaped the low hedge and caught Jud by the collar. The man was ghastly with rage. He shook the lad until even he himself was breathless.

"Yo' young devil!" he cried hoarsely, "yo've been listenin', ha' yo'? Nay, theer's no use o' yo' tryin' to brave it out. Yo've done for yorsen, by God!"

"Let me a-be," said Jud, but he was as

pale as his captor. "I wur na doin' thee no harm. I on'y coom to look fur a bird's nest."

"Yo' listened," said Lowrie; "yo' heerd what we said."

"Let me a-be," was Jud's sullen reply.

At this moment a man's face rose above the whitethorn hedge.

"Who is it?" asked the fellow in a low voice.

"A domd young rascal as has been eaves-droppin'. Yo' may as well coom out, lads. We've getten to settle wi' him, or we'n fun ourselves in th' worst box yet."

The man scrambled over the hedge without further comment, and his companion followed him; and seeing who they were, Jud felt that his position was even more dangerous than he fancied at first. The three plotters who grouped themselves about him were three of the most desperate fellows in the district—brutal, revengeful, vicious, combining all the characteristics of a bad class. The two last looked at him with evident discomfort and bewilderment.

"Here's a pretty go," said one.

"Aye, by the Lord Harry!" added the other. "How long's he bin here?"

"How long'st bin here?" demanded Lowrie, with another shake.

"Long enow to look fur a bird's nest an' not find it," said Jud, trying to speak stoutly.

The three exchanged glances and oaths.

"He's heerd ivvery word," said Lowrie in savage answer.

There was a moment's silence, and then Lowrie broke out again:

"Theer's on'y one road to stop his gab," he said. "Pitch him into th' mine, an' be domd to him. He shall na spoil th' job, if I ha' to swing fur it."

Nib gave a low whine, and Jud's heart leaped within him. Every lad in Riggan knew Dan Lowrie and feared him. There was not a soul within hearing, and people were not fond of visiting the mine at night, so if they chose to dispose of him in any way, they would have time and opportunity to do it without risk of being interfered with. But it happened that upon the present occasion Lowrie's friends were not as heated as himself. It was not a strictly personal grudge they were going to settle, and consequently some remnant of humanity got the better of them.

"Nay," said the youngest, "one's enow."

"Nay," Lowrie put in; "one's not enow fur me, if theer's another as is goin' to

meddle. Summat's gotten to be done, an' done quick."

"Mak' him promise to keep his mouth shut," suggested No. 3. "He'll do it sooner nor get hissen into trouble."

"Will ta?" demanded the young one.

Jud looked up at him. He had the stubborn North country blood in him, and the North country courage. Having heard what he had, he was sharp enough to comprehend it. There was only one engineer whom Lowrie could have a grudge against, and that one was Derrick. They were going to work some harm against "Mester Derrick," who was his friend and Miss Anice's.

"Will ta?" repeated his questioner, feeling quite sure of him. The youth of Riggan were generally ready enough for mischief, and troubled by no scruples of conscience, so the answer he received took him by surprise.

"Nay," said Jud, "I will na."

"Tha will na?"

"Nay."

The fellow fell back a step or two to stare at him.

"Well, tha'rt a plucky one at any rate," he growled, discomfited.

Jud stood his ground.

"Mester Derrick's bin good to me," he said, "an' he's bin good to Nib. Th' rest o' yo' ha' a kick fur Nib whenivver he gits i' yore way; but he nivver so much as spoke rough to him. He's gin me a penny more nor onct to buy him summat to eat. Chuck me down th' shaft, if yo' want to."

And though he scarcely believed they would take him at his word, since the two were somewhat in his favor, it was a courageous thing to say. If his fate had rested in Lowrie's hands alone, heaven knows what the result might have been; but having the others to contend with, he was safe so far. But there was not much time to lose, and even the less interested parties to the transgression had a stolid determination to stand by their comrade. There was a hurried consultation held in undertones, and then the younger man bent suddenly, and, with a short laugh, caught Nib in his arms. He was vicious enough to take a pleasure in playing tormentor, if in his cooler moods he held back from committing actual crime.

"Tha'rt a plucky young devil," he said; "but tha's gotten to swear to howd thy tongue between thy teeth, an' if tha wunnot do it fur thy own sake, happen tha will fur t' dog's."

"What art tha goin' to do wi' him?"

cried Jud trembling. "He has na done yo' no hurt."

"We're goin' to howd him over th' shaft a minnit till tha mak's up thy mind. Bring th' young chap along, lads."

He had not struggled before, but he began to struggle now with all his strength. He grew hot and cold by turns. It might not be safe to kill him; but it would be safe enough to kill Nib.

"Let me a-be," he cried. "Let that theer dog loose. Nib, Nib,—seize him, lad!"

"Put thy hond over his mouth," said the young man.

And so Jud was half dragged, half carried to the shaft. It was as useless for him to struggle as it was for Nib. Both were powerless. But Jud's efforts to free himself were so frantic that the men laughed,—Lowrie grimly, the other two with a kind of malicious enjoyment of the grotesqueness of the situation.

"Set him down, but keep him quiet," was the command given when they reached the pit's side.

The next instant a dreadful cry was smothered in the boy's struggling throat. They were leaning against the rail and holding Nib over the black abyss.

"Will tha promise?" he was asked. "Tha may let him speak, Lowrie; he canna mak' foak hear."

Nib looked down into the blackness, and broke into a terrified whine, turning his head toward his master.

"I—I—canna promise," said Jud; but he burst into tears.

"Let th' dog go," said Lowrie.

"Try him again. Will ta promise, or mun we let th' dog go, lad? We're noan goin' to do th' chap ony great harm; we're on'y goin' to play him a trick to pay him back fur his cheek."

Jud looked at Nib.

"Lowrie said you had vitriol and knobsticks," he faltered. "Yo' dunnat play tricks wi' them."

"Yo' see how much he's heard," said Lowrie. "He'll noan promise."

The one who held the dog was evidently losing patience.

"Say yes or no, yo' young devil," he said, and he made a threatening gesture. "We canna stand here aw neet. Promise ta will na tell mon, woman, nor choild, what tha heard us say. When I say 'three,' I'll drop th' dog. One—two—"

The look of almost human terror in Nib's

eyes was too much for his master. Desperation filled him. He could not sacrifice Nib—he could not sacrifice the man who had been Nib's friend; but he might make a sort of sacrifice of himself to both.

"Stop!" he cried. "I'll promise yo'."

He had saved Nib, but there was some parleying before he was set free, notwithstanding his promise to be silent. But for the fact that he was under the control of the others for the time being, Lowrie would have resorted to harsher precautions; but possibly influenced by a touch of admiration for the lad, the younger man held out against them. They wrangled together for a few minutes, and then Nib was handed over.

"Here, cut an' run, tha young beggar," said the younger one, "an' dunnat let's hear any more on thee. If we do, it'll be worse fur thee an' th' dog too. So look out."

Jud did not wait for a second command. The instant he felt Nib in his arms, he scudded over the bare space of ground before him at his best speed. They should not have time to repent their decision. If the men had seen his face, they might not have felt so safe. But the truth was, they were reckoning upon Jud Bates as they would have reckoned upon any other young Riggan rascal of his age. After all, it was not so much his promise they relied on as his wholesome fear of the consequences of its being broken. It was not a matter of honor but of dread.

CHAPTER XXVII.

It was even later than usual this evening when Fergus Derrick left the rectory. When Mr. Barholm was in his talkative mood, it was not easy for him to break away. So Derrick was fain to listen and linger, and then supper was brought in and he was detained again, and at eleven o'clock Mr. Barholm suddenly hit upon a new topic.

"By the bye," he said, "where is that fellow, Lowrie? I thought he had left Riggan."

"He did leave Riggan," answered Derrick.

"So I heard," returned the rector, "and I suppose I was mistaken in fancying I caught sight of him to-day. I don't know the man very well and I might easily be deceived. But where is he?"

"I think," said Derrick quietly, "that he is in Riggan. I am not of the opinion that you were mistaken at all. I am sure he is

here, but for reasons of his own, he is keeping himself quiet. I know him too well to be deceived by any fancied resemblance."

"But what are his reasons?" was the next question. "That looks bad, you know. He belongs to a bad crew."

"Bad enough," said Derrick.

"Is it a grudge? He is just the rascal to bear a grudge."

"Yes," said Derrick. "It is a grudge against *me*."

He looked up then across the table at Anice and smiled re-assuringly.

"You did not tell us that you had seen him," she said.

"No. You think I ought to be afraid of him, and I am too vain to like to admit the possibility that it would be better to fear any man, even a Riggan collier."

"But such a man!" put in Mrs. Barholm. "It seems to me he is a man to be feared."

"I can thrash him," said Derrick. He could not help feeling some enjoyment in this certainty. "I *did* thrash him upon one occasion, you know, and a single combat with a fellow of that kind is oftener than not decisive."

"Yes," said the rector, "that is the principal cause of his grudge, I think. He might forgive you for getting him into trouble, but he will never forgive you for thrashing him."

They were still sitting at the table discussing the matter, when Anice, who sat opposite a window, rose from her seat, and crossing the room to it, drew aside the curtain and looked out.

"There was somebody there," she said, in answer to the questioning in the faces of her companions. "There was a face pressed close against the glass for a minute, and I am sure it was Jud Bates."

Derrick sprang from his chair. To his mind, it did not appear at all unlikely that Jud Bates had mischief in hand. There were apples enough in the rectory garden to be a sore trial to youthful virtue.

He opened the door and stepped into the night, and in a short time a sharp familiar yelp fell upon the ears of the listeners. Almost immediately after, Derrick returned, holding the trespasser by the arm.

It was Jud Bates, but he did not look exactly like a convicted culprit, though his appearance was disordered enough. He was pale and out of breath, he had no cap on, and he was holding Nib, panting and excited, in his arms.

"Jud," exclaimed Anice, "what have you been doing? Why did you come to the window?"

Jud drew Nib closer, and turned if possible a trifle paler.

"I coom," he said tremulously, "to look in."

Nobody smiled.

"To look in?" said Anice. "Why, whom did you want to see?"

Jud jerked his elbow at Derrick.

"It was *him*," he answered. "I wanted to see if he had gone home yet."

"But why?" she asked again.

He shuffled his feet uneasily and his eyes fell. He looked down at Nib's head and faltered.

"I—" he said. "I wanted to stop him. I—I dunnot know—" And then the rest came in a burst. "He munnot go," he cried, trembling afresh. "He mun keep away fro' th' Knoll Road."

The party exchanged glances.

"There is mischief on hand," said Mr. Barholm; "that is plain enough."

"*He* munnot go," persisted Jud; "*he* mun keep away fro' th' Knoll Road. I'm gettin' myself i' trouble," he added, the indifference of despair in his pale face. "If I'm fun out they'll mill me."

Derrick stepped aside into the hall and returned with his hat in his hand. He looked roused and determined.

"There are two or three stout colliers in Riggan who are my friends, I think," he said, "and I am going to ask them to face the Knoll Road with me. I should like to

settle this matter to-night. If I give these fellows the chance to attack me, they will be the more easily disposed of. A few years in jail might have a salutary effect upon Lowrie."

In his momentary heat, he forgot all but the strife into which he was forced. He did not question Jud closely. He knew Riggan and the mining districts too well not to have a clear enough idea of what means of vengeance would be employed.

But when he got out into the night he had not gone many yards before a new thought flashed upon him, and quickened his pulse. It was not a pleasant thought because it checked him, and he was in a mood to feel impatient of a check. But he could not throw it off. There rose within his mind a picture of a silent room in a cottage,—of a girl sitting by the hearth. He seemed to see quite clearly the bent head, the handsome face, the sad eyes. He had a fancy that Liz was not with her to-night, that the silence of the room was only broken by the soft breathing of the child upon Joan's knee.

He stopped with an impatient gesture.

"What was I thinking of?" he demanded of himself, "to have forgotten *her*, and what my madness would bring upon her? I am a selfish fool! Let it go. I will give it up. I will stay in Riggan for the future—it will not be long, and she need torture herself no more. I will give it up. Let them think I am afraid to face him. I am afraid—afraid to wound the woman I—yes—" passionately, "the woman I *love*."

(To be continued.)

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Political Training.

It is the general conviction that, sooner or later, we are to have a reform in our Civil Service. It is more than this. There is a general determination that there shall be such a reform. The fair and sensible men of all parties—all men who are not given over to partisanship—all men who have ceased to believe that politics is a trade, to be pursued for personal gain, irrespective of the public good—believe in this reform, and look forward hopefully, and even impatiently, to the time of its accomplishment. But the question concerning men and materials for this reform does not seem to have occurred to these people. The fact that there is no competent school for the preparation of men for public life, is one

which does not seem to have presented itself to them.

At present, men enter upon nearly every sphere of public life without the slightest special preparation for it. If a man can make a fair speech, if he is an adept at the pulling of wires, if by any tact in organization and in the working of party machinery in local elections he manages to win a degree of power and prominence, he becomes a candidate for office. He may know nothing whatever of the political history of his country, or of other countries. He may lack intelligence in all the great questions of political economy. He may even fail in a competent understanding of the issues involved in his own election. If he goes to Congress, he is simply placed at school, and is supported at the public

charge. By the time he is well in his seat, and has become fitted for service, some other demagogue, as ignorant as he was at first, supersedes him, and he retires. He goes to Congress in the first place, not because he is fit for its duties, but because he wants the office, and manages to get it. He retires as soon as he has learned something, that another ignoramus, who has outmanaged him at home, may receive an education at the public expense.

These statements are so well established in the political history of the country and the time, that they cannot be disputed. And here the question naturally arises concerning the preparation of the country for the reform which it would so gladly see effected. Where are we to find the men who have made politics, in all its scientific and practical departments, a long and careful study? What shall the new requirements be? and how shall we train men to meet them? Have we already a body of men, sufficiently large and sufficiently conversant with scientific and practical politics, to meet the requirements of a reform? We fear that this last question must be answered in the negative, and must continue to be so answered until some means are established to train men for the public service.

We have our military and naval schools for training men for the army and navy. After their graduation, they may go into civil life, but, in time of war, they are the first we call upon to organize and lead the forces of the country. They alone truly understand the business. They have been instructed in all the details of organization, subsistence, engineering and active war. Now, we cannot understand why the men engaged in legislation and administration—in the civil service of the government—do not need as careful a training as those who are called to its military and naval service. The knowledge demanded covers a wider field. The principles involved are a thousand times more complex. International law and polity, political economy, finance, the relations of the federal government to the states, the relations of the states to each other, constitutional history and constitutional law, diplomacy, and a vast aggregate of recorded usage and technical detail—all these need to be understood by the men in office. How are men to be grounded in the principles of government, and to acquire even the elements of this vast range of knowledge? At present, the only education we give them is in active service. We are not only at the expense of their subsistence and tuition, but we are at the still greater expense of their blunders.

Well, we do not propose another West Point, or another Annapolis. It would not be well, we presume, to establish a governmental school of politics. There are insuperable objections in the way. The partisans of free trade and protection, for instance, could never agree on the style of political economy to be taught. But there is no good reason why Yale and Harvard, or any other college, for that matter, should not have a department of politics, which should give a solid three years course of study. There is no reason why a man should not go before a high examining board at Washington, from such

a school as this, and win his certificate of fitness for public office. There are a thousand good reasons why such a man should receive the suffrages of the people for any office which they wish to fill.

Aside from all direct influence upon governmental legislation and administration, the effect of the training which such a school would give would exercise a most beneficent influence upon the country. If the men who are trained there never enter office, they will add to the popular intelligence, and raise the public standard and the public tone. They will not only help to leaven the mass, but they will place the government under intelligent criticism. Under their influence, the demagogue would be subjected to a fearful discount. Their presence in public affairs and their distribution throughout the country would, of themselves, do much to reform a service that has sunk into deserved contempt. Ignorant men would be ashamed to show themselves in such a light. The simple establishment of such a school would call the attention of the public to the gross abuses from which they have suffered, and they would be glad to be represented by men who would not only serve the country well, but would honor them.

There is still another view to be taken of this matter. We can imagine no training to be more fruitful in its solid culture to young men of means than this would be. Neither law nor medicine nor theology offers to the young man who does not wish to enter those professions, and who is not content with his accomplished academic course, so fine a field for useful culture as this school would afford, and we believe it would be thronged with students from the best classes of society. What better can be given to a young man than a thorough knowledge of statesmanship and citizenship? It would be better than travel; it would furnish a splendid basis for literary life and literary acquisition. It would fit and furnish him for society.

So, whether we look at such a school, with its regularly established corps of professors and its great curriculum, as a training school for politicians, statesmen and diplomatists, or as a means of popular instruction and elevation, or as a minister to individual culture, it is in every way desirable. What institution will be the first to inaugurate it? What institution will first spring to satisfy the need of a great reform, and furnish the country with a means of culture so devoutly to be prayed for?

The Amusements of the Rich.

THE average rich man and woman, in adult life, have, it must be confessed, rather a stupid time of it. If they do not have a country house, to which they have bound themselves for the summer; if, when they break up in the spring, they can wander where they please, they manage to get along pretty well. The man attends his club in winter; the woman goes her society-round, and in the summer they are free. The theater does not have many attractions for the old resident. His society means dinners, receptions, dress; and it comes at last to be a bore, from which he retires in disgust to that

which is still worse—himself. Here and there among them there is a hobby-rider, who manages to interest himself in some trifle, and so gets rid of his time. Often without culture, nearly always without a stimulus to industry, his lazy hours hang upon his hands, and he is glad of the change which summer brings him. We really do not see what can be done for him. He is usually too old to learn anything—especially that he must go out of himself into some sort of service to others, in order to sharpen his interest in life, and win the content that he lacks.

The amusements of the adult rich can hardly be called amusements at all, for any pursuit that is entered upon for the simple purpose of killing time does not deserve that name. Amusement, or play, should be a spontaneous, recreative exercise of the faculties and emotions, during the intervals of work. Amusement, in order to be genuine, must be entered upon with hearty zest; and very few, except the young, and the adults who have some active and regular pursuit, are capable of this. A life of absolute leisure is, as a rule, a life without amusement. The young engaged in study, and the maturer men and women who are in active life, are the only ones who enjoy the conditions of amusement.

True amusement is of two kinds, viz. : active and passive. The active and weary man and woman—those who exhaust every day their vital energies in work—take naturally to passive amusement. A lady of our acquaintance, engaged daily in severe intellectual tasks, says that nothing rests her like seeing other people work. For this she goes to the theater, and the play upon her emotions there rests, and recreates her. Indeed, it is the emotional side of the nature, and not the active, which furnishes play to those who are weary with the use of their faculties. This fact covers the secret of the popular success of what is called emotional preaching. People who have been engaged all the week in exhausting labor of any kind do not take kindly to a high intellectual feast on Sunday. They want to be moved and played upon. This rests and interests them, while the profound discussion of great problems in life and religion wearies and bores them. They are not up to it. They are weary and jaded in that part of their nature which such a discussion engages. The emotions which have been blunted and suppressed by their pursuits are hungry. So every form of amusement that truly meets their wants must be emotive, and must leave them free to rest in those faculties which are weary.

On the other hand, the young, who are brimming with animal life, and who fail to exhaust it in study, call for active amusements, and they must have them. And here the parent is in danger of making a great mistake. Unless a boy is a milk-sop, he must do something or die. If he cannot do something in his home, or in the homes of his companions, he will do something elsewhere. It is

only within a few years that parents have begun to be sensible upon this matter. The billiard-table, which a few years ago was only associated with dissipation, now has an honored place and the largest room in every rich man's house. The card-table, that once was a synonym of wickedness, is a part of the rich man's furniture, which his children may use at will, in the pursuit of a harmless game. A good many manufactured sins have been dethroned from their fictitious life and eminence, and put to beneficent family service on behalf of the young. Athletic sports, such as skating, boating, shooting, ball-playing, running and leaping, have sprung into great prominence within the past few years—amusements of just the character for working off the excessive vitality of young men, and developing their physical power. This is all well—a reform in the right direction. Much of this is done before the public eye, and in the presence of young women, which helps to restrain all tendencies to excesses and to dissipation.

The activities of young women take another direction, and nothing seems to us more hopeful than the pursuits in which they engage. The rich young woman in these days, who does not marry, busies herself in tasteful and intellectual pursuits. The reading-club, the Shakspeare-club, the drawing-class, and kindred associations, employ her spare time; and now there is hardly a more busy person living than the rich young woman who is through with her boarding-school. The poor, who suppose that the rich young woman leads an idle life, are very much mistaken. The habits of voluntary industry now adopted and practiced by the young women of America, in good circumstances, are most gratefully surprising. One of them who is not so busy during the winter that she really needs a recuperating summer, is an exception. Our old ideas of the lazy, fashionable girl must be set aside. They are all at work at something. It may not bring them money, but it brings what is much better to them,—the content that comes of an earnest and fruitful pursuit. It may take the form of amusement, but it results in a training for self-helpfulness and industry.

So, while not much can be done for the adult in this matter of amusement, much is done for the young, and much that will help to give us a generation of older men and women, who will not be content with the poor business of killing time. For it must be remembered that while the young women "assist" at the athletic games of the young men, the young men are indispensable to the intellectual associations of the young women. They meet together, and stimulate and help each other; and it does not seem possible that either party should ever subside into those time-killers who haunt the clubs established for men, or those jaded women who drag themselves around to dinners and lunches and thronged assemblies.

THE OLD CABINET.

Now that the talk is about colleges, may not an outsider express surprise that in one department of study the colleges (with rare exceptions) fail to engage the services of experts. English literature is supposed to be a matter of considerable importance in the intellectual training of young persons; every college has a chair of *belles-lettres*, or English literature, or rhetoric, or modern and unclassic literature of some kind,—and yet how many of the colleges in this country have professors in these chairs who know what literature is when they see it?—three or four colleges perhaps—but not many more—so far as the public can be sure of.

There are plenty of men in such positions who have all the dates at their fingers' ends; who have systems, and theories, and what amount of insight and real knowledge the gods may allow. They can publish hand-books of English literature (very bad ones); they can lecture on aesthetics, on literary periods, on the influence of so and so on something or other, or on somebody or other; but in reality they do not know what they are talking about. There are comparatively few people, at best, who *do* know what literature is when they see it; generally such people prove their insight and ability either by writing criticisms on literature (like Sainte-Beuve), or by making literature (like Longfellow), or both (like Lowell).

We saw a letter written not long ago from a young fellow out West, of literary promise and ambition, to an Eastern man, asking him which of three Eastern colleges named he would advise him to enter. Two of these colleges were old and famous institutions; the third was new. The person questioned did not venture to advise in favor of any one institution; he told what he knew about each; but with reference to the new college he said that so long as a certain professor, whom he named, remained there, this would be a good place for his young Western friend. The professor to whom reference was made is a teacher of literature, who meets all the requirements mentioned above. He knows what the thing is when he sees it. He can criticise it. He can make it. He has the enthusiasm of the creative faculty. He stirs up the young men about him not only to keen appreciation of literature, both old and new; but he impels them to accomplishment in literature.

The effect of such an influence upon young people can hardly be overestimated. The history of literature—as of all the other arts—is the record of causes and effects of a character like this. We do not underrate the element of individual genius. But when we read closely the history of any art, we find that the men who are popularly cited as exceptions to all rules are, after all, in a sense, the mere legitimate outgrowths of circumstances; and the circumstance of a good and an inspiring teacher has always been one of the most fortunate and most productive. If it is answered that the "turning out of geni-

uses" is not the only function of an institution of learning, then it may be replied that the teacher best calculated to awaken dormant genius is also the one best calculated to correct and cultivate the taste and elevate the mental tone of the most ordinary member of his class.

We were talking the other day, to a college president, on this subject, and while his views were, in the main, in accordance with those here given, he presented certain explanations of, and apologies for, the present system. "What you are talking about," he said, "is genius, and genius is hard to find." In reply to this, it was easy to mention the familiar names of at least a few American men of letters who have proved their possession of more genius, let us say, than the majority of the professors of literature in American colleges. The reputations of some of these writers may not have increased greatly during the last decade or two,—may not have increased as much as might have been the case, perhaps, had they been placed, long ago, on regular salaries, in respectable institutions, with the temptation to prose or poetic hack-work—fortunately for themselves and the community—removed. "Besides," said the president, "if we try to secure the services of such men early in their careers, we run more than ordinary risk of moral disaster; genius is apt to be hot-blooded!" Assuming, if you will, that the risk is greater in such a case, we see no way for it but to run such a risk as, some time ago, Harvard ran, with a young man by the name of Longfellow; and later, with another young man by the name of Lowell. And, moreover, is there nothing to be said as to the steady effect of a dignified professional position? "Again," said the good-natured president, "these chairs are almost invariably given for life, *i. e.*, during good behavior; and vacancies are of rare occurrence." But we take this to be a very insufficient explanation. If the colleges were awake to the necessity of having such men on their faculties, they would find means of getting them there. And if our own soil were not productive of them they would import them, as now they, on occasion, import experts in other branches.

We can conceive of but one motive which is likely to counteract the present system, namely, the competition which has lately shown itself in a rage for buildings,—as well as in a nobler rage for higher scholarship,—and which may, not unlikely, take the form of a competition for "literary stars." Such a motive is not the noblest,—but *men* are sure to prove of more force than bricks and mortar, no matter how important tricks and mortar may be when conveniently and imaginatively displayed.

IN reading "Harold," * in the cold, skeptical way, alas! in which we are so apt to read the poets of our

own time, we come, after many pages of disappointment, upon Wulfnoth's poetic and pathetic picture of the life that Harold might fear in a Norman prison :

"And deeper still the deep-down oubliette,
Down thirty feet below the smiling day—
In blackness—dogs' food thrown upon thy head.
And over thee the suns arise and set,
And the lark sings, the sweet stars come and go,
And men are at their markets, in their fields,
And woo their loves and have forgotten thee;
And thou art upright in thy living grave,
Where there is barely room to shift thy side,
And all thine England hath forgotten thee;
And he our lazy-pious Norman king,
With all his Normans round him once again,
Counts his old beads, and hath forgotten thee."

Perhaps there is no passage in the book that has more of that kind of poetry which we are accustomed to associate with the name of Tennyson; there are but few, we think, that have so much of it.

The speeches which, after two or three readings, appear to have most fire and self-forgetfulness, are William's speech on the 78th page :

"Ay, for thou hast sworn an oath
Which, if not kept, would make the hard earth rive
To the very Devil's horns, the bright sky cleave
To the very feet of God, and send her hosts
Of injured Saints to scatter sparks of plague
Thro' all your cities, blast your infants, dash
The torch of war among your standing corn,
Dabble your hearths with your own blood," etc.—

and Harold's soliloquy (page 143), after waking from his sleep in which he was visited, in visions, by Edward, Wulfnoth, Tostig, and the Norman Saints upon whose relics he had sworn his false oath. He tries to calm his own superstitious fears :

"No—our waking thoughts
Suffer a stormless shipwreck in the pools
Of sullen slumber, and arise again
Disappointed: only dreams—where mine own self
Takes part against myself!"—

and also, the same Harold's description of the death of Harold the Norseman (page 148):

"when all was lost, he yell'd,
And bit his shield, and dash'd it on the ground,
And swaying his two-handed sword about him,
Two deaths at every swing, ran in upon us
And died so."

That is a very strong and natural scene when, just after Harold has taken the oath on the dead Norman Saints, he is bidden by William's page to the banquet, "Where"—bursts out Harold—

"Where they eat dead men's flesh, and drink their blood.

PAGE.—My lord!

HAROLD.—I know your Norman cookery is so spiced,
It masks all this."

There may be other passages in the book of equal power to move with those cited above, but we do not know where they are. To us, at least, the book has no strong dramatic interest, and no great poetic interest of any kind. It has historic interest, and, coming from Tennyson, is read with great literary curiosity. Furthermore, it seems on the whole to be nearer the mark than "Queen Mary." But has not Tennyson been unfortunate in the selection of subjects for both his dramas? There is no charm, not even the picturesqueness of ugliness, about the Queen Mary of history; and Tennyson certainly does not succeed

in making Harold personally interesting. It would be a difficult task for a greater man. Browning's psychological insight might avail here, possibly. But there is something mean about Harold's tragedy,—the tragedy of a trick. He becomes an uncomfortable sort of a person, with a conscientious scruple. And as for Harold's love passages,—what is the matter with Tennyson? Is it that his women are of the fairy order, at home only in an atmosphere of dim romance, and fading into thin air in the garish light of the drama?

"Harold" is a closet drama. There was no demand upon Tennyson for a drama, unless such a demand may have been supposed by him to exist in the minds of the reading public. The greatest English dramas,—have they not been, in large part, results of the laws of "demand and supply?" Shakspeare certainly did not write his plays to be read. We do not mean to say that "Harold" is not a success because it may not be "adapted to the stage." A powerful drama or dramatic poem might, of course, be written without any adaptation to the stage, or indeed any reference to it. But certainly, a close relation between a dramatic writer and a theatrical audience ought to have an educating effect upon one who aspires to be a dramatist, and it ought to help toward giving interest and fire to a dramatic poem.

Some of the critics say that "Harold" has more "strength" than Tennyson's preceding works. What do they mean by this? Would they call Shakspeare's sonnets weak, and his plays strong? Would they say that Dante's "Vita Nuova" is weak, and that his "Divina Commedia" is strong? If by the expression, "strength," they mean "artistic strength," we do not agree with them, with reference to Tennyson. Artistic strength may be said to be the power to express fittingly a natural and powerful human emotion. And conceding "Harold" to be as successful as its most ardent admirers suppose, even then it would have no more artistic strength than that perfect and immortal song from "The Princess":

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean."

If these critics had said that "Harold" shows a *different kind* of strength from that which Tennyson had been supposed to possess, we should not quarrel with their terms, though we might with their statement; for we believe that there is no valuable literary quality in "Harold" which Tennyson had not shown before. He had not before shown the power to write a good drama; but we do not feel that he has shown that power now. And as for his patriotism, his breadth, vigor and virility of thought and expression, the "iron grip" which the laureate is supposed to have "developed" at this late day,—we beg the critics to read again the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," published twenty-five years ago.

APROPPOS of Delacroix, and his "Dante and Virgil" (or rather "La Barque du Dante"), mentioned last month,—M. Charles Blanc, in his book

just published, "Les Artistes de mon Temps," tells a story about the framing of that first great painting of the master. By the way, what a "sordid tragedy" is this of picture frames in the lives of so many painters. Not a few of our artists find it easier to paint a picture than to frame it. What petty annoyances, what humiliations, what amusing devices are known to those who are familiar with studio life! Sometimes the artist will have two or three frames, for purposes of exhibition, or in order to assist his eye in the last touches: to these sizes must he reduce all his pictures. Sometimes he resorts to the dealer, who frames the picture, hangs it in his shop, and when he makes a sale deducts a "commission," not only upon the price of the painting, but upon the price of his own frame! In this way the dealer not only obtains a commission on the picture and a legitimate profit on the frame, but he exacts an additional profit on the frame from the poor devil of an artist who has given him the opportunity of selling his own wares. And this is the custom of firms that call themselves respectable! We confess we do not understand the custom. If it is a mere technicality of book-keeping and bill-making, it would be well for these dealers not only to explain the system, but to adopt some more sensible way of rendering accounts.

But to return to the young Delacroix. He had completed, in his sister's garret, this immense painting which was destined, as he dreamed, to bring him so much glory. The picture was finished, but how was it to make its appearance before the judges? He had no money wherewith to buy a frame of such dimensions; to order one was to contract a debt,—the very idea of which filled him with horror. In the same house was a carpenter who seemed to be interested in him. This good man made a present to his young friend of four long laths of unpainted wood. On these laths the delighted artist fastened a covering of isinglass, which he "sanded" over with some sort of yellow powder; and thus framed the picture was sent to the judges. The day of the opening was awaited with feverish anxiety. Delacroix rushed to the Louvre, and hurried, breathless, through the entire gallery, searching vainly for that extraordinary frame. At last he sat down upon a bench, his heart full of despair. It was a miserable quarter of an hour. Then who should approach but one of the guardians of the Louvre, who knew the painter. "I hope you are satisfied now," said the man, smiling. "Satisfied, and with what? With being refused?" "Then you have not seen your picture in the Salon Carré, in a magnificent frame which the administration has made for it, at the request of Baron Gros,—your own frame having fallen all to pieces." "La Barque du Dante," writes Charles Blanc, "had in fact a place of honor. Delacroix could not believe his own eyes. And he owed this distinction to a man who

had his entire admiration,—to the painter of 'Jaffa' and of 'Aboukir,'—to him who was regarded by Géricault as the greatest master of the French school! Never did the soul of an artist receive such a shock!"

ONE of the best pieces of art news that we have heard lately, is the appointment of Mr. Wyatt Eaton as teacher of drawing in the Cooper Institute. Mr. Eaton is one of the best instructed of our younger artists; he was, we understand, four or five years under Gérôme, and two or three years with a still greater painter, namely, Millet. Many of our readers will remember a painting by him called "Reverie," which was exhibited at the Academy two years ago. In the same school, of which Mrs. Susan N. Carter is the principal, so well-informed an artist as Mr. R. Swain Gifford teaches painting, especially with a view to decoration.

Although the main object of this school is to teach the arts as applied to the industries, the Cooper Institute has done a good work in laying the foundation of the education of some of our most promising young artists. Some of the teachers who have been employed there have been competent not only to impart technical instruction, but to awaken the enthusiasm and stimulate the industry of the young people with whom they were thrown in contact.

A Song of the City.

I.

YOU may talk of the song of the pine
When a stiff north-easter blows,
Of the playing of Rubenstein,
Or Thomas's fiddles and bows,—
Of the rain-drops' rhythmic beat,
Of the fountain's silvery play,
But, to me, no music is half so sweet
As the thunder of Broadway.

II.

Though landlords bully and grind us,
And taxes are hard and high;
Though sleet or dust-clouds blind us,
And it's either freeze or fry;
Though we're prey to "rings" and "reformers,"
And living is fast and free,
There's a saint at dinner for every sinner,
And New York is the city for me.

III.

Broadway, with its rush and roar,
Its fun, and bustle and strife,—
One plunge in the mighty current,
Is a year of tamer life.
New York, with its glitter and glow,
And flags to the breeze unfurled,
With room and to spare, on its splendid bays,
For the ships of all the world.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Letters to a Young Mother: V.

THE CULTIVATION OF LITERARY TASTE IN CHILDREN

DEAR ———: When I wrote you the other day I said some things about the various ways in which little children can be educated long before they are old enough to go to school. Their literary taste, also, can be cultivated at a very early age. Now, don't misunderstand me, and say you don't like precocious children, like Macaulay, for instance—for between you and me, I think he must have been an insufferable little "prig" if he did all the wonderful things his "Life" says he did. Children can learn to like the good things in our literature, and need not be confined to a mental diet of "Mother Goose." Not that I don't believe in "Mother Goose." Nothing ever can take the place of "Boy-Blue" and "Bo-peep." But because children like molasses candy, are they never to have beefsteak and bread? And, *en passant*, let me suggest what an excellent basis "Mother Goose" makes for stories, when a mother's wits fail under the insatiable demands for "a story, a new one, something we have never heard before." Take "Jack Horner;" dress him up in a new name, and, with variations and details innumerable, à la Susan Coolidge, make a new story. You can even smuggle in a little moral about selfishness if you're skillful, and then end by repeating the immortal verse, and the children's shouts of laughter will repay you for the exercise of your imagination. And here let me whisper what a help such a story is, when you're doing disagreeable things, like washing their ears, or combing snarls out of their hair, at which even good children fret and twist about.

But I was speaking of cultivating a child's literary taste. I know two little girls, aged seven and four, who, quite unconsciously, have made the acquaintance of some of the writings of our best poets, and find great delight in them, and are learning to appreciate good things in a perfectly natural, child-like way. The oldest was a very nervous, excitable child; it was almost impossible to quiet her to sleep, and she was very wakeful at night. When she was about three years old, her mother began reading to her at bed-time some of those pretty little pieces of poetry for children—such as are found in so many collections like "Hymns and Rhymes for Home and School," "Our Baby" and the like, and found the rhythm so soothing to the child's restless nerves, that she committed several to memory, to use when the book was not at hand. She kept the little book or newspaper-scrap in her work-basket, and when she was holding the baby or could do nothing else, she learned a stanza or two. She soon had quite a collection at her tongue's end, and now it is part of the bed-time routine for mamma to repeat one or two. The little rollicking four-year old, a perfect embodiment of animal life and spirits, generally calls for Tennyson's "Sweet and low, wind of the Western sea,"

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while the older one is charmed by Mary Howitt's pretty ballad of "Mabel on Midsummer Eve,"—sweet, pure, good English, all of it. I watched the older child, as she stood at the window beside her mother one wild November morning, looking at the dead leaves whirling in the wind, while the mother recited to her Bryant's lines, "The melancholy days are come." It was almost as good as the poem to see the child's gray eyes kindle with appreciation as she eagerly drank in the words. One can see the influence of this culture in the little songs they make up for their dollies,—a jingle and jargon, of course, but interspersed with remembered lines from their "little verses," and having withal a good deal of rhythm and movement about them. Their ear has been educated to a certain standard of appreciation,—just as German children who grow up in an atmosphere of good music find delight in harmonies which are hardly understood by our less cultivated American ears. Of course, you must carefully select beforehand to suit the children's minds, and must explain similes and allusions.

On the other hand, if children's minds are so susceptible to good impressions, they are equally affected by bad ones. A child's world is made up of the things he has already learned; and these things are conveyed to his mind by what he has actually seen himself, or by pictures and stories of what he has not seen. His imagination is as quick to supply "missing links" as the most enthusiastic Darwinian. What isn't there ought to be, so it's all right. Whether he lives in a world peopled by distorted, horrible, unnatural objects, or in one full of all lovely and pleasant ones, depends very largely on the pictures he sees and the stories he hears. If his picture-books are of the hideous order, in which a blue-bearded monster holds a sword over an equally horrible pink-and-scarlet woman, you must expect him to wake at night from dreadful dreams, shrieking with terror, and imagining grotesque figures leering at him from every dark corner; and much more so if he is allowed to hear ghost and hobgoblin stories told by superstitious servant girls. Besides this, if his ideas of art are built upon the basis of a Punch-and-Judy style of picture-books, agents' engravings, or newspaper and tea-store chromos, he must pass through a long course of training before he is capable of knowing what a good picture is, if indeed he ever does know. In these days of photographs and beautiful children's books, there is no reason why people of even moderate means should not educate their children into something like a sense of artistic appreciation. Why, you can buy at any print-store a good photograph, neatly framed, of any of the great pictures of the world (the "San Sistine" cherubs, for instance) for a dollar. And, yet how many people there are who would spend that money for Hamburg edgings without a thought, but would never dream of buying a good picture to hang on the nursery wall.

Now, I can hear you say with a sigh, "Oh dear! this all takes so much time and thought." Of course it does—so does everything that is good for anything. As to time, you have "all there is;" it depends only upon what you use it for. I feel almost like groaning, when a young mother shows me some marvel of embroidery or machine-stitching, saying triumphantly, "There, I did every stitch of that myself!" When will women learn that their time is worth too much for better things, to be spent upon such trifles. It is really pitiful to see a good, conscientious little mother resolutely shutting herself away from so much that is best and sweetest in her children's lives, for the sake of tucking their dresses and ruffling their petticoats. How surprised and grieved she will be to find that her boys and girls, at sixteen, regard "mother" chiefly as a most excellent person to keep shirts in order and to make new dresses, and not as one to whom they care to go for social companionship! Yet, before they are snubbed out of it by repeated rebuffs, such as "Run away, I'm too busy to listen to your nonsense," children naturally go to their mothers with all their sorrows and pleasures; and if "mother" can only enter into all their little plans, how pleased they are! Such a shout of delight as I heard last summer from Mrs. Friendly's croquet-ground, where her two little girls were playing! "Oh, goody, goody, mamma is coming to play with us!" She was a busy mother, too, and I know would have much preferred to use what few moments of recreation she could snatch, for something more interesting than playing croquet with little children, not much taller than their mallets. She has often said to me, "I cannot let my children grow away from me, I must keep right along with them all the time, and whether it is croquet with the little ones, or Latin grammar and base-ball with the boys, or French dictation and sash-ribbons with the girls, I must be 'in it' as far as I can."

But really, the most difficult part of all this is to think of it. We are so preoccupied with our cares and plans that we haven't "the heart at leisure from itself" thus even to sympathize with our children. We brood over Bridget's deficiencies and our plans for trimming Mary's dresses, to say nothing of heavier burdens, till our poor heads are half distracted. Yet if we could only lift ourselves above these thoughts into a clearer atmosphere while we are with the children, we would find ourselves refreshed when we go down into the fogs and mists again. It is the everlasting monotony of our work, the same things over and over every day, that wear upon us mentally quite as much as bodily. If we could only be strong enough to make our intercourse with the children lift us out of the "ruts" of our dull planning and thinking, this culture of them would be a change and stimulus instead of an additional burden. (A change from saddle to harness often rests the galled horse, you know.) We should find ourselves snatching little bits of time to look into encyclopedias and histories to see if our facts are correct; brightening up rusty school-knowledge; perhaps even turn-

ing into account our school-girl accomplishments of drawing, and music, and composition; and certainly reading with some thought for the children, which of itself would supply the lack of purpose so usual in women's reading. The little we do is apt to be desultory and unsatisfactory, a hodge-podge of popular novels and the newspaper. We have so little time to read, we say, but we let slip five and ten minute chances, or waste them over some frivolous story, because we haven't or think we haven't any object to stimulate us. Our husbands read and study in the direction of their business or professions, and their minds are constantly sharpened by the necessities of their daily work. Ours, if we are not careful, are narrowed by the necessary and important attention to the detail of housekeeping, till we can talk an hour over the comparative advantages and disadvantages of Irish or colored help, or discuss "knife-plaiting" like philosophers; but beyond that —. Yet, I am confident of my sex's ability, and sure that there are a good many of us who wish for better things, and if we could only once get into the way of it, would find ourselves accumulating knowledge and growing in culture from year to year, and that, too, without having dusty furniture, sour bread, or unmannerly children. Let the desire to cultivate and educate the children be an inspiration, and we'll find ourselves cultivated and educated by the same process.

We shall find some things crowded out of our busy lives,—we must have fewer clothes, less trimming, simpler cooking; but the mental furnishing of the family will be so much more complete. Hear what Gladstone says about man's work, and make the application to woman's: "To comprehend a man's life, it is necessary to know, not merely what he does, but also what he purposely leaves undone. There is a limit to the work that can be got out of a human body or a human brain, and he is a wise man who wastes no energy on pursuits for which he is not fitted; and he is still wiser, who, from among the things that he can do well, chooses and resolutely follows the best."

You will perceive that I have said nothing about religious education. I know so well how the joy and beauty of happy Christian living pervades your home that it does not seem necessary. A child cannot grow up in such an atmosphere without being religiously educated, any more than the morning-glory can avoid taking color and beauty from the sunbeams which surround it. In a home like yours, where every one is courteous to every one else,—the children included,—the grace of politeness will become incorporated into a child's nature as a genuine, hearty unselfishness.

Now, don't beguile yourself by thinking, "These things are well enough, but far beyond me now,—when my boy is older I'll begin." Your baby will be in college before you know it. Children have a curious way of growing older every week, and we must take them as well as old Father Time by the "forelock," if we are going to do much with them.

Very sincerely your friend,

MARY BLAKE.

Work for Winter Evenings.

THE Centennial Exhibition showed us where we had just cause for pride, and demolished much of our ignorant self-conceit. Earnest specialists in every department of labor, science and art, gained immeasurably by the chance for instruction thus set before them. There was hardly a trade or profession which did not hold its National Convention in Philadelphia during the year. But the great masses of the people who filled the Centennial grounds for months were not specialists, nor particularly in earnest in the matter. They came "to see the big show"—came by the millions from New England farms and California ranches—old men and young, mothers, boys and girls—people who never had left their own county townships before—people who never before had spent on their own amusement half the sum which the journey cost. The long-hoarded money was taken from the bank, or the winter's expenses were cut down, because of this trip to the Exhibition. Father is now wearing his old coat, perhaps, or the parlor goes without a new carpet. Now, did it "pay" here? If father and the girls have brought home only a blurred idea of vast glittering buildings, jewelry, meaningless pictures, and great surging crowds, it certainly did not. Can any of us, not possessed of especial culture or aesthetic tastes, reap real advantage at this late day from our outlay? A few practical hints may be of use in this matter.

1st. You have a certain mass of information, vague at present, but never to be obtained elsewhere. Write it out fully, with the assistance of your note-books. What we write we remember. There can be no better work for winter evenings than this, each member of the family supplying his share of recollections.

2ndly. The written description being furnished, take up each country in order, and, by the aid of globes, maps, books of travel, history, or description, give yourself as full and accurate an idea of it as possible. Your remembrance of its actual "exhibit" will clothe these ideas with living reality. You will read the history of Russia, and the story of its emancipated serfs, with new intelligence after having seen its display of barbaric gold and gems, and the bronzes by Lanceray. You will understand the condition of the working-peoples of Europe better after having examined the products of their labor and the prices set upon them; you will follow the course of Arctic explorers with fresh zeal. Have you not been there? Have you not seen the Esquimaux in their huts and boats, fingered Dr. Kane's dress, read the very log-book kept by one of the crew of the "Polaris" on the ice-floe? It would have been better that this study had preceded your visit; but even now it will make of vague impressions fixed facts.

3rdly. The most important benefit which the art and labor exhibits can confer upon men and women and young people who hitherto knew only the coarser kinds of labor, and nothing whatever of art, is to incite them to go and do likewise:—not to begin to work impossible flowers in Berlin wool, or to mold heads in butter, but to seek instruction in

some branch of real art, for which they have even a moderate capacity. Before the first World's Fair in England, knowledge of art was no more widely diffused than it is here; now there are thousands of classes in which it is taught as practically applied, and a large number of men and women who support themselves by so applying it.

Coal Ashes.

A READER of SCRIBNER writes to inquire whether the value of hard coal ashes as a manure for fruit-trees and flower-gardens is great enough to pay him for carting them three miles for these purposes, the ashes costing nothing. The value of hard coal ashes rests in the amount of potash they contain. This is very trifling indeed, seldom reaching two per cent., and not enough to establish any fixed price per ton on them as fertilizers for garden or farm use. Practical men, who have experimented time and again with anthracite coal ashes as a manure, generally conclude that they don't pay for the labor of handling. The material will be found much more serviceable in the construction of walks around the house or barn, or through the garden. At one time it was currently believed that coal ashes were a useful agent in loosening and keeping open stiff clay soils. Experience has proved, however, that there are plenty of agents more efficient and less expensive than coal ashes for this purpose. Unless there are considerable wood ashes mixed with them, using them as a manure is doubtful economy.

Pruning Grape-Vines.

HOWEVER widely vine-dressers may differ in their summer treatment of bearing grape-vines, they agree in recommending one annual winter pruning to insure a crop of full-sized berry and bunch. This annual cutting consists in cutting back the great bulk of the previous year's growth, leaving only three or four eyes each on the shoots that produce the fruit the next season; removing, at the same time, all the unripened and superfluous wood. As a matter of course, the largest and most vigorous shoots are selected for bearing canes, and these left not closer than eighteen inches apart on the main branches. The time usually chosen for this annual pruning is from the 1st of January until the 1st of March. Most gardeners prefer cutting not later than February, so that the wounds will have time enough to heal before the sap begins to circulate, and obviate "bleeding," as it is technically called by the fraternity. This "bleeding" of the vines, or exuding of the sap from the ends of the cut shoots, is not looked upon by modern intelligent gardeners as doing much, if any, injury to bearing vines. The operator should always trim vines with a sharp pruning-knife, making in each instance a clean cut, a little slanting, and not nearer than two or three inches from the eye. In case cuttings are to be made of the new wood, then the earlier in the winter the vines are pruned the better; for the cuttings should be made, tied in bundles, and buried on or before the middle of January. These should be cut square on the lower end and slanting on top, with an average of three eyes to each cutting.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Morris's "Story of Sigurd."*

MR. MORRIS has not been heard from for some time; but we now have proof that his silence has not arisen from lack of work. The Norse legends, into which various episodes of "The Earthly Paradise" led him, have been thoroughly acquired, sifted and laid down in English, with all his customary readiness and more than his former vigor. Clang of armor and the mighty speech of heroes alternate with wild prophecies of evil, deadly vows of revenge, perjuries between fierce and ambitious kings. Mr. Morris has been content this time with nothing less than the whole Edda, arranged in correct order and even augmented and filled out by particulars found in other legends kindred to the Norse stock. He has related the series of mythological, legendary and historical events—historical because in "Atli, King of the Eastfolk," we have Attila, King of the Huns—in four books, averaging one hundred pages each. Therefore those thrifty folks who want their money's worth of poetry, as well as of anything else, cannot go amiss when they purchase this last achievement by Mr. Morris, for all the pages are solid; there is no eking out of space by verses with only a few feet in each line; on the contrary, all is full measure, since each line contains the orthodox sixteen feet, which we find in the oldest German legendary poems, or rather, to speak more correctly, the eight beats ending with a rhyme; for in the old songs many feet were dropped.

The gentle vein which Mr. Morris has so successfully cultivated in "The Earthly Paradise" has been exchanged, as in keeping with the subject, for something stronger, more martial. But for all that, there is a cloying effect about these pages of uninterrupted verse. The subjects are most exciting, and the mood in which they are rendered seems to have been a most heroic one. There are long passages where the veritable thrill of admiration may possess a sympathetic reader, and yet with all this there is a want somewhere. Under such circumstances some people put forward as an explanation the word "character." Mr. Morris, they would give us to understand, is a remarkable workman; but has not the character which is sometimes, when present in force, called genius. It is a thorny subject, and the most we can do is to fly to the old couplet—

"I do not love thee, Dr. Fell;
The reason why I cannot tell."

It is not easy to make quotations from "The Story of Sigurd," although this is said without implying that this is a fault. But neither can great beauties be denied to it. The characters loom up like the drawings of Gustave Doré, but they have much the same legendary unreality. Of course they are unreal

in the sense of being imaginative, but there is such a thing as unreality which is real, and unreality which is unreal.

"In Memoriam" (Mrs. Gould).*

On opening the pathetic little volume which comes across the waters to Mrs. Gould's American friends, we are moved at the unconscious symbolism of the photographic portrait which fronts the volume. In the background are dim remains of Roman antiquity, lonely shafts from imperial grandeur, while at the lady's feet is a basket of fresh Italian flowers. Mrs. Gould did not turn her back on ruined Rome, yet she did bend graciously and with unremitting care over the tender blossoming of Italian life of to-day, gathering into her school the neglected Italian children who are to help in building the Rome of to-morrow. With what cheerful zeal she undertook a labor forlorn to all but Christian hope and faith, they can best testify who saw her in her hospitable home, listened to her or worked with her. Some such testimony, the more grateful for being gracefully indirect, is conveyed by the little book before us. The English-speaking authors, resident or visiting in Rome, offered contributions in prose and in verse to make up this book, which, printed by the children in Mrs. Gould's industrial school, was to be one way both of helping the school-fund and of developing the industry. It was begun gayly and in that spirit of brightness which was one of the radiating influences of Mrs. Gould, but when nearly completed became by Mrs. Gould's death a mournful tribute to her memory. The construction of the book forbids the elegiac element except in the introductory notes of T. A. Trollope and Mrs. Howitt, and doubtless it is best so; but we hope it may some day be supplemented by a more direct narrative of the unassuming yet noble work. The sympathy which attended Mrs. Gould's endeavors may be seen by the character of the writers who lend their aid in the book. Lord Houghton furnishes a quaint little prologue; Mr. Marsh, the American Minister, offers some pungent thoughts and aphorisms; Matthew Arnold has some verses on homesickness, and W. W. Story, a song, and Mr. Hemans, Miss Peard, William and Mary Howitt,—a pair always apparently joined like their royal namesakes,—Mr. and Mrs. Cowden Clarke, and other writers, help to make up a volume interesting in itself, and with the added value which comes from the associations gathering about it. It is in construction something like the old-fashioned annuals. The name *souvenir* was sometimes given to them, and this may rightly be so called, for it will help to keep in remembrance a noble life.

* In Memoriam. A Wreath of Stray Leaves to the Memory of Emily Bliss Gould, ed.: 31st August, 1875. Rome: Italo-American School Press, 106 Via in Arcione. MCCCXXV. For sale in New York by A. S. Barnes & Co., R. Carter & Co., and A. D. F. Randolph & Co.

* The Story of Sigurd the Volsung and the Fall of the Nibelunga. By William Morris. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1877.

Freeman's "Norman Conquest."*

WHAT the accomplished translator of Taine acutely says of his method may be applied to Freeman's manner of treating historical subjects. Detail takes the place of discussion in supporting his propositions. The frame of each chapter sets forth its theory, which is less developed than illustrated by iterated instances. Sharon Turner heaps up crude material, unconnected by any threads of system. Macaulay selects and adjusts, to create the unity of a picture. Freeman sets his outlines, and then fills and strengthens them by incessant stippling. The last method has this great merit—that it does not impose the author's views on the reader; but, while commending them to him, indicates also their sources, and thus supplies the means of correcting them by his independent judgment.

It seems to us that the author's theory of English history does need such a correction, so far at least as to restrict it to a narrower range than that he stretches it to cover. Certainly the pride of all people of English race—and that includes, in the historic sense, Americans—must approve his zeal in maintaining the identity of that English nation which existed continuously and independently for as many centuries before the coming of Norman William as intervened between his days and the coming of Dutch William. But had it as definite a national unity at the date of the first invasion as at that of the last? Does the degree of homogeneity count for nothing in framing the idea of a nation? Harold, when William came, was King of England, and ruler of other countries that have since been fused into England. But it is not very clearly shown in what sense and to what extent the England he governed was a realm coherently compacted out of other elements than the Saxon one; nor that the term Anglo-Saxon is not as correct, if not so proud, a title for Harold's kingdom as English is. Again, the same intense nationality makes Mr. Freeman an optimist in his interpretation of history. All events in his view happened just as they should have happened for the best development of the national life. Because they drove nobles and people to the common defense of right, cruel kings could not have been spared—nor weak ones, because they taught the misery of lawlessness—nor selfish ones, because they won influence for England on the Continent. In his view, whatever England lost for a time, it was better for her to lose just at that time; and whatever she failed to gain, it was better for her just then to be without. We do not deny the ingenuity, the brilliancy often, with which this "best of all possible" view is presented. But it errs in taking it for granted that if the actual results had not followed events, different events must needs have produced a certain series of other results. It does some injustice to the stubborn and original character of the race to maintain that just these delays and thwartings were required to work out national greatness.

The author never loses sight of his main proposition—that the Norman Conquest was a step forward, and not backward, in English history: that it was a development and not a destructive political change. He finds support for this position in the continuity of institutions, language, and classes. He further demonstrates, or proves rather by illustrations, that the apparent breaks in this continuity are really only new forms under which old tendencies, already at work before the Conquest, made their appearance. Though men and methods changed, principles of government, and the reasons of institutions, remained the same as before. This continuity grew partly out of that community of origin that gave the same general frame of polity to both the invaded and the invading people, and partly out of the extreme caution which William observed to work all changes under the forms of legality. We have seen in the earlier volumes of this history how he crossed the sea with the pretext of a religious sanction, and the color of feudal right for his enterprise. We learn in this how he consolidated his rule by the like ostentation of obedience to law and precedent. After the first violent wrench in seizing the lordship of the kingdom and of all its land,—a seizure clothed with all the forms of legality,—William wisely adopted and molded English laws and customs to his purposes, instead of imposing strange ones. "To restore the ancient laws of Edward," Harold's predecessor, was the form of promise that preceded any change,—the form of protest that claimed any concession, during the Norman period. Least of all did William have any purpose or make any attempt to root out the English language, how much soever his followers may have disliked and despised it.

Part of this volume is devoted to tracing the effect of the Conquest on England's foreign relations, showing how, when she became a Continental power, her history grew involved with the general movement of the Western world. The reaction upon the island kingdom of that connection, both in its political and its religious aspect, is briefly sketched. The greater part of the work, however, pursues the study of the gradual fusion of Norman and English into one people during the two centuries between the Conquest and the reign of Edward the First,—the first king of the new stock who deserved to be called an Englishman. It is of course a study of institutions and manners rather than of individuals; only incidentally in the light of the effects of their reigns, appear the figures of the two kings, Rufus and Richard, called chivalrous, with pointed contempt better deserved than praise;—the figure of John, the worst of all English, or of most other, kings,—“a fellow by the hand of nature marked to do a deed of shame,”—and that of the first Henry, the cold-hearted enforcer of justice and peace. Of the pages given to the history of laws, the most interesting are those that deal with Domesday Book, the introduction of military tenures, the growth of courts of law, and Magna Charta. The great record of Domesday Book is described as having a fascination that may be easily understood.

* History of the Norman Conquest of England. By Edward A. Freeman. Vol. 3. Macmillan & Co. New York, 1876.

It is the supreme legal fiction, the monument of the absolute confiscation, under all the forms of law, of every man's land in England. As a minute and clear record of estates, customs, life, and men, it is unmatched in the annals of any other nation, and of incalculable value to history. The picturesque aspects of the story of Magna Charta have been often and in many ways represented. Our author confines himself to an outline of the courses that led to its concession, or compulsion rather; and a summary of its provisions, with a notice of their practical, business-like nature. It is, in the words of a late great writer on the English Constitution, "the first great public act of a nation after it has realized its own identity."

The separate chapters given to the study of the effect of the Norman Conquest on nomenclature, language, and art, contain the fruits of much curious research. While some of their suggestions are perhaps far-fetched, every one who uses our mother tongue will applaud the indignant warmth of our author's words in pronouncing the effect of the Conquest on English language to have been wholly and only evil. In criticism upon his earlier volumes, the present writer has had occasion to praise the research, acuteness, and fairness of the author. The latest one is marked besides by refinements of taste and subtlety for which some of his special subjects afford a fine field. History written after Mr. Freeman's method—and we are far from saying that it is not a good, though it must be owned to be a peculiar, one—cannot fail to leave deep and distinct impressions on the reader's mind.

"As to Roger Williams."

THE fame which belongs to Roger Williams as an apostle of religious liberty has not only been magnified by the historic growth of the doctrine which he was one of the first to announce, but has prevented many from looking dispassionately at a career full of inconsistencies and contrasts. The founding of Providence Plantation, with its cornerstone of religious liberty, resulted so directly from the banishment of Roger Williams from Massachusetts, that popular feeling has made the banishment to be because of Williams' maintenance of the doctrine of liberty of conscience. The object of Dr. Dexter's monograph is to bring together, from records and writings of the time, the actual facts concerning the banishment, with the result in his own mind that the famous doctrine had little, if anything, to do with the banishment. The material for forming an opinion is abundant, and is drawn from incontrovertible sources. Thus, Roger Williams himself, in his answer to Mr. Cotton's letter, recites the following as grounds of his banishment:

"1. That we have not our Land by Patent from the King, but that the Natives are the true owners of it; and that we ought to repent of such a receiving it by Patent.

* As to Roger Williams, and his "Banishment" from the Massachusetts Plantation; with a few further words concerning the Baptists, the Quakers, and Religious Liberty: a Monograph. By Henry Martyn Dexter, D. D. Boston: Congregational Publishing Society. 1876.

"2. That it is not lawfull to call a wicked person to swear, to Pray, as being actions of God's worship.

"3. That it is not lawfull to heare any of the Ministers of the Parish Assemblies in England.

"4. That the Civill Magistrates' power extends only to the Bodies, and Goods, and outward state of men."

The whole tenor of the controversy at the time, and of comment upon it long afterward, is unmistakably that the rigid principle of separation which he maintained was what made him suspected. He was a rash, eager man, who pushed this principle to such extremes as to impugn the authority of the magistrates, and that at a time when there was need of the utmost caution in regard to all questions of authority, for the government of the colony, in constant peril of being dislodged from England, had no superfluous security with which to meet attack from within. The action of the magistrates was one of self-defense. The case of Roger Williams was one of a number, and was prominent, not by being exceptional, but by reason of the celebrity which afterward attached to Williams. The question of "soul-liberty" is touched in the fourth proposition above, and it is plain that it held a last place in the minds both of Roger Williams and his prosecutors.

It is curious here to observe how the doctrine of toleration, as held by Williams at the time, found place in his mind along with other doctrines which strike the modern reader as especially intolerant. Williams was pastor of the church at Salem when he was banished; and a dispute arising between that church and the other churches of the Bay, he demanded that it should renounce communion with the other churches; and when it refused to follow him to such a length, he renounced communion with the church, never entered it again, and "would neither pray with his own wife at the family altar, nor give thanks in her presence to God for food upon the family table, so long as she persisted in attendance upon the church assembly." Indeed, his principle of liberty of conscience, as first formulated, was but a meager anticipation of the larger law, which he afterward perceived, and did so much to define and proclaim.

Dr. Dexter's book, by its collection of authorities and dates, will enable any one for himself to study this controversy, and whoever follows the original records is hardly likely to dissent from the conclusion reached by such careful writers as Dr. Palfrey, Dr. Ellis and Professor Diman. It is only a partisan of a violent sort who is likely now to make out Roger Williams as a martyr for conscience, and we think Dr. Dexter's book would carry more weight if he were not so eager in his plea for Massachusetts. The case is a clear one, and calls for no special pleading. We wish he had expended some of his minute care upon the punctuation of his book. Either he has original views on the subject of the semicolon, or he is a very short-breathed writer. We must also hold up to light the outrageous use of *fellowship* as a verb. Ecclesiastical writers of a certain sort are doing their best work to that long-legged noun in illegitimate ways.

Two Books of Travel.*

It is a fortunate thing that two such shrewd observers as Mr. Warner and Rev. Dr. Field should have given us their impressions of the land of the Turk at this precise crisis. To be sure, Mr. Warner's itinerary reaches from Jaffa and Jerusalem to Athens, and Dr. Field's observations are plentifully sprinkled over Western Europe before he reaches the Golden Horn. But both writers happened in Turkey during the stirring days of its later political life; and their attention was aroused by rumors of thick-coming events, though not distracted by the more notable occurrences which have since kindled anew the world's interest in the Eastern Question.

"In the Levant" is, in some sense, a continuation of Mr. Warner's "My Winter on the Nile." It is written in that charming style which the author has made peculiarly his own—humorous with a certain appearance of gravity. The very first line of the first chapter—"Since Jonah made his short and ignominious voyage along the Syrian coast"—is a good example of this delicate irony. Nowhere does the author relapse into dullness. It is possible for him to be irreverent and flippant at times but never prosy. The critic cannot fail to see how artfully the book is put together. The author has deliberately cut out everything which he considers might bore the reader, or seem impertinent to the main purpose of his tale of travel. With a few rapid touches he will give you a sketch of his travel in Athens: an allusion to the windows of his hotel suggests the Acropolis, and this leads him to that heavenly height, whereon we stand with him, after due delay. Were he less an artist, Mr. Warner would have tarried to descant upon the worries and the "points of interest" which intervened.

Nevertheless, one gets occasional glimpses into the private life of the people, and enough of their notions and opinions to form a good idea of all that they are and may be. And Mr. Warner has a happy knack of bringing his home experiences to bear upon his foreign observations. He never is so submerged in Orientalism that the memories of New York and Connecticut are flooded out of sight. He puts himself in the place of the reader, and not only tells him what he most wants to know, but illustrates it all with the things most nearly at hand to the reader. One of the quaintest pictures in the book is the author's account of his interview with an ancient relic of the Advent colony, near Jaffa, a New Hampshire woman, who found the natives "a low set," and the Mohammedans, as a rule, "shiftless." A chapter on "Some Specimen Travelers" is most agreeable reading; and another on "Some of the Private Houses in Damascus" is a remarkably good piece of descriptive writing. Indeed, Damascus, Jerusalem, Smyrna, Ephesus, Athens, Constantinople, and all the other famed cities of which we like to hear,

are described with a touch that is as minute as it is graceful. This is the most refreshing kind of journal of travel.

It is easy to see that Dr. Field's book was written for a special constituency. It has the engaging frankness and confidential freedom of an editor's letters to his familiar readers. The writer was on the best of terms with the people to whom he told his story. He knew that they knew him well and would be interested in all the personal details which might seem impertinent from a stranger. Dr. Field never abandons the reader to himself; he is a faithful and constant guide and companion. He emphasizes his strong points with italics, and makes you feel that he is talking to you, not writing for effect. Such a book, utterly unpretentious and conversational, is sure to make its way.

The route of the author is sufficiently indicated by the title of his work. Naturally, he took the usual "grand round," from the British Isles eastward through Europe. He gives us a glimpse of Paris, and a brief dissertation on modern France, saunters through Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland, dispatches Germany in a chapter, lingers longer in Austria, shows us a few pictures of Rome and the Italian cities, Athens and new Greece, and leaves us at the Golden Horn with much substantial information concerning the Ottoman nuisance in Europe. It is evident that much of this rapid observation must be desultory. Dr. Field does not aim to present an elaborate panorama, nor even to give a complete photograph of anything he sees in his travels. This is largely a personal narrative, made up of personal impressions, and mingled with personal opinions and conclusions which the author modestly disdains attempting to force on the reader. Dr. Field went around the world, and this volume is to be supplemented by another containing sketches of Egypt, India, Burmah, Java, China, and Japan.

French and German Books.

WAGNER.

Richard Wagner, eine musikalische Reise in das Reich der Zukunft. Dr. Filippo Filippi. New York: Schmidt, 24 Barclay street, or Stechert, 2 Bond street.

THE noise that Richard Wagner is making in the musical world has been the moving cause of a number of books and pamphlets on the Music of the Future and its doughty apostle. Perhaps as good an introduction as any to the profession of Wagnerism are the letters written by a very clever Italian musical critic, Dr. Filippi, to the unbelieving compatriots of Rossini. They speak from the standpoint of an admirer of Wagner's genius, but one as yet uncontaminated by the extreme fury of the noisy sect. They seek to persuade with gentleness rather than to insist with blind dogmatism. This was indeed imperative in view of the prejudices of his Italian audience, who objected strongly to German music in general and Wagner's music in particular; and although he wrote in 1870, when

*From the Lakes of Killarney to the Golden Horn. By Henry M. Field, D. D. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1877.

In the Levant. By Charles Dudley Warner. Author of "My Summer in a Garden," etc. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

Weimar instead of Bayreuth was the trysting-place of the long-haired clans, yet the present German translation of his letters affords an agreeable review of Wagner's relation to modern music. Naturally enough, he makes the most of the outward appearance of the melodious throng at Weimar. He feels quite bald-headed from seeing such crowds of true-blue Wagnerians, who, he says, are at once distinguishable from their lion-like manes of hair. The genuine unalloyed Wagnerian wears long and rather matted locks, a long, spare, and untrimmed beard, and long untrimmed nails. The followers of Liszt, on the other hand, have their long hair carefully combed and brushed behind their ears, "with a touch of vanity." Moreover, these latter endeavor to remove every hair of beard from their faces, in order to do justice to the priestly connections of the illustrious *abbé*. "These seraphic countenances are so smooth, so clean, so trim, that one feels they must make acquaintance with a razor at least twice a day." Liszt's worshippers also pay great attention to their hands, and, like the *maestro*, are fond of showing them, and from time to time raise them as if in blessing.

Nüchterne Briefe aus Bayreuth. Paul Lindau. New York: Schmidt, 24 Barclay street, or Stechert, 2 Bond street.

PAUL LINDAU is of a humor not unlike his Italian brother critic above mentioned. But he shows more signs of a heathenish unbelief, and a more abandoned purpose of making free with the "master" and his adoring crowds. This may arise from a difference in temperament; but it must also be remembered that six years intervened between the visits of Philippi and Lindau. Philippi went to Weimar to hear a number of Wagner's operas which had already won their way to public favor; Lindau goes to Bayreuth to hear the far-famed trilogy given in an opera-house erected for the special purpose, and rendered by a devoted band of musical artists collected together from all parts of Germany. Yet the verdict of the German critic on the supreme effort of Wagnerian genius is not as favorable as that of the Italian on the earlier operas "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "Fliegende Holländer" and "Meistersinger." And Lindau is no trifler who turns the trilogy into ridicule in order to raise a laugh, nor is there any sign of prejudice on his part against Wagner or his work. Higher praise could not be awarded than some that he bestows on certain portions of the work. He always speaks earnestly of the powerful talent of Wagner, and dwells lovingly on the beautiful passages of his trilogy. When he does find a melody he bursts forth in uncontrollable delight. But he is also fearless in speaking of the puerilities and absurdities, the terrible spaces of drawn-out *musical* which Wagner has insisted upon giving to the world. He makes a strong point of the fact that the passages which were most applauded by the foreigners present—that is to say, those not in the Wagner kingdom—were those in which some melody was vouchsafed their thirsty ears. Another point is the criticism of a lawyer, who finds in the

drama all the crimes on the calendar, from those unmentionable in polite society down to violations of municipal ordinances. Such a view may have a touch of humor. As to the morality of the music, however, in the sense of its effect on the nerves, Lindau distinctly denies any bad tendency or inherent naughtiness,—a verdict to which attention should be paid just now, while musical people are disputing whether Wagner is a sensualist or not. It would be indeed very strange if Germany should produce a composer of just that quality. He might be coarse and possessed of unlimited bad taste, but hardly a voluptuary.

The general verdict Lindau allows one to receive is that the trilogy was as a spectacle a decided fiasco; as a chain of operas far from a success; but in respect to certain acts and certain passages, the work of a powerful and fresh genius, who has done things with the orchestra that no one else has ever attempted. As to the famous performance of Wagner himself,—the ungenerous and vainglorious speech he made before the curtain,—of that he speaks with the severity it deserved.

Ueber die Dichtung der ersten Scene des "Rheingold" von Richard Wagner. E. von Hagen. New York: Schmidt, 24 Barclay street; or Stechert, 2 Bond street.

If there ever was a man who needed to be saved from his friends it is Wagner. Edmond von Hagen puts no bounds to his adoration, and succeeds in writing a book on the first scene of "Rheingold," so ridiculous that no one should be without a copy to laugh over. Folly can no farther go. His elaborate quotations from Aristotle, his parade of Schopenhauer's and Kant's philosophy, and his wild efforts at the etymology of some of the extraordinary words of Wagner's libretto, only make his silliness more apparent. It is an awful thought that a man can write a book of 170 pages on one scene from one part of Wagner's operatic series; what will become of us if he goes on? But if he can vary the treatment each time, and make all as absurdly burlesque as this one, we shall need no comic literature for a long time. Von Hagen starts with the assumption that Wagner is not only a musical genius so transcendent that it is an impertinence to question it, but also a poet by whose side Goethe pales and Shakspeare would do well to look to his laurels. The quotations given from the libretto of "Rheingold" he explains, annotates and ponderously praises, just as a professor might treat the inspired words of a Greek poet whom the centuries have crowned with glory. The strange mixture of mythology from the Norse Edda and the German Nibelungen song, which forms the skeleton around which Wagner has built his opera, he treats as if original with the recent hero of Bayreuth; while he goes into ecstasies over the most grotesque and absurd expressions which Wagner has hunted up from the old German or deliberately made out of whole cloth to suit his music. Poor Paul Lindau, whose pamphlet is noticed above, is demolished in a foot-note, and the world in general is treated as ignorant,

slow-witted, envious and malicious, when it dares to be indifferent to the chosen god. Wonderful beauty and deep mystic significance are discovered in such imbecile noises as Wagner puts in the mouths of his Rhine nymphs, like *Weia, Waga! Wagalawcia! Wallala weila weia!* These are held up for admiration with a dull persistency worthy of Dogberry. Colossal indeed must be Wagner's conceit if he does not blush to read such balderdash as this wherewith his doating disciple closes his book:

"Look up, dust-born race, to the sunlit height! There in blessed solitude stands Plato, there stands Kant, there stands Schopenhauer! See, there they stand, the solitary geniuses of mankind,—all-powerful, giant-like, great,—but, towering over all, the genius, Richard Wagner!"

It is talk of this kind that prejudices some people so strongly against the Music of the Future that they have no patience to select the lovely or stirring musical passages out of Wagner's strangely beautiful but sometimes tiresome operas.

New English Books.

LONDON, Jan. 8, 1877.

THE grand settling-up time of the year having arrived, it is in vain to expect much novelty in literary matters until the result of past enterprises may perhaps encourage the undertaking of new ones. The statistics of the book trade in England for the past year show that the business has held its own, in comparison with that of 1875, though it cannot boast of any increase. The statistics are necessarily imperfect from the want of any official or authoritative register of new books and printed matter of all kinds, such as exists in France and other countries of Europe. To be exhaustive, the numbers given should probably be increased by one-third; but as the proportions would be the same they are sufficiently full to serve as a basis of comparison. Out of the total of 4,888 publications set down as being issued in 1876, very nearly 2,000 were new editions, showing an increase in that class of books of over 600, and a corresponding diminution of actual new books published for the first time, of nearly the same number. This may be regarded as a healthy symptom of trade, evidencing that the demand is continuous for works of approved merit,—sufficiently so indeed to employ the printer and book-distributor, while the outlay of capital on new adventures has been judiciously limited in obedience to the unsettled state of public affairs in Europe. The classes of books showing a decline in the production of 1876 are theology, fiction, voyage and travel, and illustrated art books; while legal, educational and juvenile literature, as also commerce and political economy, exhibit a decided increase, and other branches remain nearly balanced as compared with 1875. In view of the depression in trade, admitted to exist over most of the civilized world, and, first of all, affecting luxuries (such as books are in Europe), the position is considered to be by no means a discouraging one, and good hopes are entertained of a revival in 1877.

That wonderful country France seems to defy the general depression. Its annual list of new publications nearly doubles that of England in number, and though this is partly owing to the greater accuracy of its statistical arrangements, still the extent of business done exceeds in many cases anything that is attained in England. This is the more remarkable, as, though French is the current language of polite literature and intercourse through a large part of Europe, England has her colonies scattered all over the world, and all dependent on the mother country for their literary supplies. It is stated, on authority that cannot be questioned, that the sales of Littré's great "Dictionary of the French Language" in 4 volumes, quarto, exceed forty thousand copies. In England, on the contrary, five thousand copies would be considered a very large demand for a book of similar class and size. The returns for the last year of one publishing house in Paris, MM. Hachette et Cie, are stated to have reached fifteen millions of francs, or three million dollars; this is probably more than double the amount returned by any English firm engaged in the book trade. A new undertaking by this spirited house deserves mention. It is by M. Vapereau, the author of the well-known "Dictionnaire des Contemporains," and aims at nothing less than to furnish a "Universal Dictionary of Literatures" including the authors, books, literary history, criticism, and bibliography of all times and all nations. Such an object is evidently too vast to be accomplished with any degree of fullness even in a volume of 2,096 large double-columned octavo pages. A valuable book of reference will no doubt be the result, though the special prominence naturally given to French writers and subjects will most likely prevent its being translated. The work is said to have engaged the author's attention for the past fifteen years, and will be completed next May.

The honors of illustrated literature for 1876 unquestionably belong to Germany. There has been no work produced in England that for richness and elaborateness of decoration, combined with high artistic merit, can compare with the edition of Goethe's "Faust," illustrated by Professor A. Von Kreling,—an artist whose name is not familiar to English ears. The printing of the volume indeed, beautifully executed by the successors of the famous "Whittingham Press," may be claimed for England, and the translation made use of is that of Mr. Theodore Martin; but the embellishments, consisting of 78 wood engravings and 14 folio permanent photographs from oil paintings, are entirely of Teutonic origin, and have evidently been a labor of love with the accomplished artist, whose care has extended to the binding of the volume. The superior style of this—rich in artistically designed metal chasing—gives it the aspect of a massive mediæval folio, worthy of the study of Faust himself.

Mr. Tennyson's "Harold" has met with a respectful rather than a warm or impassioned reception from English readers. The number "subscribed" by the trade (that is, sold previous to publication at a slight reduction) is, in London, about ten thou-

sand, and for the rest of the kingdom, four thousand additional, and the demand still continues. This, though more than the work of any other living poet could command, is by no means equal to the interest excited by the Laureate's earlier works, and seems to confirm the verdict of his critics, that the dramatic form and method is one evidently unsuited to his powers; his admirers hope that his next production may be cast in a different mold.

Many good books suitable for libraries and private collections are now being issued, that have little chance of being republished in the United States while the depression continues. Some of these may be mentioned, as "The Life and Times of Titian," by J. A. Crowe and C. B. Cavalcaselle. These gentlemen are known as accomplished historians of Italian painting. The present work forms indeed a continuation of their labors, as they have now reached the Venetian school of art; but the career of that wonderful man who preserved his life's vigor for a century of earnest and admirable work, and who died in his hundredth year,—not of natural decay, but prematurely cut off by the plague,—was found to require a different treatment, so the new portion of their work assumes a biographical form. It includes an account of Titian's family, chiefly from new and unpublished records, and an examination of his extant works. When it is considered that the well-attested productions of this master, in the public and private galleries of Europe, are about one thousand in number, the labor of such an undertaking conscientiously performed may be conceived. The "Life" forms two large octavo volumes, and is illustrated with a portrait and engravings from some of Titian's famous paintings.

The work on Egypt and Nubia by Miss Edwards (who will be recognized as the authoress of "Miss Carew" and many other popular novels) is issued in a style superior to most of the publications of the season, forming an elegantly ornamented small quarto volume, with nearly one hundred illustrations of Egyptian scenery and remains, etc., from the drawings of the author. The taste, knowledge, and enthusiasm of the writer give interest to her work, and some new discoveries of historical importance at the famous temple shrine of Abou Simbel, made by Miss Edwards and her companions, show how much remains to be done even on so well-beaten a track. While excavation is putting a new face on the past history of the world at the well-known classical sites of Troy, Mycenæ, Cyprus, etc., it is not to be supposed that the "Holy City," Jerusalem, could be forgotten. Accordingly, we have in a handsome octavo volume, "Underground Jerusalem," an account of some of the principal difficulties encountered in its exploration, and the results obtained; with narrative of an expedition through the Jordan Valley and a visit to the Samaritans, by Charles Warren, Captain Royal Engineers, in charge of the explorations in the Holy Land, with maps, plates. It seems remarkable at the first aspect how much greater are the obstacles and impediments to exploration encountered in sites that have continued to be the habitations of men, than

in long-deserted and half-forgotten localities. In Jerusalem, too, these difficulties are intensified by the bigotry of the Turks, who regard as sacrilege the intrusion of an infidel within the sacred precincts. Nevertheless, much has been accomplished for the illustration of the Scriptures. Complete plans and surveys of the temple areas have been obtained; the wonderful subterranean system of caverns, water-courses, etc., underlying the ancient city have been explored; the true site of Mount Zion determined, and many other important results obtained, as described in Captain Warren's book.

The latest addition to Mr. Murray's world-renowned series of "Hand-books" is one that will commend itself only to those American travelers who have more leisure and inclination for quiet study and research than usually falls to the lot of that ubiquitous class. It is a hand-book to the environs of London, containing an account of all places of interest within a circle of twenty miles round London, by James Thorne, 2 vols., post 8vo. As the author says: "How rich and varied are the subjects and associations, historical, literary, picturesque, or antiquarian of this district, the lightest draft on the memory will determine;" but they are usually overlooked in the rush to more conspicuous attractions. A week or two devoted to its exploration, with the guidance of Mr. Thorne's capital book, would be a pleasing episode in a European tour by those who delight to trace the footsteps of the worthy men of old,—and a stranger might well be surprised at the quaint nook,—the "unspeakable rural solitudes" dignified by the memory of great writers, painters, actors, etc., that yet remain to reward the explorer within an hour's reach from his hotel, in the center of the modern Babylon. A good companion work is "Ancient Streets and Homesteads of England," by A. Rimmer, with introduction by Dean Howson, of Chester. It relates chiefly to spots further afield from the capital, in the west and north of England; but the same beautiful air of the domestic picturesque gives a charm to its one hundred and fifty wood-cut embellishments. They illustrate the true "Old England" of our forefathers. Its vanishing traces naturally grow fewer and fainter with every year's progress, and it is matter for congratulation that so much still remains. All who would begin the now fashionable study of early English literature, from the very beginning, must be thankful for Mr. Thomas Arnold's handsome edition of "Beowulf": an heroic poem of the eighth century, Anglo-saxon text, and English translation,—with an introduction and notes by the editor, one volume, 8vo. The philological, antiquarian, and literary value of this grand fragment—the earliest extant expression of the thought of our Northern ancestors,—has always been recognized and becomes more apparent with its closer study. It is remarkable that though it is at least four centuries earlier than the Nibelungen songs and sagas now brought into prominence by the poetry of Morris and the music of Wagner, the story, and its hero Sigurd, are unmistakably alluded to in a passage of "Beowulf," showing how deeply the myth or legend

of the accursed thirst for gold, and the fatal consequences of its possession, had impressed the rude minds of the conquering races of the North.

However high may be the prices given for book rarities in the dispersal of collections like that of Mr. Menzies and others, it is consolatory to real students to know that no really valuable book will be allowed to become scarce, while paper and print are so easily accessible and the taste for reprinting continues so general. A curious instance of the vicissitudes of the career of a book is afforded by the work of a Scotch advocate—"Primitive Marriage," by J. F. McLennan. It was published in Edinburgh in 1865, at 7s. 6d. Relating as it did to a rather abstruse subject connected with the early history of society, it found few or no purchasers, and in a couple of years was sold off by the publisher as dead stock for about 1s. 3d. per copy. Shortly afterward, the works of Sir Henry Maine, Sir John Lubbock, and others, dealing with the same class of subjects, appeared, and inquiry was duly made for Mr. McLennan's book. It accordingly went up in price from 2s. 6d. to the original sum, and still onward until as much as two pounds have been given for a copy for America. It is now handsomely reprinted with some other papers by the author, as "Studies in Ancient History, Comprising a Reprint of 'Primitive Marriage,' an Inquiry into the Origin of the form of Capture in Marriage Ceremonies," and is accessible at a moderate price. To the same publisher we also owe an elegant re-

impression of a truly classic book, that had also become very scarce and expensive, "The Saxons in England: a History of the English Commonwealth till the Norman Conquest," by John Mitchell Kemble. New Edition, revised. 2 vols. 8vo.

Of all the series of libraries and cheap publications originated by the enterprise of Constable and his popular "Miscellany," and encouraged by the publications of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, the only survivor at the present day is the well-known series of "Bohn's Libraries." These series retain their hold on the public taste, and are still receiving additions that increase largely their value and interest, and their adaptation to communities where it is desirable to obtain the best literature at a moderate rate. Among the volumes lately added are the first complete translation of "The Tragedies of Alfieri," with his life, etc., by G. A. Bowring, two volumes; Jean Paul Richter's "Levana," an essay on education, and Autobiography, one volume; Molière's "Dramatic Works," a revised translation, by C. H. Wall, to form three volumes; "Shakspeare's Dramatic Art; the History and Character of Shakspeare's Plays," by Dr. Hermann Ulrici, translated by Dora Schmitz, two volumes, and "The Betrothed," by Alessandro Manzoni,—a translation of "I Promessi Sposi," one volume. The last mentioned forms the commencement of a new series, "The Novelists' Library," to be followed by the works of Fielding, Miss Burney, Smollett, Godwin, Maturin, etc.

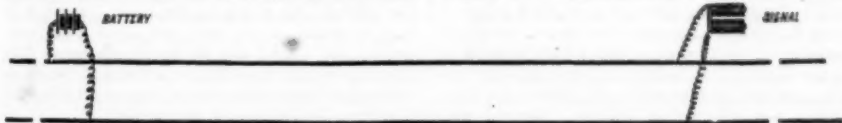
CHARLES WELFORD.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Wireless Block Signal.

ELECTRIC signals, designed to show the progress and position of trains on railways, are already in use on many lines. Nearly all of these systems of electric signals employ telegraphic wires, erected on poles along the line, for transmitting the signals from one end of the "block" or section to the other, and are constructed upon the open circuit plan. The wheels of the engine, on entering the block, depress a spring near the rail, and this closes the circuit, and the banner, light, bell or other signal is operated by means of the wires and the usual machinery employed to change electric action into motion. On leaving the block, the engine again depresses a spring and operates the signal, now a mile behind, and the "danger" sign is restored to a "safety," thus showing that the train has passed on, and that the block is clear. A valuable and interesting system of block signaling has recently been put in operation that reverses this system by using a closed circuit

and employing the track itself as a means of electric communication. To accomplish this, the block (a section of one or two miles) is insulated at each end by inserting a non-conducting material between the ends of the rails. Four of these insulators are used, one at each end of the two rails forming the block. The two lines of rails within this insulated district are carefully joined rail to rail so as to make good electric connection from end to end of the block. A small battery is then placed at the distant end of the block, and an electric danger signal is erected at the near or approaching end, and each of these is connected with the rails by heavy wires, so as to form a closed circuit, as in the accompanying diagram. Here the main line is insulated (by the spaces) at each end, and the switch is cut out by insulations on each side, while the electric circuit is maintained by a loop of wire taken round the switch at one side. The signal is shown in the form of an electromagnet, and relay batteries are also added, but are



not shown in the drawing. No other insulation is needed, as the great mass of the rails makes the most ready electric communication, and the current follows the rails through the whole circuit without regard to rain, snow, or contact with the earth. While the current is established through the two rails, the signal is at rest and records "safety." The moment the first pair of wheels of an engine or car enters the block at the signal end, the current is shortened through the wheels and axle or practically broken, and the magnet is released and the banner flies at "danger." This is explained by the fact that the current will seek the shortest route, and the wheels of the train make this short circuit, the current leaving the wire at the end of the block and passing through the wheels and axle from rail to rail. As the engine or car advances on the block, the circuit is continually shortened till the battery is reached, when the current leaps from wheel to wheel through the entire train, each pair of wheels becoming in turn a part of the short circuit. Finally, the last pair of wheels leaves the block, when the long circuit through the rails is restored and the signal flies at safety again. A train backing down the line, or a single car at rest or in motion on any part of the block, thus serves to make a short circuit and to display the alarm. An iron bar or rail laid on the track will also shorten the circuit and cause the signal to record danger; a broken rail will also accomplish the same result by breaking the current. In the diagram, no switches is shown in the block. When a switch is closed, the circuit is complete through the loop wire taken past the switch. The cross rail in any switch is also insulated, to prevent a short circuit in that direction. On opening the switch, the loop wire is broken, and, by means of a device not shown in the drawing, a short circuit is also formed. Either one of these is sufficient to display the danger signal, so that the switches are doubly secure, and the slightest movement of any switching bar is instantly recorded half a mile away. This system of block signaling is simple and inexpensive, and, in practice, is said to work quickly and surely in all weathers. The machinery for working the signals will run for a month without attention, and in case of breakage or disorder, or stoppage of the clock-work, the signal will automatically show "half-moon" or caution.

Zinc as a Preventive of Boiler Incrustation.

Of the many attempts that have been made to prevent the formation of the dangerous crust or scale found in the interior of steam-boilers, the latest and most successful experiments have been with zinc. In one of these experiments, two boilers, one over the other, were used, and in these the zinc was placed in the form of cast bars, 35 millimeters ($1\frac{3}{4}$ inches) in diameter, and of a convenient length to reach from side to side of the boilers. Six bars, weighing in all 44.5 kilos (98.02 lbs.), were cut to fit the shape of the boilers, and were placed, three in each boiler, 35 centimeters ($13\frac{3}{4}$ inches) above the bottom, and supported at each end. Sheets of zinc,

weighing 2 kilos (about 4 lbs.) were also laid on the bars and fitted in between the ends of the bars and the sides of the boilers. The boilers were then fired steadily for seven weeks, and, on opening them, it was found that the bars of zinc in the lower boiler had disappeared. In the upper boiler, the bars had sunk down and rested on the bottom of the boilers, and had lost their metallic texture, and had turned into a mass resembling brittle clay. The sheets of zinc had also disappeared, only here and there a small bit being left imbedded in the mud on the bottom of the boiler. An analysis of the remains of the zinc gave 2.30 per cent. of metallic zinc, and 88.70 per cent. of oxide of zinc. Besides this, there was a trace of iron, tin, antimony and lead, and a small percentage of gypsum, chalk, soda, etc., that probably came from the water used in the boiler. There was no trace of incrustation in either boiler, though, previously, a layer, 4 millimeters thick, had often formed in the same length of time. It is suggested that this change in the zinc resulted from a galvanic action set up by the action of the zinc on the iron, and that this action prevented the formation of scale. Bits of sheet zinc imbedded in the mud, and thus prevented from contact with the iron of the boiler, were found to be unchanged, and it is thought that this also points to the galvanic nature of the experiment. The amount of zinc employed here may be regarded as excessive, and further experiments must be made to discover the minimum amount that may be needed to prevent incrustation.

Revolving Fire-grate.

AMONG the more novel grates and fire-boxes for open domestic fire-places is a revolving grate resembling a cylindrical iron cage. This grate is made of two circular plates of iron joined together by a central rod or axis and a series of iron bars placed in a circle near the edges of the plates. Some of these bars are joined together so as to form a hinged door the length of the grate. The grate is about 35.5 centimeters (14 inches) in diameter, and may be made as long as the fire-place is wide. When in place, it is supported at each end, so that it can be freely turned upon its axis. At the back of the grate, and extending part way under it, is a curved iron plate or guard to prevent the draft from passing through the lower part of the grate, and thus confine the fire to the front of the cylindrical cage. A ratchet and pawl are also added to cause the grate to turn in one direction only. On starting the fire, the cage is opened and nearly filled with coal; kindling is placed in front, more coal is added till the grate is full, when the door is closed and the fire lighted. The coal in front and at the top burns freely till consumed, when the grate is turned over and fresh coal is brought up into the fire from below, while the ash falls over at the top and back. Fresh coal may be added at any time, and when all is consumed, the grate may be easily refilled. The advantage of this form of grate is found in the introduction of the coal from below, thus preventing the formation of excessive gas and smoke.

New Form of Edged-tools.

IN making tools for mining and agricultural purposes, a new combination of iron and steel has been introduced that is reported to give increased strength, greater lightness, and greater ease in keeping the tools in repair. A rod or plate, consisting of a steel core covered by an iron wrapper or envelope, is first formed, and out of this the rods or plates to be used in making the tools are drawn or rolled. This compound bar, when forged into the shape of a pick, hay-fork, or cutting-tool, gives an edge or point of steel protected by an envelope of iron. By paring away the iron, the steel core is exposed, and may then be sharpened, reshaped, or repaired cheaply and quickly.

Memoranda.

A NEW lamp for use in mines has been introduced, that is extinguished by the admission of explosive quantities of carburetted hydrogen and other dangerous gases. The lamp is of the usual pattern, and is so constructed that all the air needed for combustion must pass through a chamber in the bottom of the lamp. Gases entering the lamp fill this chamber and shut off the pure air, and the light is extinguished before an explosion can take place. Experiments with the lamp are reported to give excellent and uniform results. At the same time, such a lamp has the objection of requiring relighting,—a dangerous operation, if the gas is so abundant as to put the light out in the manner proposed.

A portable steam-hammer for ramming down street pavement blocks has been introduced. In general design, it resembles a small steam-hammer such as may be used in smith's work; and to make it portable, it is suspended on a crane attached to a common road-engine. The steam is taken from the boiler of the road-engine by means of a flexible tube, and by moving the crane about, the hammer may be made to work over a large circle about the engine. The advantages of such a pavement rammer are perfect regulation of the blows and a high rate of speed in the work.

In testing milk, some cheese factories now employ small cups placed in a water-bath. Each sample of milk is placed in a cup, and the water in the bath is raised by steam to 90° Fahr. At this temperature, the peculiar odors that characterize garlic, putridity, and the various diseases of the cow, are brought out, and may be readily detected. To prove milk that has been skimmed or adulterated with water, sugar, annatto, the samples are coagulated with rennet. The curd is then pressed to expel the whey; and by comparing the weight of the curd with standard weights of pure curd, an approximate estimate may be made of the percentage of adulteration.

A new form of emery-wheel for knife-grinding has been introduced. It is made in the form of a cap, and is hung horizontally on its longer axis.

The knife to be ground is placed before the open end or tops of the cap, and held against its circular edge as the cap is turned rapidly on its axis. This style of grinding surface is said to give a smooth edge admirably adapted for grinding straight knives.

In washing table-linen, it has been the custom in some places to sprinkle a little lime-water on the cloth before pressing, as it gives the linen a hard and brilliant surface. This practice has been found to destroy the fabric in a short time, through the grinding action of the crystals of hydrate of lime formed in the threads.

Hai-thao.—This is a colorless and odorless gelatine, obtained from a sea-moss common on the coasts of China and Mauritius. It is insoluble in cold water, but melts in boiling water, and forms a dull white solution that hardens to a yellow jelly when cold. It is reported to be found useful as a finishing material for fine cotton fabrics. Mixed with glycerine, it gives a soft finish to the goods, filling the threads more completely than starch or dextrine. It is not available for heavy fabrics.

Ventilators for admitting fresh air at windows are now made with screens of cotton supported by fine wire webbing, after the manner of a respirator. The design of this pattern of ventilation is to imitate the filtering action of the respirator, and to thus exclude dust and dampness from the house while securing a constant supply of fresh air.

An improved mortar mill for crushing lime, brick waste, slag, ores, etc. recently constructed, employs a portable boiler and engine, fixed to the frame, supporting the mill, and the whole mounted on wheels so that it may be moved from place to place. The boiler and engine are of the common upright type, with an inverted cylinder connected directly with the gearing that turns the mill. The mill is mounted on the same frame over the forward wheels and is supported on friction rollers. The pan is made to turn on its central axis, and the two heavy rollers keep in position, the shaft on which they are placed being secured to heavy framing. The chief advantage this mill has over others is the application of power, and the ease with which it can be moved about.

The Theory of Color in its relation to Art and Art Industry. By W. Von Bezold. L. Prang Co., Publishers.—This book, translated by S. R. Koehler, and supplied with an introduction and notes by Professor E. C. Pickering, is designed to show, by a series of simple experiments, the modern theory of color and the relation of the tones of the spectra one to another. For the scientific student, the book has great value; and to the artist and art manufacturer, it will prove exceedingly useful. The numerous experiments described by the author are of the most interesting and entertaining character, and may be readily performed by the unscientific reader, and with cheap and simple apparatus.

BRIC-A-BRAC.



"Hey, Annie, kin we afford to clane this off for ten cents?"

Jessie.

AND I have loved thee, Jessie! and have seen
Thy mind and form expanding with thy years,
From timid eight to ravishing eighteen,
Have shared thy joys, thy woes, thy hopes, thy
fears.

Possessed of all that pleases and endears
Wert thou! and sweet the captive's chain I wore,
But now, alas! that love, thy charms, my tears
Of grief that thou wert wed, alike are o'er,
For thou art seventy and I am seventy-four.

DAVID S. FOSTER.



Mrs. DeLisle does not like to have Arthur go to see the animals in the Park, he is so timid. She much prefers the Aquarium.

Quatrains.

DAY AND NIGHT.

DAY is a gorgeous butterfly,
That hovers aloft in the azure sky;
Night is a beetle, grim and black,
That rolls the world on its ebon track!

THE WORLD AND THE POET.

What is the world compared to me?
Its shallow thoughts are foam o' th' sea;
My thoughts are priceless pearls that grow,
And light up the sunless deeps below!

GAIN AND LOSS.

One prates of gain, and one of loss,
But neither knows the gold from dross;
They use these idle words in vain,—
For gain is loss, and loss is gain!

CURSES AND BLESSINGS.

Curses vanish, but blessings stay;
Forever the High Ones work their will:
The thunder of battle has passed away,
But the blithe little crickets are chirping still!

THE SPHYNX.

All things in nature go on fours;
So babies creep on nursery floors;
Old men on crutches do, methinks,—
This is the meaning of the Sphinx.

THE CUCKOO.

What bird would I be, if bird I could be?
I think I prefer the cuckoo best,—
For he don't go building nests, you see,
But lays his eggs in another's nest!

THE TEST.

If you would a good critic see,
Whose taste is sure and fine;
Ask whether he likes poetry,
And whether he likes mine.

COMPARISONS.

Goethe,—poet none more high,—
Wrote quatrains, and so do I;
Shakspeare did not, but I do—
Shakspeare, how I pity you!

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Reading to-day in a shady nook,
The leaves came off on my open book;
Autumn, what would you have me do?
You don't mean I should leave off too!

COALS AND SOULS.

When sunlight strikes on smoldering coals,
It puts them out; 'tis so with souls.
Wouldst have *thine* brighter than before?
Put up Adversity's dark blower!

ANACREON.

Anacreon was not stricken down,—
History should not to fiction stoop;
No turtle falling cracked his crown,—
He died of too much turtle soup!

OLD AND NEW.

Senex is old, Juventus cries,
Look at the crow's feet round his eyes;
But he's not so old, my boy, as you,
For his hair, and his teeth, and his clothes
are new!

NUMBERS.

Nature is dual; Art is one;
The colors of the Bow are seven.
Through all things mystic numbers run,—
Arithmetic's the Key to Heaven!

QUATRAINS.

If your thoughts are thin and few,
Don't write prose, whate'er you do,
But verse; you needn't take much pains,
I've shown you how—in these quatrains!

E. R.

Kyarlina Jim.

FISHERMAN'S HUT, CHESAPEAKE BAY, 1876.

WHEN you was here some sixteen year
Or so, aback, you says
A darkey named Kyarlina Jim,
He fished f'om dis here place?

Dat yonder's him, Kyarlina Jim,
On de bench dar by de do';—
He have been po' an' weak an' bline
Sence dat long time ago.

Yes,—dat's de way he spen' each day
O' de blessed year, 'dout fail,
Wid face turned out'ard to'ds de bay,
Like watchin' fur a sail.

Eben when clouds 'ull come in crowds,
An' de beatin' win's 'ull blow,
He still keeps settin', pashunt, dar
In his oie place by de do'.

An' de sweet sunlight, 'tis jes like night,
Ter po' Kyarlina Jim,—
He's weak and bline; so rain an' shine
Is all de same ter him.

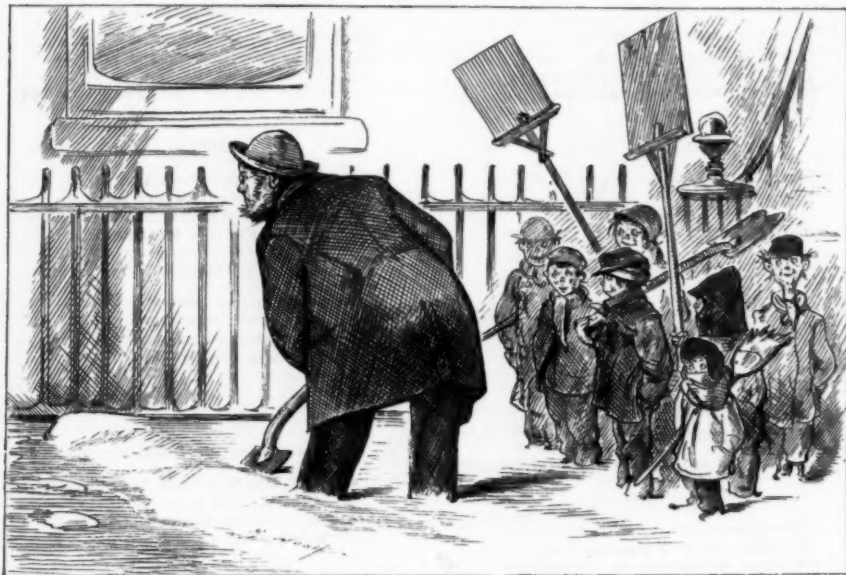
Dat chile you see dar on his knee,
She never fails ter come
About dis time o' ev'ry day
Ter fetch Kyarlina home.

I seldom cries, but when my eyes
Lights on de chile an' Jim,
Dar's sumpin sort o' makes me feel
Kind,—ter his gal an' him.

Another chile he los' long while
Ago, I've heerd him say,
Is out dar waitin' in a boat
On de blue waves o' de Bay.

I 'specs, bekase o' what he says,
Dat chile he los' 'ull come
'Fo' long, jes like dis here one does,
And fetch Kyarlina home.

A. C. GORDON.



"For all healthy minds, economy has its pleasures."—GEORGE ELIOT.

The Changes of the Hours.

FROM OUR YOUNG CONTRIBUTOR.

THE corn sways gently on the breeze,
The birds sing blithely in the trees,
The brook glides by with song quite gay,
And ripples on its cheerful way.

The shadows fall upon the grass,
The tired cattle homeward pass,
The sun sinks down behind the hill,
And everything on earth is still.

The moon soars upward, clear and bright,
The stars shine down this lovely night,
Upon the landscape brown and green,
And cottage homes with fields between.

The children's merry romps are o'er,
They gently kneel upon the floor,
And breathe quite low their evening prayer
Upon the cool and silent air;

Then off to bed with footsteps light
And faces full of pleasure bright;
The mother wraps each little form
Around with blankets thick and warm.

Meanwhile the moon arises high
Upon the dark blue vaulted sky,
And on the grave-yard throws her beams,
With shadows strange enough for dreams.

Yet still the hours are waning fast,
Till in the east the dawn at last
Makes her appearance rosy red,
While gently sinks the moon to bed.

LAURA DEXTER.

The Difference.

IN ancient story we are told
That Midas' touch turned anything to gold.
But we, to-day, a stranger thing behold,—
Men turn to anything when touched with gold!

JOSEPH A. TORREY.



"Can't you go no faster, Tommy?"